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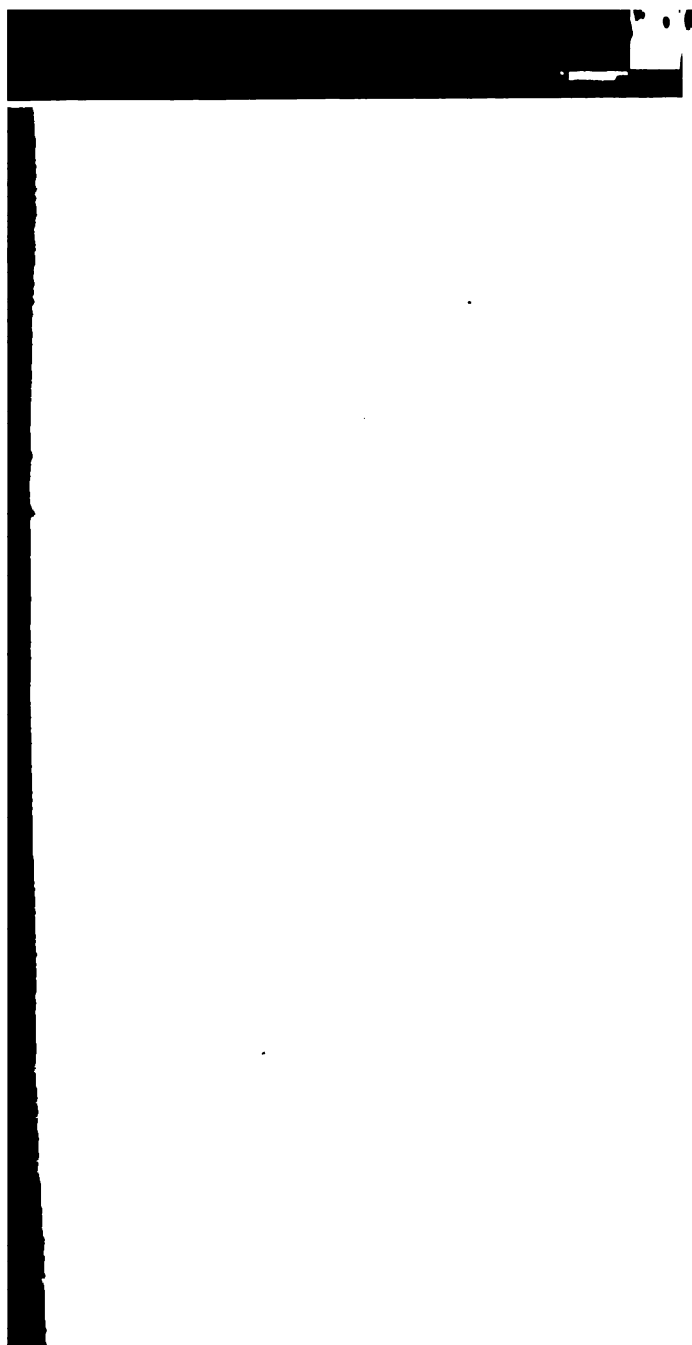
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THE BEQUEST OF
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George Palmer Putnam

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Foreword

THE record that I have attempted to present of my father's life and work can be at best but imperfect, not to say fragmentary, in its character.

My father possessed in but a moderate degree the preservative instinct. He had a great cavity in that part of the head where the bump of self-consciousness belongs, and even if the cares of a busy life had left time for any such luxury, he could not easily have convinced himself that the events with which he had to do, or his personal relations to these events, were sufficiently important to warrant the keeping of a diary.

At all events, no diary was ever attempted, nor was there even any chronological record of the chief events in the history of the family or of the publishing business. Irrespective of the matter of temperament or method,

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Foreword	it was the case that in connection with the absence of any central family home, with the constant changes of abiding place, and with the interruption, during the four years of the Civil War, of the continuity of the business, papers and records, personal and general, naturally disappeared. With my remembrance of the family history, I was really surprised to find not that so much had been destroyed, but that anything had remained. The chief dates and the more important events I have succeeded in putting together partly from one series of business correspondence that had escaped the destruction of a "fire-proof" warehouse in 1857, in which had been stored the books and records of the old firm (together with a collection of personal papers), and partly from a file of old catalogues, through which were recalled the names of authors who were largely personal friends, a record which while but fragmentary is consecutive. The gaps have been filled in (doubtless with full measure of error) from my own recollections of things told to me in later years. The work itself ought, of course, to have been undertaken many years earlier. It has been delayed owing to my own rather absorbing responsibilities, business and personal, and has also been not a little hampered by the limitations of restricted eyesight and of a

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disabled writing arm. Its preparation has gone on with various interruptions during the past five years. By 1895, however, nearly a quarter of a century after my father's death, his own friends and correspondents had, of course, in large part passed away, and it was no longer practicable to secure from them transcripts of his own letters, although some such letters are still being sought for.

My father was a good correspondent. He wrote easily, with a really beautiful script, and he had an excellent command of language. His letters, while never verbose, were fuller and more comprehensive than are often to be found among correspondents of the later generation who have been more or less demoralized by the use of stenographers and type-writers. It is to be regretted, therefore, that but few of these letters are available for the present narrative.

In addition to its necessary lack of completeness, the memoir is, as I fully realize, seriously defective in respect to its literary form. This defect is in part at least due to the necessity, or what appeared to me to be the necessity, of combining into the one narrative several subject-matters which were in themselves quite distinct. The main purpose of the memoir is, of course, to set forth for the children and grandchildren a study of the career and of the character of a man whose

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Foreword	life-work should possess for them a personal interest, and which was in any case deserving of commemoration. There was here a difficulty which will, I trust, be appreciated and allowed for. In order to make the record clear to the younger group of readers (as for instance to my own little son, who will, if he lives, belong properly to another century), I have been obliged to emphasize certain details and events which to my brothers and sisters are already familiar, and the mention of which might to them seem to be almost superfluous. In addition to the personal memoir, I have thought it desirable to present a sketch of the history of the publishing concern from the time of its foundation to the death of its founder. A publishing business must be as a rule more characteristic and representative of the man who institutes it and carries it on than could be the case with the business of selling pork or drygoods, and the direction of my father's literary interests, tastes, ideals, and ambitions is fairly indicated by the character of the publishing undertakings with which his name was associated. The publishing house founded by my father constitutes in fact his own best monument. I have included in this sketch of the business some references to the authors whose names were represented on the Putnam cata-

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logue, authors who came to be very largely the personal friends of their publisher. These general literary references, and some further references that I have found myself interested in making of certain noteworthy events occurring in the period covered by my father's life, interfere, of necessity, with the direct progress of the biographical narrative. I have hoped, however, that such references may be found of interest to readers among the younger of the grandchildren, to whom the history of the last half of the nineteenth century will naturally be somewhat shadowy. I have further thought that it should prove of service to these same younger members of the growing family circle to include in this biography such data as I have been able to get together of certain family relationships and connections pertaining to my father's generation. There is often difficulty in later years in tracing such kinships and connections, and I judged there would be a convenience in placing on record here such information under this head as I had available.

It will, of course, be understood that the volume has been planned as a family record, prepared solely for the information of the members of the family and of their immediate descendants. With this understanding, I have included in it certain details in which

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Foreword	outsiders would not be interested or with which they would have no proper concern. I will not close this introductory word without expressing my acknowledgments to the devoted little stenographer, my daughter Ethel, through whose painstaking and skilled service the undertaking, carried on as it has been during my home hours, has been rendered practicable. I trust that the result of our labors may be appreciated as a service by the beloved kindred to whom the work is dedicated. For myself, it has been in more ways than one a labor of love. I am glad to have had hours to devote to the memory of one whom I have valued as my best friend, and whose fine character and noble nature should prove a continued inspiration to all his descendants. G. H. P. November 1, 1900. 



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	I
 I ANCESTRY AND EARLY YEARS GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM was born in Brunswick, Maine, on the 7th of February, 1814. His father was Henry Putnam of Boston, and his mother Catherine Hunt Palmer of Dorchester. The Putnams of Massachusetts came from the county of Buckinghamshire, in England, where the records show them to have lived, during a number of centuries, as small squires and substantial yeomen. The name was most frequent in the town of Penne, which is about thirty miles from London. The name was originally Puttenham and is, I understand, derived from a Saxon cognomen Putt, the suffix,—ham, standing for a village or settlement. If this derivation be correct, some early member of the Putt family must have separated himself from his rural brothers and cousins by taking up his residence in the village, so that he was after-	Birth and Parentage

2	George Palmer Putnam
Puttenbam	wards referred to as Putt of the village, or Putt-en-ham. A village called Puttenham lies twelve miles from Penne. There appears to have been no one of any great note in this Bucks family of Puttenham and Puttnams, and it can only be said for them, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that they lived their lives faithfully and did their duty (according to the catechism) in the sphere of life to which they had been called. The one individual of the earlier family (that is of the family before the name had been condensed to Puttnam) who secured any individual repute was George Puttenham, who published, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, <i>The Art of Poesie</i> and the less well-known treatise called <i>Parthenaides</i>. He died about 1600.¹ One of the earlier members of the branch of the family settled in Penne was a certain Nicholas Puttenham, who is recorded as having held there a small manor in or about the year 1500. The Puttnams took part with the Cromwellian Puritans during the civil war which resulted in the death of King Charles, and after the accession of Charles the Second, certain members of the family made their way to ¹ The authorship of <i>The Art of Poesie</i> has also been ascribed to George's brother, Richard, but the weight of evidence is in favor of George.

George Palmer Putnam	3
the colony of Plymouth in Massachusetts. This migration probably took place in the year 1642, in the ship <i>Fortune</i>, sailing from Plymouth to Plymouth of the West. The names of these founders of the American branch of the family are to be recorded in the genealogy published by Eben Putnam of Salem. Henry Putnam, my father's father, was born in Boston. He was educated at the Boston Grammar School and at Harvard College, and became a member of the Suffolk Bar. He broke down in health, however, and shortly after his marriage (September 13, 1807) he took his wife to Brunswick, Maine. He was admitted to the Bar of that State, but the difficulties of his health appear to have interfered with any sedentary work and his service as a lawyer in Brunswick was probably not important. The main support of the family came from the exertions of his young wife, Catherine, who opened a school, which she continued to manage for sixteen years. Catherine Palmer came of good stock. Her family was, like that of her husband, of Puritan origin, the Palmers having come from the county of Essex, where Cromwell was born, and which gave to the Puritan cause an almost undivided support. Joseph Pearse Palmer, the father of Catherine, was the son of Joseph Palmer, who had taken an active part in the "Committee of	Henry Putnam

4	George Palmer Putnam
Joseph Palmer	Safety" of Boston, in which committee was vested, for two years before the battle of Lexington, the direction of the cause of the protesting colonists of Massachusetts. It was from the house of Joseph Palmer that, in 1773, a body of citizens disguised as Indians went to the tea vessels at Griffin's wharf, and, in throwing overboard the tea upon which the new tax was to be collected, committed the first act of the Revolution. Joseph Palmer served in the Continental Army, from which he retired with the rank of Brigadier. He had also enjoyed the distinction of being the presiding officer of the first Colonial Congress or Convention, which was called in 1773 to formulate the grievances of the colonists against Great Britain. The following letter from a descendant of Joseph Palmer makes clear the line of descent: DORCHESTER, MASS., July 20, 1896. GEORGE H. PUTNAM. DEAR SIR: Please excuse the liberty I 've taken in addressing these few lines. In looking over the genealogy of the Palmer family, I find that Gen. Joseph Palmer's Son, Joseph Pearse Palmer, had a daughter named Catherine Hunt, who married Henry Putnam, a lawyer, Sept. 13, 1807, and that your father, George Palmer Putnam, was one of five children. I think your father was named after my Grandfather, George



George Palmer Putnam	5
Palmer. Gen. Palmer came from England in the ship <i>Wilmington</i> in 1746. In the year 1770, he went to England for the benefit of his health. While in London he had his portrait taken by the celebrated Copley, and sent to his family at Braintree, Mass. I have the same in my possession with the original frame, etc., as received from England. Respectfully yours, CHARLES S. PALMER, Great-Great Grandson of Gen. Joseph Palmer. Catherine Palmer had been brought up in the Congregational faith, but, at the time of her marriage, she was probably not a member of the church. Shortly after her settlement in Brunswick, she joined the Baptist Church, and, through her long life, she always remained a very earnest believer in the Calvinistic creed. She found occasion, however, to modify for herself certain of the Baptist tenets, and some of her views were characterized as tending to the doctrine of the Swedenborgians. She united with a clear-headed precision and a certainty of conviction (a certainty that sometimes became hardness) a mystical tendency. She was a believer in types and symbols, and she found not only in the Scriptures but in many other things a double meaning, the first apparent and direct, the second hidden and indirect or spiritual.	Catherine Putnam's Religious Beliefs



6	George Palmer Putnam
Religious Beliefs	For the purpose of expounding these theories in regard to the interpretation of the Scriptures, she began a series of commentaries on the Old Testament. The two octavo volumes, published, with filial respect, by her son George, in 1852 and 1853, carried the analysis of the Old Testament no farther than the Book of Exodus, and because there were no further funds to spare, or because the active work of her busy days promised no further time for elucidating the typical meaning of the Pentateuch, the work was not continued. The fact that but few purchasers were found for these rather heavy octavos did not trouble her at all. She was quite firm in her conviction that the Lord would, at his own time and in his own way, show the truth to his people. This firmness of conviction and apparently undoubting certainty that she had grasped God's truth and that God's ways were righteous and wise and just, is the chief impression that remains in my mind of my grandmother's faith. I do not say that she never had doubts, but, without any cant and without any offensive dogmatism, she always spoke and always lived as if her doubts had been solved and her way made perfectly clear. To this particular servant of his the Lord seems to have spoken in no uncertain tone and in a way not to be misunderstood. I should say, however, that Catherine Put-

George Palmer Putnam

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nam had, notwithstanding, a full measure of sorrow and trials. She may have been rather dogmatic in her method of holding and expressing her special views concerning scriptural interpretation. These views brought her early into issue with her fellow Baptists in Brunswick. After a short term of membership in the First Baptist Church, she seceded with a small number of the congregation and organized a Second Baptist Church, that continued in existence during her sojourn in Brunswick, but which shortly after her departure was again absorbed into the original congregation. The building within which the Second Baptist congregation held its services was many years afterwards enlarged, and is now (1895) occupied by the Brunswick Historical Association.

I should give a wrong impression of my grandmother's Christianity if I should make reference only to her theological views and her theological contentions. She was in fact one of the most practical and consistent Christians I ever knew. Her faith and her practice were precisely the same on Monday as on Sunday. It was indeed one of her favorite contentions that all the days of the week had been made by the Lord and that they were all to be kept holy. She considered that the selection by the Jews of the seventh day and by the Christians of the first day for special observance

**Religious
Beliefs**



8	George Palmer Putnam
The Ancient Town of Brunswick	and religious service, had a certain convenience in securing uniformity of action, but was not otherwise important. She was prepared, whenever practicable, to give to religious service such hours of each day as were available, while she did not consider that the performance on the Sabbath of any ordinary and necessary occupation was in any way sinful. All the days given to men were to be devoted to glorifying God, but all faithful service done during the fitting hours of those days would be accepted by God as done for his glory. The little town of Brunswick, in 1808, when Catherine Putnam began her work as a teacher, did not differ in any material respect from the other New England towns and villages, which in a long series of contests against the severities of the New England climate, varied by occasional campaigns with the New England Indians, had made a full test of the endurance and the capacity for fighting and for living of the sturdy primitive settlers. The people were at this time largely engaged in fishing, but there was some farming in the regions that could be most easily reached from the coast, and the Androscoggin River was utilized to bring, for shipment southward, the timber of the hills. There came into existence also along the banks of the river between Brunswick and Bath, some shipbuilding yards, in which were constructed,

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not only the smaller smacks and sloops and schooners for the fisheries and coastwise trade, but also ships of considerable burden. These yards were utilized effectively during the war of 1812-15 for the building of the privateers which made so much havoc with the commerce of the Canadas and of the British West Indies.

Catherine Putnam's school is commemorated in the history of Brunswick as the best of the preparatory schools that had as yet been known in the town. In connection with the management of this school, the loyal service and effective co-operation of Catherine's most intimate friend, Narcissa Stone, must not be forgotten. Narcissa had known Catherine Palmer in Boston where they were at school together. When Henry Putnam's health and law practice broke down and the young wife was looking about for some means for the support of her family, it was Narcissa who suggested that there was in Brunswick an opening for a school and who placed at the disposal of Mrs. Putnam for the beginning of her school operations a house owned by her father.¹

¹ Narcissa probably had a placid, round, big-eyed countenance because, in the early Rowayton days, a certain cow was named after her. That cow must have had quite a long life, for the name of Narcissa Stone is indissolubly connected in my mind

Mrs.
Putnam's
School

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The School	The school was carried on for a year or more in the house lent by Miss Stone, and in 1809, when these quarters had been outgrown by the increasing number of pupils, it was moved into what was then known as the Dunlap house, which is now (1895) in the possession of the family of the late Dr. John D. Lincoln. Mrs. Putnam remained there for eleven years, and during a large portion of this time Miss Stone was her assistant. The friendship of the two women continued during the lifetime of Narcissa, and Catherine always spoke of her as a woman in whom she had great confidence, and whom she trusted implicitly. In 1820, Mrs. Putnam moved her school into what was known as the Forsyth house. Later, she occupied one half of the with that large, ruminant, placid face, and when father spoke at the time of grandmother's death of the valuable service rendered to her by Narcissa Stone when she needed money, I said in astonishment, "How could a cow help her? Did grandma sell her?" I was then twelve, and I remember distinctly father's irritated tone when he said, "How can you be so silly? Narcissa Stone was n't a cow." He was so annoyed that I did n't like to ask for an explanation, and it was some time before the image of an old lady replaced in my mind that of the cow; and that was another instance of a child's misconception, because at the time she was helping grandmother with the school, Miss Stone must have been quite a young woman.—R. P.



George Palmer Putnam

II

house on the corner of Main and Mill streets, the other half being occupied by Dean Swift. She remained there until 1829, when, the house having been destroyed by fire, she removed her school to New York.

One of the local writers, describing the Brunswick community of the time says that Mrs. Putnam was generally recognized as an excellent woman and a conscientious and capable teacher. I find from certain references in the history of Brunswick, that Henry Putnam, being driven into the open air by the requirements of his health, had found himself fascinated with outdoor life, with the result of becoming diverted from the interests and responsibilities of his legal work. It is certain that this work proved neither important nor remunerative, and that the chief burden of the support of the family came upon the young wife. The first child in the family, born in 1808, was a boy who was called Henry. This child was four years old at the time of the breaking out of the war of 1812. He died in January, 1815, shortly before the news of the peace had arrived from Ghent. The second child, Catherine, was born in 1810, and the third, Anne, in 1812, while the country was still agitated by the trouble and disasters of the war times, troubles which not even the brilliant successes of the little navy were sufficient to offset; the fourth, George, was

Henry
Putnam's
Family

**The Boy-
hood of
George**

born in 1814, and the youngest child, Elizabeth, was born in 1816.

It is to be remembered in connection with this war of 1812-1815, that with the single exception of the battle of New Orleans, practically all the noteworthy successes were secured by the navy. The war had been largely the result of Southern sentiment and ardor, but the army, which was very largely officered from the South, effected hardly anything. It was the New Englanders who furnished by far the larger portion of the naval forces and who brought fame to the flag of the young republic, while it was in New England, the citizens of which had protested against the war policy of the administration, that the vessels of the new navy were built.

George received his training with his sisters in his mother's school, in which was presented an early example of coeducation. The people of Brunswick did not have time to think over the possible advantage of providing separate schoolrooms for boys and girls, whose life in other respects was carried on in common. My father occasionally spoke to me concerning his recollections of Brunswick, but I do not now recall anything very distinctive or important in his reminiscences. He spoke of skating on the Androscoggin River, of boating down the river to the big shipping yards at Bath, and of enjoying the sports which were usual in the

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New England country life of the period. He told me that he had once been able to render service to Bowdoin College. A fire having broken out on the roof of one of the buildings, owing to the carelessness of a tinman who had been doing some repairs, George ran down the street shouting the alarm. He suggests, in his modest way, that it was probably for this service that the college, thirty years later, when he was forty years of age, honored him with the title of Master of Arts.

The system of work in the Brunswick school was doubtless modelled (as far at least as the material difference in circumstances rendered practicable) upon that of the famous school of Mrs. Rowson in Boston, where my grandmother had been a pupil. Mrs. Rowson was herself a woman of good family and in her schoolrooms had been gathered during the last years of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth representatives of some of the best of the young women of Boston. She was the author of a romance belonging to the sentimental school of literature, entitled *Charlotte Temple*. The book had considerable vogue at the time and was reprinted in New York as late as 1894. It was in Mrs. Rowson's school that my grandmother made the acquaintance of Narcissa Stone, whose friendship was later so valuable in more ways than one. In the year 1895, in

**Mrs.
Rowson's
School**



**Mrs.
Carter's
Recollections**

which these pages are being dictated, there is still living in the town of Paris, Maine, an old lady who had been for some years the pupil of my grandmother and a fellow-student of my father. Her name was at that time Arabella Rawson, and her married name is Mrs. Carter. Hearing of my visit to Brunswick and of my inquiries about the school, she sent me, in 1895, one of the weekly reports and a merit card given to her in 1821, as a pupil, written throughout by my grandmother. I add her letter, the original of which is written in firm, legible script.

PARIS HILL, MAINE, Oct. 14, 1895.

MR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 5th inst. gives me an opportunity to tell you how highly I esteemed your excellent grandmother, Mrs. Catherine Palmer Putnam, who was handsome, dignified, and refined, with very superior executive and mental faculties; the best, most judicious and untiring instructress I ever had. I regret I can only give very little "biographical information." In 1821 I was her pupil; she then resided in Brunswick, Maine, and taught a select school for girls, forty-five young ladies and little girls and three boys, viz., your father George, John Owen, and Henry Hinkley. Her schoolroom was a large hall in her own house, and her family consisted of her husband, herself, and her four children. She had no servant, but with the assistance of her daughter Catherine, then about thirteen years old, kept all her surroundings nice and complete.

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both house and school and everything in perfect order. The rules to be observed in her school were written in concise language, framed, and hung up in the schoolroom; every new pupil was requested to read them carefully, and I think they were rarely broken; if they were ever so she never appeared to take any notice; yet she saw everything that happened; and the offender would be invited to remain till the other pupils had departed. She had a faculty of making all our lessons interesting, sometimes by a short story or anecdote, and occasionally mentioned some event in Mrs. Rowson's school—she had too much dignity to speak of herself, but always related events as though she was reading from a book; seldom used the first person. When in Brunswick in '26 I visited her—she had left her former house and resided in the house once owned and occupied by Jotham Stone. After she went to New York, I saw her twice, once in Broome Street, where she taught a school for young ladies; the next and last time in Bleecker Street. I do not know the exact date, probably between '35 and '45; in my later visits to New York I could not obtain her address. I enclose to you four souvenirs of her school, which I have kept seventy-four years, signed C. H. Putnam, written in her beautiful handwriting; how could she find time to decorate Rewards of Merit? In those days there were no writing schools, nor writing masters. She had a writing class of fifteen or twenty and set all their copies. She had a great deal of method and was a very superior woman. Yet how could she accomplish so much? In 1824, or a year or two later,—am uncertain about the date,—your grandfather, Henry Putnam, passed a week or more on Paris Hill; he was a correspondent of some Journal and was collecting statistics of Oxford County.

Mrs.
Carter's
Recollections

George Palmer Putnam**First Employment**

I am now almost eighty-nine years old, and have quit trying to write letters, excepting to my nearest relatives, therefore please pardon this garrulous letter. When the grandson of Mrs. C. H. Putnam asked me to tell him about the school she taught in Brunswick, the memory of other days caused me to write many words relating to the school of my highly respected and best instructress, whose courtesy and wisdom won my love and admiration. The five volumes of *Putnam's Home Cyclopaedia*, bought in 1853, have proved reliable, useful books of reference. I long ago took an interest in the success of George P. Putnam, and now likewise in George P. Putnam's Sons; and think Mrs. Dr. Jacobi has inherited a large share of her grandmother's energy and strength of mind.

Very cordially yours,

ARABELLA RAWSON CARTER.

In 1825, when George Putnam was eleven years old, a suggestion came to his mother from John Gulliver, a merchant of Boston, who had married the sister of George's father, presenting a business opening for George. Mr. Gulliver was taking into apprenticeship, or into employment (the more formal apprenticeship having by this date become infrequent), his son John Putnam Gulliver, who was of the same age as his nephew George Putnam. He proposed that George should come to Boston, where he would make a home for him and where he could secure, in company with his cousin, a business training in the work of the store. The principal article

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dealt in by Mr. Gulliver at that time was carpets, the stock including the home-spun material from the country districts on the one hand and importations from England on the other. Mr. Gulliver was a just man and he intended to do what was right by his wife's nephew. I judge, however, that both in his business methods and in the arrangement of his home he was rather hard and narrow. George certainly had all the luxuries that were enjoyed by the son of his employer, but these were few and far between. The boys swept out the store in the early morning hours and kept it clean during the day. For some time at least they slept together in the back of the store. I doubt whether they had anything to do with the selling of goods, but they probably did have some responsibilities in connection with the delivery of packages. During the rare holiday hours, there was fishing in the Charles and from the wharves on the Bay, and in the winter time, there was, of course, coasting on the Common. The business day was, however, a long one, and the holidays or spare hours came at rare intervals. The Sabbath was observed with full New England strictness. The duties of the day included morning and evening prayers at home, and in the church, Sunday-school and morning and afternoon services, with their long Puritan	Work in Boston

18	George Palmer Putnam
Sunday in Boston in 1825	sermons. No "frivolities" were permitted, and under this term was understood all reading other than that of a devotional character. Whether on the Sabbath or on the other days of the week, reading matter must have been difficult to secure, and time for the use of books, even if the books had been available, equally difficult. Young Putnam had already in some way developed a strong taste for reading, and in some of his later letters, after he had reached New York and when he had at hand the great supplies of the Mercantile Library, he refers more than once to this "literary starvation" in Boston. He mentioned once to my sister Minnie the compunctions of conscience he experienced when, while still an inmate of his Uncle John's family, he secured and read surreptitiously a volume of Miss Edgeworth's Tales. One might suppose that Miss Edgeworth was sufficiently moral in tone for the guidance of any young person, but her writings belonged to the forbidden class of fiction, and the reading of them constituted therefore a frivolity. Young Putnam had in his mother's time been accustomed to a strict observance of the Sabbath. From my memory, however, of my grandmother's way of looking at things, I judge that she was much less inclined than were her fellow church-members to draw arbitrary lines between "Sunday employment"

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and "Sunday reading" and what was proper for the other days of the week. According to her contention, all days were God's days, and no occupation which was not wholesome in its character and sound in its purpose should be permitted on any day. George's cousin, John P. Gulliver, afterwards became a minister in the Congregationalist Church, and for many years had charge of the principal parish in Norwich, Connecticut. In his later years, after having given up the more exacting responsibilities of parish work, he was a professor in the Theological Seminary of Andover, Mass. At the time of the bitter controversy which took place at that seminary in regard to the proper attitude to be borne by instructors concerning the veritable or total inspiration of the Old Testament, Dr. Gulliver's personal sympathies were reported to have been on the side of Professor Toy and his associates, who were characterized by their critics as "heretical iconoclasts." He was (at this time, 1881 or 1882) too old, however, to take an active part in the contest. The so-called liberals seceded or were compelled to resign, but Dr. Gulliver retained his chair until his death a few years later. His son, William C. Gulliver, a graduate of Yale, is at this date (1896) a leading lawyer in New York. The following letter from George to his	John Putnam Gulliver

George Palmer Putnam

George
(actat. 15)
to his
Mother

mother throws some light upon his methods of life in Boston, and also upon his painstaking conscientiousness.

Boston, April 10, 1829.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have been expecting to hear from you since Miss Stone returned but have been disappointed. But as your time is no doubt entirely taken up I will not complain.

You know I keep an account of all my expenses; I have a book in which I set down everything which I have from Uncle G. and everything from you separately, and I wish you would state in your next what the Cloth and Cap cost which you sent last. The Cloth, vesting, gloves, and stockings, and the Book for Mary P. which I consider as at my expense. The whole amount which I have down from Oct. 1826—to Jan. 7, 1828, (as I did not keep an account before) is \$44.38, including Clothes made from Uncle's old ones, and everything but my board. When I was at Miss MacDonald's, he paid \$1.38 for my board including washing, but I was absent nights and Sundays. I however took 18 meals per week, a little more than 7 cents a meal which I think is very cheap as I am monstrous hearty. I assure you I never want for appetite, especially when I have a good lot of Carpets (which we deal pretty largely in) to handle. I have not boarded at G. MacD's since I was sick and I conclude Uncle does not intend to have me any more. She says her Mother is coming up to live with her this Spring.

I had a coat made last December from an old one, which I put down on my book—for the coat itself \$3.00—for making and trimmings \$2.00—Total

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\$5.00. I also paid a bill for tuition in writing \$1.00. I took about ten lessons. I think I learnt a dollar's worth. I have in my book in the time above stated, 1 pair shoes, 3 vests (old) and three or four Coats and Pantaloons, all old but one. The amount on your side exclusive of those things named above which I do not know is \$10.91 which I had in N. Y. and \$6.00 cash which you sent to Mr. G.; spent as follows:—viz, paid Dr. P. for cleaning teeth cost \$2.58. Cash for Hat, \$2.50, for mending Shoes .42, trimmings .50. That is the \$6.00, was credited in first place on the Book, and then these articles charged though without reference to the \$6.00 and there is \$4.21 charged more. He had not kept an account on the Book before you sent the money. Since the 1st of Jan. Aunt has had the vest which you sent, made, and also a new silk one. Narcissa sent me one too, so that I am well supplied with vests. The Coat is not made yet. I wear the one which was made in December, constantly, on Sundays and in the week. The Brown Suit which you sent is most worn out and I have most outgrown them.

I have stated all this because I thought you would like to know. I am at present in special need of nothing; the Coat, I suppose will be made before long, and I have pantaloons which I can wear this summer if they are not too small. I have also a Black Hat most new and a good great Coat. I am rather in want of the shirts I wrote you about. Aunt says if it is not convenient for you to send them she will make some; she has delayed it because she expected E. would make them. If you send them, I would rather you would not make or cut the collars, as I want to have them cut to fit well. For my part I do not think you ought to provide any more clothes for me, I feel as if I was

George to
his Mother

George to
his Mother

old enough not only to support myself but to help you instead of being any tax upon you; and I do not think that it is any more than right for Mr. G. to provide my Clothes or the value of them. You know best however. I think Uncle G. would be perfectly willing to do it all; You know he said he would. I know I have not been so faithful to him as I ought to have been. But I shall try at least to merit his confidence, and sufficient compensation to enable me to help, instead of being a burden to you. So much for these matters.—But I do not know as I have anything to tell which would be pleasing or interesting to you. I told you Mr. Bourne had moved here. Aunt G. called to see Mr. B. the other day. He is quite feeble and does not go out at all. Aunt invited Jane to go to our meeting, and I called for her the next Sabbath. She appeared glad to see me, so did her mother. He had gone to meeting. Jane staid at the communion after meeting. I did not know before that she belonged to a church. I always thought she was rather vain and conceited, but now she appears very amiable and kind. Her mother I should think was an excellent woman. Aunt introduced Jane to Mr. Green after service. He was very much surprised and delighted to see her. He was very intimate with the family when a tutor at Brunswick. Jane says, he used to come to the house and learn her little hymns &c when she was a child. George has grown very much; he is about my size; Miss Stone says Mr. B. is very much opposed to the orthodox and is not willing to have his wife or family go to their meeting. Aunt G. sent Mrs. B. two books to read which she wanted to see. She invited me to call and see them often. I thought they would want to send Maria to school and I spoke to Aunt Curtis about it. She gave me one of her school

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Cards which I gave to George but it was too late as they had sent her to a man's school.

Aunt C. said she wanted to write to you and she will probably send with this. You owe me three letters. I would write to — but I guess this will do for all. They must not think me negligent.

I go to Dr. P.'s about once a week. Uncle thinks I had better not go oftener, and I think so too, on some accounts. I progress a little in the French but I think it will take me some time to get through with it. Aunt Pickman was here a short time ago. She received the bundle from you. I have most finished my paper and must say good-bye. I am sorry, that I have to do this and that I am not where I could be with you and talk familiarly on these various matters and have your instruction and advice. However kind and affectionate other friends may be, they are not like a tender, anxious mother,—But as providence has placed me from you and I am surrounded with so many comforts and blessings and kind friends, I will be happy, and contented; and the Grace of God assisting me I will try to act the part of

Your affectionate and dutiful son.

Remember me to Uncle Palmer and family.

George to
his Mother





II

REMOVAL TO NEW YORK — BEGINS WORK AS A
BOOKSELLER**First
Literary
Work**

GEORGE PUTNAM remained in the carpet business with his uncle about four years. In 1829, he decided to try his chances of securing a livelihood in New York City. He had made the journey from Brunswick to Boston by sea, coming round Cape Ann in a sloop. His journey to New York was made in like manner by schooner around Cape Cod. He speaks of the schooner as belonging to Captain Nickerson's "packet line," and wrote to his mother that the voyage was varied by squalls at Holmes's Hole and Hyannis and by reiterated calms in the Sound.

The record of his first experience in New York can most conveniently be given in my father's own words. He began in the *American Publishers' Circular* in July, 1863, what was apparently planned to be a series of

George Palmer Putnam	25
papers describing what he remembered about the book-trade in New York. Whether on the ground of the absorbing interest of the war or because of the larger measure of attention required during the years from 1863 to 1865 for his work as collector of revenue, the series was not continued. The record, as far as it came into print, is chiefly interesting as showing the energy with which the youngster began his business career, and particularly the application by which he endeavored to supply the deficiencies of his education and to make up for lost time in reading. It appears from this account that, after being kept at the store until nine or ten in the evening, he would make his way to the Mercantile Library and devote himself to reading (chiefly in history) as long as the library was kept open. Then, taking with him the permitted allowance of books, he continued his reading in his own room until one or two o'clock. He had to report in the morning again at the store at eight. It appears further from this chronicle that the historical manual which formed his first literary production was begun the year of his arrival in New York, when he was fifteen years old, and that it was completed in its original form in three years' time. He speaks of having shaped out for himself a course of historical reading, which included Herodotus,	First Literary Work

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1833 First Literary Work	Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, Salust, Gibbon, Russell's <i>Modern Europe</i>, and several histories of England, such as Hume, Lingard, Smollett, and De Moleville. This historical manual, which was later developed into <i>The World's Progress</i>, comprised, in its first edition, about four hundred pages, and was issued, in 1832, under the title of <i>Chronological Introduction and Index to Universal History</i>, by Daniel Appleton and Jonathan Leavitt. The article also records young Putnam's first venture as an editor. In 1833, he compiled and published, through West & Trow, a weekly chronicle entitled <i>The Publishers' Advertiser</i>. His name did not appear in connection with the journal, and under the safe protection of his anonymity, he undertook to review the current publications of the day, publications which in that year included the first volume of Bancroft's <i>United States</i>, Abbott's <i>Young Christian</i>, Mrs. Sigourney's <i>Sketches</i>, Cooper's <i>Letters to my Countrymen</i>, the first of the long series of romances by Simms, etc. The article previously referred to overlaps and anticipates some of the later events in my father's business life, but it is convenient to include it at this point in my memoir.

*Rough Notes of Thirty Years in the Trade.***Early Experiences
in New
York**

It was in 1829 that the book-trade and I were introduced to each other. Four years before that, I had doubled Cape Ann on my sloop voyage from away down east, to take my chance in the wide world, or rather in the great city of Boston, which I imagined to be at least equal to all the rest of sub-lunary things. Four years' apprenticeship there in the business of supplying a footing for the understanding of the modern Athenians—in other words, selling them carpets—and then my fortunes were to be sought in what seemed at that period the remote El Dorado of New York. Two or three times a week, the stages would start off hours before daylight to take passengers to "the splendid steamer *Washington*," at Providence—a longer and more tiresome journey than it is now to New York, six times the distance. Not, however, by the swift luxury of the stage-coach, or railway, or steamer was my momentous journey to be performed, but by a week's voyage in Capt. Nickerson's fast schooner round Cape Cod, varied by a morning's call at Holmes' Hole and Hyannis, and by reiterated calms in the Sound. Coenties Slip and the wonders of Pearl Street were approached with suitable deference and awe, as one might now arrive at Moscow or Timbuctoo.

Thus, at the age of fifteen, afloat in the great metropolis, expected to make my own way in the world, my first studies consisted of paragraphs in the papers beginning "Boy wanted." With one of these cut from the *Courier*, I promptly presented myself, as required, at the counting room of the great mercantile house of Phelps, Peck & Co., on the corner of Fulton and Cliff Streets.

A few questions from the rather awful personage



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At Work as a Book- seller	at the head of the firm had so shaken my self-confidence or my nerves that when I essayed a specimen of handwriting, as he directed, the result was a failure; the great merchant shook his head, and I departed crestfallen. A year or two after this, it may be here mentioned, this great house tumbled down, not metaphorically, but literally, burying in its ruins every person in the building. . . . Vexed with the defeat of this first application for "a place," I was all the more ready for the next chance. At a little book and stationery store in Broadway near Maiden Lane, there was a notice in the window of "A boy wanted." I presented myself on the spot. "You are too old; only a small boy is wanted for errands, to sweep, etc., and to live in my family; wages twenty-five dollars a year and board." "That will suit me; if you choose to try me, I don't object to the work or the pay." The docility of the applicant seemed to please, and I was at once installed in the situation. This, my first master in the book-trade, was Mr. George W. Bleeker. He lived, London fashion, over his little store, a practice which in these days neither fashion nor economy would tolerate, at least in Broadway. He published a quarto monthly, called "<i>The Euterpiad</i>," an "Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose." My first travel out of New York was a cruise up the Hudson to canvass for the interests of this creditable but rather short-lived periodical. The editor of the <i>Catskill Recorder</i> of that day, and perhaps some others in Hudson and Poughkeepsie, can testify to my zeal if not to my success in this expedition. An apprenticeship of a year or two as clerk-of-all-work in this little mart of school books, Andover theology, albums, stationery, and cheap pictures, was not a severe ordeal. J. & J. Harper, then just beginning their success-

ful career as publishers, were supplying the market with the new English novels on the whity-brown paper and in the rough paper labelled boards which that era of the world deemed all-sufficient. In the production of many of these novels there was a lively competition between the Harpers and the old-established house of Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia. I well remember the almost frantic delight of poor McDougal Clarke, "the mad poet," our frequent visitor, when the enterprising printers of Cliff Street had ventured upon so great an investment as Moore's *Life of Byron*, in a couple of very fair octavos. This amiable but erratic son of genius, I am sorry to add, used literally to swear by Byron, who appeared to be, both in verse and in shirt collar, his hero and his model; he would stand at the counter eagerly turning over Moore's leaves and quoting scraps. Whether his purse was finally equal to the coveted purchase is now uncertain.

To recall the unsolicited and mysterious promotion from this errand-boy position to the dignity of first clerk in the stately "Park Place House, an emporium of literature and art" (since degraded into the vulgar purposes of a hotel) and the transfer to the less showy but more active duties of general clerk and messenger for Mr. Jonathan Leavitt, in the two-story building on the corner of John Street and Broadway, and to tell of the incidents of trade in those times, might be tiresome and unprofitable. "Egotistical stuff" has already been muttered by the reader. I will try to drop the personal pronoun, only retaining it when needful for clearness and accuracy in these rough and rapid recollections.

No more worthy or conscientious man ever published or sold books than Jonathan Leavitt. Shrewdness and good sense made up for him the lack of elementary book-learning, and he became the leading

**The Book-
Trade in
New York
in the
"30's"**

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The Book-Trade in New England	New York publisher of theological and religious books,—particularly in connection with Crocker & Brewster, of Boston. What stacks of S. T. Armstrong's edition of Scott's Bible used to come weekly from Boston; what rows of Rosenmüller, and Calvin, and Tholuck from Leipsic; and what shelves full of Calmet, and Lightfoot, and Baxter, and Owen, and Lardner, from the pioneer in "English remainders," Mr. W. C. Hall, the Yankee of London. The piles of these consignments from England and Germany grew so high that an extra room had to be hired for them in the Park Bank. Mr. Daniel Appleton, late of the "dry goods" interest, and brother-in-law of Mr. Leavitt, was there installed in charge to supply the trade. This excellent gentleman, thus initiated among books, soon after became the founder of the great house of D. Appleton & Co. At this time (1832-33) the chief publishers of the land were these: In Boston, Lincoln & Edmunds (succeeded by Gould & Lincoln), devoted especially to the views of the Baptists; Crocker & Brewster (still flourishing as the oldest book firm in the United States), the leading Orthodox Congregationalist publishers; Cummings & Hilliard, afterwards Hilliard, Gray & Co., chiefly engaged in school books; Lilly, Wait & Co., reprinters of the foreign reviews, etc.; R. P. & C. Williams, respectably rusty in the general trade; Allen & Ticknor, predecessors of the present well-known firm of Ticknor & Fields, on the classic corner of School Street, clinging with praise-worthy tenacity to the venerable old building which has survived some five or six generations; Little & Brown, still flourishing in strength, wealth, and respectability, though they have lost the original junior partner, Mr. Brown, one of the ablest and best informed publishers this country has produced.

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Perkins & Marvin and some smaller concerns were also flourishing in Boston.

In New York, the old and most respectable firm of Collins & Hannay carried on the best of the "jobbing trade" on Pearl Street, the sorted stock of Dabolls and Websters, and slates and sponges, and Ames's papers filling three or four lofts, supervised by the versatile and witty John Keese; T. & J. Swords, the "ancient Episcopal publishers in Broadway," whose imprint may be found dated as early as 1792; Evert Duyckinck, an estimable man, father of the well-known authors, E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck; S. Wood & Sons (the sons worthily continuing) and Joseph B. Collins in the school book and jobbing trade; Elam Bliss, the gentlemanly and popular literary caterer on Broadway (where Trinity Buildings now stand), whose elegant little *Talisman*, edited by Bryant, Verplanck, and Robert C. Sands, was the father of American "Annuals," and a good deal better than some of the children; G. & C. Carvill, the English successors of the still more famous Eastburn, on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, the most extensive retail dealers in general literature (including English books), and like Bliss's opposite, the lounging place of the *litterati*; George Dearborn, then a new star, also "gentlemanly" and intelligent, issuing double column Byrons, Shakespeares, Johnsons, Burkes, and Rollins, besides the *American Monthly*, the *Republic of Letters*, and the *New York Review*; Jona. Leavitt, as aforesaid, taking charge especially of the department of theology; and the brothers Harper, as mentioned, were building up their gigantic business of producing general literature, then chiefly consisting of reprints from English authors. In Philadelphia, this main branch of the trade was then largely in the control of Carey & Lea, successors of the famous Mathew Carey, a

Books
Trade in
New York

Book-
Trade in
Philadelphia
and
elsewhere

name that will always be remembered as an honor to our "craft," in the premises still occupied by Blanchard & Lea, the leading medical publishers. This house was then issuing, in quarterly volumes, the *Encyclopædia Americana*, edited by Dr. Lieber, an enterprise of considerable magnitude for that day. Carey & Hart, in the same "corner of Fourth and Chestnut," rivalled the Harpers in their dispensations of the new novels, and also in more solid literature. John Grigg, a publisher and bookseller of remarkable ability, rare judgment and tact, afterwards Grigg & Elliott, published largely in medicine (as did also the Careys), but "everybody knows Eberle's is the best Practice", and the "Standard Poets," "in the best Philadelphia sheep," and Weems's *Washington*, and Gaston's *Collections* and Wirt's *Patrick Henry*, and the *Cases of Conscience*, but doing a still greater trade in furnishing the "country dealers" in a thousand places, south and west, with their whole supplies of "books and stationery," thus founding the present extensive business of Lippincott & Co., besides one or two princely fortunes for the retiring partners. The rest of the trade in school and other books was divided between Hogan & Thompson, Uriah Hunt, Key & Biddle, and a few others.

In Andover, Massachusetts, Mr. Flagg printed the learned works of Moses Stuart and Leonard Woods. In Hartford, "Uncle Silas" Andrus would grind out cords of Shakespeares, Byrons, Bunyans, and *Alonso and Melissas*, suited for the country trade; and the Huntingtons and Robinsons produced cart-loads of *Olneys* and *Comstocks*. In Springfield, the Merriams printed Chitty's law books and others, but had not yet begun to work the golden mine of "Webster's unabridged." Here and there a book would come along with the im-

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print of Hyde of Portland, Kay of Pittsburg, Howe of New Haven, Metcalf of Cambridge, Gould of Albany, Armstrong of Baltimore; but the three great cities first named, then as now, monopolized the bulk of the book-making—Boston rather leading the van.

The importation of English books was almost wholly in the hands of Thomas Wardle, of Philadelphia, a sturdy Yorkshireman, who had served as porter at Longmans', in London.

Thus were all these names, thirty years since (and many of them happily remain), "familiar in our mouths as household words."

At this era, stereotyping was the exception (and in England is so yet). With us it is now the rule. Then, editions of 1000 copies of new books from type were the average; those of 500 copies were as usual as any exceeding 2000. Advertising was then an expense so trifling as to be scarcely taken into account; now, it frequently adds one-half to the cost of a book. Authors' fortunes were as rarely found in books as in gold mines; but then, as now, school text-books were often sources of large, steady income, both for author and publisher.

In process of time Mr. Daniel Appleton, after a short connection with Mr. Leavitt, opened his own separate business at No. 200 Broadway. Among the investments divided was one in an edition of 1000 copies of a volume of my own, of some 400 pages, then just printed, entitled *Chronology, an Introduction and Index to Universal History*. It was rather grand to have to say that two great publishing firms were required to produce my first work; for this little book of reference thus anonymously put forth by two (now rival) sponsors had been honestly compiled, originally for my own benefit alone, from some 150 different volumes of historical

George
Putnam's
First
Book

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Self-Education	works. In itself the book was "of no consequence," except as an ordinary manual of historical dates; but the origin of it I may be pardoned for noticing only as an encouragement for other lads in the same circumstances. It had so happened that although my father had graduated at Harvard, and my home influences were of the educated and cultivated sort, I had not received even the ordinary elementary "schooling," to say nothing of a college course, and further, I had been permitted even less than ordinary access to general reading. It is, therefore, a pleasure to testify, as I can very heartily, to the usefulness of the New York Mercantile Library, then a few years old, and just located in the new Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street, the corner-stone of which I had seen laid by that liberal-minded citizen, Philip Hone. In these degenerate days, boys in my position of sixteen or seventeen are usually dismissed from the "store" at six or seven o'clock. In 1831-32, we were kept till nine or ten; so that it was usually after nine when I could get up to the Mercantile and take out my book. It chanced that my tastes rather turned from the novels to the more solid interest of a course of history. Beginning with Father Herodotus (in Beloe's English) I plodded on through Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, Sallust; then Gibbon, Russell's <i>Modern Europe</i>, several histories of England, including Hume, Lingard, Smollett, and De Moleville. Crammed with some hundred and fifty octavos, rapidly mastered in succession, and with no clear guide at hand, personal or in book shape, to systematize and classify the stock of lore thus acquired, I began to take notes and make parallel tables. I copied and recopied, and collated and revised until I had written over a couple of reams. Much of this industry might have been spared if I had fallen in with any book of tables,

such as now abound; but I look back upon this little exercise in amateur historical "research" as the best self-discipline and drilling I could have contrived. I can't imagine any more profitable self-instruction for a boy than something of this kind—a digest of what he has read or studied, prepared by himself, in systematic form, for easy reference and remembrance. The manual I refer to was commenced at the age of fifteen, and occupied me about three years, chiefly at night, between ten and two o'clock. When matured, as it appeared useful to me, I imagined it might be worth printing for others. Mr. Leavitt said, "Yes, if some learned man will examine it."

So I gathered pluck enough to present myself and my little wares to some of the *literati*. The first I called upon was Rev. Professor McVickar, of Columbia College. Looking at me somewhat sternly, as he turned over the leaves, he asked, "Where were you educated, sir?"

"I have never had any education, sir."

"Ah!" (expressively).

The MS. was presently handed back to me with the intimation that it was not deemed expedient to promote and encourage any such presumption as my request and my statement implied.

The next *savant* approached was the late Rev. Dr. Schroeder, a man of extensive learning, whom I found in his library surrounded by Talmuds and Targums and scores of folios and quartos which would have put Dominie Sampson into ecstasies. Dr. S. was specially remarkable for courtesy and suavity of manners. Nothing could be kinder than my reception. His scrutiny was not very severe; but he gave me, nevertheless, a recommendation so cordial and emphatic that Mr. Leavitt was won over at once. Mr. Gray, of Cherry Street, was sent

The
"Book-
sellers'
Ad-
vertiser"

for, and the printing of the book was commenced. It took a whole year to get the volume through the press. In 1832, I carried home a bound copy, only quietly elated with my "authorship." The edition was soon sold out in both the rival Houses, and for twenty-five years the book has been "o. p. q." (the "Row" sign for out of print quite).

I was still an underclerk at Mr. Leavitt's counter, but the habit of digesting and arranging facts and figures, acquired in making the *Chronology*, spurred me on to attempt what seemed a desideratum in the trade—a periodical register of the publishing business. So I persuaded an enterprising firm of printers, West & Trow (the latter still one of the leading printers of the country), to let me edit such an affair for them, and it was accordingly issued through the year 1834, under the title of the *Booksellers' Advertiser*. In this, besides giving lists of new books, foreign and American, and statistics, I amused myself, if not others, in essaying an occasional "Notice," or short review of new books.

The audacity of this conduct on the part of a boy who could not give a single rule in English grammar, is sufficiently obvious to those who "know the ropes"; but it is not a solitary instance, I imagine, of a bray behind a lion's skin, and only reveals a small bit of the hollow pretension of the mysterious editorial "we." Thus twenty-seven years ago, "we," the errand boy, actually reviewed with becoming gravity and decorous brevity, the first volume of Bancroft's *United States*, Knapp's *Female Biography*, Jack Downing's *Letters*, Abbott's *Young Christian*, Mrs. Sigourney's *Sketches*, Simms's *Guy Rivers*, Cooper's *Letters to his Countrymen*, Stewart's *Great Britain*, Rapelye's *Voyages*, etc.

In a brief notice of a volume of Mrs. Sigourney, "we" took care to embody a remark about the book

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which "we" had overheard in the store from the venerable "counsellor" George Griffin. When the paper was published, the good old gentleman came in with a copy in his hand, took his accustomed chair, put up one of his long "continuations" to be nursed over the other, adjusted his glasses, and began reading "our" notice as a remarkable corroboration of the opinion he had expressed, etc. Of course "we" demurely enjoyed the little joke none the less for its being harmless.

This little monthly, the grandfather of the present *Publishers' Circular*, was I believe the first attempt in this country to furnish a booksellers' journal with a statistical record of American publications. The scope of it was limited, of course, yet it was received with favor, and "promised to pay" in time, but I was unable to give it the needful attention. The editor's name was only given in the "Valedictory," in which it was stated that the paper "had been well received on both sides of the Atlantic," and had been "noticed in complimentary terms by various contemporaries. I resign it because it cannot be properly attended to without interfering with more legitimate duties, or infringing on midnight hours."

This quotation brings to a close the sketch of reminiscences, and the papers of my father's that have been preserved fail to give any more autobiographical material.

In the foregoing reminiscences George records his engagement in the shop of Jonathan Leavitt. In this position, he earned as his second salary the sum of \$2 a week, which was increased after a few months to \$4. His

The Day's
Work

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Studies in History	work was rather varied, including not only the sweeping out of the shop, the dusting of books, the filling of inkstands, and other details such as to-day would be given to the charge of a porter appointed for the purpose, but also tasks more strictly clerical, such as the copying of letters, and, after the first year, the cataloguing of books. With an income of \$208 a year, he thought it in order to pay for a seat in church. For the first time in his life, George had at his command practically as many books as he wanted, the only difficulty now being to procure time for their perusal. He devoted himself more particularly to the study of history, and in 1831, when he was seventeen years of age, he began the compilation of the work described in his own narrative, which combined chronological tables with historical facts, and which was published in 1833 in a thin volume which was finally entitled <i>The World's Progress</i>. <i>The World's Progress</i> was reissued from time to time in successive revised and enlarged editions until, in 1870, it had increased to a thick octavo of 1200 pages. One division of the work, the plan of which was as I understand original with my father, presenting in parallel columns what he called a "tabular view" of the most noteworthy historical events, it has been found desirable to keep in print, and this portion of my father's



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original work, "with some supplementary papers added by other hands," is (1895) still being published under the title of <i>Tabular Views of Universal History</i>. 	Studies in History



III

WILEY & PUTNAM, 1840

The Book-
Trade of
the "40's"

IN 1833, my father entered the employ of Wiley & Long, publishers and booksellers. The senior partner, John Wiley, was but a year older than himself. In 1840, the firm of Wiley & Putnam was formed.

The book business of New York was at this time in a comparatively undeveloped condition. The literary activity which produced books was greater in Boston, while the work of distributing the literature of the country to the communities of the Southern States and to the still very much restricted territories in the West which contained any booksellers or any very considerable number of book-buyers, was being chiefly cared for in Philadelphia.

The principal publishers in New York in 1840 were J. & J. Harper, later Harper & Bros., whose publishing interests had already

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developed to importance from the original printing concern. The firm when organized as Harper & Bros. comprised the well-known quartet, James, John, Wesley, and Fletcher.

The firm of the Appletons had already been founded by Daniel Appleton, who had recently come to the city from western Connecticut and who was a brother-in-law of Jonathan Leavitt. He associated with himself a year or two later his oldest son, William H. Appleton, who at the time of this writing (1895) is still living.¹ The three brothers of William, John, George, and Daniel, have all passed away. The active management is at this time in the hands of the second William, W. W. Appleton.

In 1840, the principal retail booksellers in New York were Stanford & Swords. This house made a special interest of church books, both of the partners being active members of Trinity Parish, but their stock included also a very good collection of general literature. They were succeeded in the years following by C. S. Swords & Co. and D. G. Francis. The latter is to-day (1895) the oldest bookseller in New York. During these successive changes, the character of the business had also altered, the denominational association becoming Unitarian in place of Episcopal.

¹ Mr. Appleton died in 1899.

The Book-
Trade of
the "40's"

New York
Publications of
the "40's"

Jonathan Leavitt, who was the first employer of George Putnam, had his book-shop in Nassau Street. His son, William H. Leavitt, later gave up his retail book business and devoted himself to selling books at auction. The semi-annual trade sales of the publishers, organized in the first place by Bangs & Co., were afterwards carried on for many years by the Leavitts.

A very important proportion of the stock of the booksellers of that time was made up of works imported from England. American literature, while slowly developing, was still far from sufficient to supply even the very inconsiderable reading public which then existed. The poets of the country were largely grouped about Boston, which for the following quarter of a century remained a centre of poetical production of the country. *Thanatopsis* had been written and was printed in Boston, although its author had already made his way to New York. George P. Morris and Nathaniel Willis shared with Halleck the prestige of being the poets of New York. Cooper had written his earlier books, which were also among his best. Irving's *Salmagundi*, *Knickerbocker*, *Sketch Book*, *Alhambra*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Columbus* had been published, and were to be credited to the literature of New York, although their author was, during the larger portion of the years which

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included their publication, a resident first of England and later of Spain. Theodore S. Fay, who in 1895 is still living and writing, published shortly after 1840 one or two novels which were considered noteworthy.

The first ocean steamer had already crossed the Atlantic twelve years back, but trade between Great Britain and the United States was still being chiefly carried on by sailing vessels, the average time of the passage being forty days. Freights were, however, not expensive and there was at the time no duty on books. The monthly shipments from London formed, therefore, a very important portion of the business of the new house.

In the absence of any international copyright, all of the English publications that seemed likely to prove of interest to the American readers were promptly reprinted in comparatively inexpensive American editions from the sales of which the authors derived no benefit. The same course was taken by not a few English publishers with such American books as were likely to prove popular with English readers, but the list of these was at that date comparatively small.

I now resume the narrative as nearly chronologically as the data will permit, a narrative which in part of necessity overlaps the record given in the article already quoted. Shortly after the beginning of George's business career

Publishing
Methods of
the "40's"

**Mrs. Putnam
leaves
her home
in New
York**

in Boston, Mrs. Putnam decided upon the venturesome step of removing from the village of Brunswick to the great city of New York. She could at that time have had but few friends in New York and I do not know what suggestions, if any, may have come to her concerning the practicability of establishing among strangers a school which would give support for herself and her children. The group included three out of the five that had been born to her; Catherine, the second child, had died quite suddenly in 1827, when she was seventeen years old, while the oldest, Henry, had lived only to his seventh year. She brought with her Anne, who was at that time seventeen, and the youngest, Elizabeth, who was thirteen. My grandmother had a sister living in New York who had been a widow since 1826. Her married name was Curtis. She had before her marriage been a teacher, and she was probably able to give some help in getting the school started. Mrs. Putnam was already known also to the Rev. Dr. Cone, who was at the time probably the leader of the Baptist community of the country and who then had charge of the First Baptist Church, whose building was on the corner of Broome and Elizabeth streets. My grandmother had met Dr. Cone in Boston at some Baptist gatherings and he had knowledge of her own active and intelligent service in

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Christian work. She took membership in the Broome Street Church, where she soon became a member of influence. She remained associated with the Church until her death in 1869. Dr. Cone's friendship was undoubtedly of service in helping to secure the first group of scholars. We may assume that later, as the reputation of the school increased, there was no difficulty in filling up the classes.

Mr. Isaac Townsend Smith, of Boston, who married Elizabeth, the youngest of my father's sisters, tells me, recalling in 1895 the memories of sixty years or more back, that when, in 1830, he first came to know the mother of his future wife, the school must have been already upon an assured business foundation. It was his impression that Mrs. Putnam had been able to bring about this result without incurring any indebtedness or financial obligations. I have a memory, however, of a reference made by my grandmother to a loan which came to her, shortly after her removal to New York, from her old-time friend, Narcissa Stone.

My grandmother appears to have accepted no more pupils than she was able to give personal attention to. After devoting a few years to the school work, she decided, in order to obtain more leisure for work in the Church and in the missions, to secure through boarders the necessary addition to her income.

**Mrs.
Putnam's
School**



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Successive Homes in New York	Among the first boarders who were taken were Park Benjamin and Epes Sargent, two young men who had recently come to the city to engage in journalism. The latter, a year or two later, went to Boston to take editorial work on the <i>Transcript</i>. His brother, John O. Sargent, while I think never a boarder in the house, was a frequent visitor and became a very close friend of my father, to whose generation he belonged. John Sargent was at that time at work on the staff of the <i>Courier and Inquirer</i>, the owner and chief editor of which was General James Watson Webb. It is probable that, between 1830 and 1840, General Webb might be described as the leading journalist in the country. He took an active part in the councils of the Whig party, of which the <i>Courier</i> was one of the important organs. My grandmother's first home in New York was in Varick Street. Later, she lived successively in Crosby, Bleecker, and McDougal streets. Bleecker Street had at that time the reputation of representing quiet and solid respectability. It is my impression that the house in McDougal Street was, however, the most capacious of her several residences and it was in that house that the boarders were taken. Whether engaged in school work or later in connection with her active service in the Church and her interests with certain

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groups outside of the Church, Mrs. Putnam seems to have won for herself in this larger community a satisfactory position and repute. Her home became the centre of an active and varied social circle. The guests of the house included, in addition to the pastor and the workers in the Broome Street Church and the somewhat different set of Christians who were helping my grandmother to carry on the sailors' missions, certain visitors who were in many ways the opposite of these Christian friends. My grandmother had, apart from her interest in the religious condition of mankind, a very active sympathy with all peoples who were contending against tyranny and were attempting to secure the rights of man as Americans understood these rights. She would doubtless have been horrified to have any opinions of hers associated with those of Rousseau or of Thomas Paine. She must, however, at this time have used not a few phrases which had their origin with Paine or with the French school back of Paine, and she was certainly cordially in sympathy with not a few of the ideas which, as expressed by Paine and later by Jefferson, had had so important an influence in the founding of our nation. It was from this side of her temperament that she found herself in sympathy with the Polish and Hungarian exiles who between 1830 and 1850 were coming to New York in

**Friends,
Christians and
Belles**

increasing numbers. These guests of the Republic, or at least certain among them who brought recommendations of one kind or another, found a welcome at my grandmother's table, and while she had no money of her own, she was undoubtedly able through her influence to secure for the needier cases subscriptions from moneyed friends.

The young firm of Wiley & Putnam had before them, from month to month, the English books for which there was the most continued demand in the American market, and they had of course the same opportunities as those possessed by their American competitors for printing American editions of any of these books which seemed likely to prove profitable. The publishing division of the business was more particularly in charge of my father, Mr. Wiley's training and inclinations causing him to be more interested in the work of bookselling. From the outset of his career as a publisher, my father declined to consider any suggestions for publishing works of contemporary authors excepting under arrangements with those authors. Irrespective of the protection or lack of protection afforded by the law, he held that authors should be left in full control of their own productions and that political boundaries had no logical connection with the property rights of the producer.

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In 1837, just before he associated himself with Mr. Wiley, my father acted as secretary for what was probably the first international copyright association organized in this country. Among the men whose names were included in the list of the association were Bryant, Albert Matthews, Halleck, Cooper, and Fay. It may be mentioned now, in advance of its proper chronological place, that in all the subsequent movements that were made in behalf of international copyright between 1837 and the time of his death in 1872, my father took an active part, while a considerable proportion of these copyright undertakings were initiated at his own instance and were conducted very largely through his efforts.

In 1840, not many months after the beginning of the operations of the firm of Wiley & Putnam, my father made his first business journey to England. He conceived the idea that the time had come for a closer relation between the book trades of the two countries and that his own firm might advantageously take an active part in helping to establish such relations. He succeeded in inducing Mr. Wiley (who was always the more conservative of the two partners) to consent to the plan of establishing a branch house in London, and in 1841 he made his second journey to England and opened in Paternoster Row (the

**The First
American
International
Copyright
Association**

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American Editions of English Books	old-time centre of the book trade of London) the first agency for the sale of American books in Great Britain. While this was specified as the distinctive object of the agency, the more remunerative portion of its business consisted in the purchase of English publications for sale in the United States. At that time (and for many years thereafter) by far the larger proportion of the books supplied to American readers were the productions of British authors. Of such books only the smaller number could depend upon a sufficiently extended demand in the American market to warrant the production of editions printed in the United States, and of these works, therefore, it was the English editions for which sale was found and which had to be imported for the purpose. With the increase of the book-manufacturing facilities in the United States, and with the cheapening of methods for producing books, it became practicable to secure profit from American editions of a larger proportion of these English works, such editions being in part authorized and issued under arrangement with the English authors, but in the larger number of cases representing simply the appropriation of the work of the English author. The production of these American editions, whether authorized or unauthorized, lessened of necessity the importation of the

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English issues of the works of the more popular British authors.

Of the book-importing business done between 1841 and 1848, Wiley & Putnam had a fair share, and the relations established by my father, during the seven years of his sojourn in London, with British authors and with British publishers proved of far-reaching influence in subsequent years in connection not only with the publishing undertakings of his own firm, but with the later business of his sons.

Having completed his preliminary business arrangements and having opened the office or rather the shop in Paternoster Row, my father returned, during the same year, 1841, to New York for the purpose of securing certain supplies of American books, and for the further purpose of securing a wife.

The wife was Victorine Haven, whom he had met a year or two earlier in New York, when she was a pupil in my grandmother's school in Bleecker Street. She was at that time living with her only sister Corinna, who was the wife of John Bishop, a retired sea-captain. There was in the Haven family one brother, Julius, who was six years older than my mother. He had run away to sea when a schoolboy and had been heard from only at long intervals. Corinna, the elder daughter, was ten years older than my

Marriage

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The Haven Family	mother and had had, since her marriage, the responsibility for the care and for the education of her younger sister. It was through her selection of Mrs. Putnam's school that my mother and father were brought together. The <i>Haven Genealogy</i>, compiled by Josiah Adams and printed by Mansell in 1843-49, gives the record of the Haven family of Massachusetts. I summarize this record as printed on page 29: Joseph, second son of Samuel, a merchant in Boston; married (as his first wife) his cousin of the name of Haven, and had children: 1. Joseph Wood, who married Miss Post of New York. 2. Charles Henry, who died in Vera Cruz in 1846. 3. Mary Ann, who married Benjamin Dearborn (a grandson of John Haven) of Hallowell, Me. Their only child, Julia, married Willis Pat-ten, of New York. Joseph Haven, married (as his second wife) Mary Parsons Tuttle, of Boston. His second family comprised three children: Corinna, born in 1814; Julius, born in 1818; and Victorine, born in 1824. At the time of his second marriage, my grandfather was engaged in the China trade, and was considered a successful man. Shortly

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after the birth of my mother, he failed in business, and having broken down in health, he died while my mother was still an infant.

**The Cook
Family**

The brother Julius was, at the time of his mother's death, at sea. A sister of Mary Tuttle had married Zebedee Cook, a merchant of Boston. Mrs. Cook died before Mrs. Haven, and her husband had married again. Mr. Cook, while no blood relation of the Haven orphans, had always been fond of his nieces, first for the sake of his wife and later on the ground of their own attractiveness. After the death of their mother, he took them both into his home circle, practically adopting them as his daughters. He was by no means a wealthy man and he had a full allowance of children of his own; his care of these orphan girls stands, therefore, very much to the credit of his practical benevolence. Mr. Cook's home was at the time in Dorchester. The home circle included his second wife and the children of his first wife, George Edward, Mary Caroline, Charles, Julia, Clarence, and Archer.

Mary Caroline married Edward C. Bates of Boston, Julia married James L. Little of Boston, George Edward made a business career in New York. Archer settled in California, Charles interested himself in a coal investment in Pennsylvania, with headquarters in

54	George Palmer Putnam
Victorine Haven	Boston; and Clarence, who was the most active minded of the family and who had literary interests and capacities, made his home in New York. At the time this volume is being put into type, Archer is the only survivor of Zebedee Cook's family. The Haven girls remained in the Dorchester home until the marriage of Corinna, when Mr. Bishop, who, in taking to himself his wife, understood that he was also to care for her little sister, established his own home in New York. He happened to select a house in Bleeker Street which was not far from that in which Mrs. Putnam was carrying on her school. My mother always spoke with very full appreciation of the affectionate care given to her first by Mr. Cook and later by Mr. Bishop. At the time she became a pupil in Mrs. Putnam's school she must have been about fourteen years old. At the time of her marriage in 1841 she was sixteen years old, my father being ten years older. While there are doubtless many risks connected with the beginning of married life at so early an age, there is the advantage that the mother may still be herself young and interested in things which interest young people at the time when her children are growing up. It was certainly the case with our mother that she remained in very close companionship with her children through all

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the years after the children began to be old enough to be companionable.

In connection with the various removals of the family home, it proved practicable to preserve but a small portion of the family correspondence. I find, however, in one scrap-book a fragmentary series of letters from my father to my mother, beginning with several written in 1840, before and immediately after their engagement, and ending with a brief note, without date, but belonging from its contents to 1871, the year before his death. The greater number of these letters are too personal for use even in a record prepared only for the members of the family. My father was very much of a lover, and the romance with which the attractive little maiden, Victorine Haven, had inspired his youthful imagination, evidently remained with him as a romance and an inspiration long after she had become the mother of his children, and in fact through the whole thirty years of their married life. The little undated note of 1871 is indeed in some respects the most lover-like of the series.

I reproduce two of those written shortly before the brief engagement period, and interesting chiefly on the ground of their graphic little pictures of Washington as it appeared during the early forties, the slave-holders' Washington. These letters are in a sense very per-

**George
Putnam's
Personal
Letters**

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Family Correspondence	sonal, that is, they give a distinct impression of the personality of the writer, of his receptive and intelligent interest in the things about him, and also of the keenness of the pleasure, (such as has, of course, come to thousands of young lovers,) in utilizing his own impressions and opinions to bring him into sympathetic relations with his correspondent, still of necessity more or less of a stranger. The fact that these earlier letters are characterized by a certain primness of expression natural to the generation (they begin for instance, "My dear Miss Haven"), and the further fact that they are so largely devoted to description, prevent me from feeling that their reproduction here is any breach of confidence. In the same scrap-book my sisters have placed a series of letters written by the young wife from her London home and addressed to my father's mother, or to his sister Elizabeth, then Mrs. Isaac T. Smith. These had been preserved by my uncle, who always applied to his household affairs the systematic methods of an excellent man of business. The most important of the series, that announcing the birth of the first child, is missing. I may be pardoned for including among the two or three here presented the letter in which the young mother describes the beauty and the goodness of her eldest son.

A couple of the London letters from my father to his mother give his impressions of the young wife and mother and also an indication of his assured hopefulness concerning his business prospects.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 4, 1840.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, THE CAPITOL.

Had you not given, my dear Miss Haven, a tacit assent to a proposed sketch of the Senate, "taken on the spot," I should scarcely have ventured that excuse for a letter; but perhaps this is not the worst excuse that ever was thought of, for writing to a young lady without leave.

I think you told me you had not visited Washington, yet I dare say you have the place familiarly in your "mind's eye." It will truly be a gigantic city—when it is finished! Ecce signum!

[Here follows a diagram of the city.]

N. B. This map is not from actual survey. These are a part of the general outlines only—. Of course there are multitudes of streets between these Avenues, but these are made to "radiate" from the two prominent buildings,—the Capitol and the White House. The Penn. Avenue between these two buildings is a mile and a half long and 120 feet wide, nearly as wide again as Broadway. The whole length of this Avenue, from the Navy Yard to Georgetown, is nearly six miles. When you remember that the private houses are greatly scattered, and mean in their appearance, and that the two great buildings (especially the Capitol) are elevated far above the greater part of the town, you will have some idea of its appearance. But how silly it

Washington
in the
"40's"

Washington

is to attempt to describe places. You must come and see for yourself. I will only say that the Capitol is really a noble building,—in spite of its white paint. The situation is superb—and the view from the balcony of the library, where I am sitting is, of itself, worth a visit to Washington. The grounds about the Capitol are very beautifully laid out and contain a great variety of trees, plants and flowers, kept in fine order. I am glad to see that there is some taste extant even in this ultra-radical and utilitarian age.

When I reached the Senate Chamber this morning, I found the galleries crowded with "beauty and fashion" listening to a masterly speech by Mr. Clay, on the bankrupt bill,—a measure in which I presume you don't feel any special interest. Yet you would have been interested in Mr. Clay's pathetic appeal in behalf of the honest debtor—who had been crushed by misfortune and not by his own faults or extravagance—and whose exertions for the future were checked and cramped by fears of an unfeeling and grasping creditor. This is one side of the picture, and one which should certainly be considered, but it is astonishing what different views one receives on the same subject from different orators. Mr. Clay was replied to by Senator Wright, of New York, who undertook to defend the cause of the creditors. I will not tire you with dry details. They were both fine specimens of argument and oratory, and I wish you had heard them.

There are several noble looking men in the Senate, and taken as a whole, I think it is a much more dignified and better looking Assembly than the British House of Lords. Calhoun is the most remarkable one among them. He seems the very beau ideal, the condensed essence of the Southern character—

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talented, chivalric, hot-headed and obstinate. Webster, Preston, Benton, Grundy, in fact almost every member was in his seat to-day. While Mr. Clay was speaking, John Quincy Adams came in with his arm in a sling. His appearance is truly remarkable and I could not help thinking of him as the special representative of the last century and of the great founders of our country and its constitution. He is the only one in either House who looks like those great men. I have had the honor of an introduction to Mr. Webster, Mr. Talmage, and Senator Preston, of S. C., and have been invited to Mr. Talmage's to-morrow morning.

There are a great many strangers here now, but not so much gaiety they say as usual.

You will wonder why I bestow upon you so much tediousness about nothing, and I can scarcely account for it myself except that a certain young lady in New York has been more in my thoughts than other matters with which they should more properly be occupied.

Hoping for your gracious absolution, I remain
Very respectfully,

GEO. P. PUTNAM.

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1840.

MY DEAR MISS HAVEN:

I have been trying to think of some plausible excuse for this second infliction of an unauthorized epistle to a young lady who perhaps will not take the trouble to read it, or if she does, will only be amused at the self-complacency and impertinence of the writer. However, I concluded to "cudgel my brains no further," but to rest satisfied in the assurance that the said young lady has too much benevolence in her disposition to be seriously offended

Washington

**The
Senate in
1840**

even by a dull letter from one who feels a great regard for her good opinion.

I have discovered that Washington is, after all, a very stupid place. This discovery was not made until I found that my business will detain me here, (much against my will) until Tuesday next, and how to exist till then is a problem yet to be solved. The Senate does not sit to-day, and there is so much noise and confusion and calling of "yeas and nays" "previous questions" in the "House," that I have finally deserted and left them to settle (or unsettle) the affairs of the Nation without my assistance. It is to be hoped they will eventually come to their senses, but the case seems desperate.

There was quite an interesting debate yesterday in the Senate. I wish I could give you an idea of the tone and manner of the different speakers, particularly of Mr. Clay. He has a most melodious voice. In its lowest tones, even in a whisper, it is heard distinctly in every part of the hall, and his manner is inimitably graceful and impressive. There is a senator from Arkansas (Sevier) who talks like a steamboat; he bolts ahead and slashes away, right and left, in his speeches, in the most elegant stump-orator-style, which always puts the Senate into good humor and sometimes occasions a hearty laugh. In the course of his speech yesterday, which was such a "harum-scarum" tirade that nobody could make out what he was driving at, Mr. Clay would every now and then call out with richly sarcastic good humor, "that 's sound doctrine"—"that 's as plain as A, B, C," etc. The tone in which he spoke was irresistibly ludicrous.

Mr. Webster also made a speech yesterday, and it was the first time I had heard him in a regular argument. He does not win you so much by his manner and his voice, as Mr. Clay, but he excels in mak-

George Palmer Putnam

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ing what he attempts to prove, perfectly clear and tangible to the comprehension of everyone; there is a strong force and substance in his arguments which gives them immense weight. He appeals rather to the understanding, Mr. Clay to the heart.

Mr. Calhoun, the "Cast Iron Man," as Miss Martineau calls him, said a few words, but they were quite enough to show his impetuous character. He seems incapable of doing or saying anything except under an impetuous impulse and excitement. He would be a dangerous man for President.

I called with a friend, at the "Palace" to-day, and we were shown the "East Room" where his Democratic Excellency gives levees and balls. It is really a very handsome apartment and if it had a few fine paintings, would be equal to almost any belonging to Queen Victoria. The house generally is worthy of the Nation, and I for one don't care how handsome they make the residence of the chief magistrate, especially as it belongs to "Us the people." It is to be wondered that in this ultra-Democratic age, some of the "people" do not rise in the "majesty" of their "reserved rights" and take possession of one or two of the apartments in "Our Palace."

I spent an hour this morning very pleasantly in the studio and picture gallery of C. King, a very distinguished artist who has long resided here; I wonder he has not been more known at the North. He has two large rooms filled with his own paintings, some of which are remarkably fine. I have never had a greater treat of the kind. He has also there for the present Sully's great picture of Victoria, which I presume you saw in New York. It is exceedingly beautiful, and, though a good deal flattered, a capital likeness. The position and the style of the picture were acknowledged even by the

Impres-
sions of
Washington

**George's
Woeing**

English artists to be better than any they have done there.

You will perceive that I have written merely "for the sake of it" and not because there was anything of interest to tell you. If anything seriously affecting the welfare of the Country should transpire during my stay, I shall apprise you by a special express. Till then, dear young lady, believe me,

Yours with sincere respect,

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

My sister Ruth reminds me that the letter of June 4th, dated from the Library of Congress, was one of the first letters that Victorine had ever received in her life, and our mother afterwards told how she had sat in a window where all her playmates could watch her, reading it and re-reading it, not so much for the sake of the contents, but in order to show them that she had a letter. These three stilted letters were the first or perhaps the second step of regular courtship. The last ends with lines on love from L. E. S. after discussing the merits of a bow-wow and of a domestic romance. Two or three days later George returned to New York, when he followed up his letters by a regular proposal which was duly accepted. He only stayed a few days in New York and then set off for a trip to New England. His cousin, John Gulliver, who was then a student at Yale, was in the habit of spending some of his holidays with our grandmother (his aunt) in New York,

and at her house he met Victorine Haven. He related afterwards that father hardly noticed her until the Yale cousin pointed out how "different Victorine was" from the other schoolgirls who were invited to the little parties. It was John Gulliver's little plan to finish his theological course and then to be engaged to Victorine and to marry when he was well settled in a parish. But on one June day (Mr. Gulliver said he remembered just how the elms looked),—these letters show that it was one Wednesday, June 15th or 16th, only a week after the formal suitor's letters from Washington,—father burst into his room and said, "John, I've got her."

"What have you got?" said John.

"Why, Victorine Haven. Your Victorine."

And that very day, or rather night, for it was after dinner, George sat down coolly in John Gulliver's room and wrote his first "engaged letter" to "My dearest love" instead of to "My dear Miss Haven," who had given "a tacit permission" in accepting his descriptions of Washington. This was the first letter by post. He had left a packet with two letters to be delivered after his departure. Father proceeded on his trip to Hartford and to Boston, writing continually to "My dearest love." He was just on the point of going to England and his letter to Mrs. Bishop explains why he did n't take Victorine with him.

**Victorine
Haven**

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George Putnam to Corinna Bishop	The days were very full just then. He returns to New York, sails in the <i>Roscus</i>, and writes from London on August 23d. Then follows a series of London letters full of affairs and affection. Mother's letters are not preserved. The only items one can gather about them are that "it did n't make her headache worse to write to catch the steamer," and that "Uncle Bishop always directed them for her." 1840 [probably June]. MY DEAR MRS. BISHOP: I should be most ungrateful in the present circumstance, if I suffered selfishness, or anything else than very strong reasons of expediency, to induce me to ask what, in ordinary circumstances would be unreasonable. I cannot but be sensible of the difficulty of the case so far as convenience and time are concerned—and, far more,—of the very great sacrifice on your part, which my request involves. I do feel truly grateful for your confidence and that of Mr. Bishop, in me, which can warrant you in confiding to me the happiness of one who must be so dear to you both. Be assured, my dear Madam, that I am aware of the importance of this high trust, and that, God helping me, it shall not be abused, or lightly esteemed. So far then, as my plans and time are concerned, allow me to repeat that I wish to leave them entirely with you and her to postpone the voyage a week or two if it should be essentially more convenient and agreeable to you to do so. I will only say, that, all things considered, I hope it may be practicable for you to say that our marriage may take place be-

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tween the 10th and 14th of July,—(perhaps not later than the 12th) so that we may make the visit to Niagara immediately after, and return about the 22nd to sail in the *Roscius* on the 25th.

I would thus leave it with you, confident that you will arrange it kindly, and properly, although different from my own castles. If you will have the kindness to write to me to the care of "James Munroe & Co., Boston"—you will confer another favor on

Yours, dear Madam,

With respect and gratitude,

Geo. P. PUTNAM.

I have much more to express to you of obligation and of happiness, but I leave early in the morning and it is now quite late.

I hope to hear that you do not remain a sufferer by the headache.

March, 1841.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.,

I enclose you, my dear Sir, the letter to Lady Bulwer whom I hope you will be so happy as to meet. Express to your fair young Bride my ardent wishes for your mutual safety and prosperity and assure her that to hear from her or of her will be a real pleasure to

Yours with esteem,

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

TO VICTORINE HAVEN, WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS,
ON THE DAY OF HER NUPTIALS.

Flow'rs of Spring, go deck the Bride!
When that true heart by her side
Swells to hear her murmur'd vow,
Round their forms thine incense throw,
And, on perfumed wing, to Heaven
Bear the pledge their souls have given.

Mrs.
Mowatt's
Poem to
the Bride

66	George Palmer Putnam
The Wedding Journey	Lovely blossoms as ye are, She you grace is fairer far; Fresh, as bud that taintless opes, All her thoughts—as bright her hopes— But, ye are scattered wide— Girl no more that blooming Bride— When her charms shall time impair, Tinge her glowing thoughts with care, When shall fade the hopes, that now Light her sky with radiant bow, She a magic then shall find, In the tie that now must bind Joy to gift with phoenix birth, Ev'ry woe to balm on earth. ANNA CORA MOWATT. March 13, 1841. The wedding journey was taken to Washington during the brief administration of President Harrison. The bride was presented to the President, who took the liberty of putting his finger under her chin and saying, "How old are you, my child?" In connection with this record of the relationships of the Havens I may add here the names of some family connections of my father's of whom mention has not yet been made. One sister of his mother had married Mr. Pickman, a merchant of Boston. Another married a Dr. Peabody. Mrs. Pickman's daughter, Mary, who inherited from her father a considerable fortune, was the first wife of George B. Loring of Massachusetts. Dr. Loring began his career as a physician, but

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after his marriage with the heiress, he gave up practice. He was a cultivated man who interested himself to some extent in the science of agriculture, and somewhat more energetically in the science of politics. He belonged to the Democratic group of the State and spoke of himself at one time as a follower of Caleb Cushing. He was therefore decidedly in the opposition at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, partly because he had been always entirely out of sympathy with the Anti-Slavery group. About the time of Gettysburg (1863), he found occasion to change his political views. He became a staunch Republican and was thereafter very critical of Independent Democrats and still more of the Mugwumps who differed with him as to the policy and the methods of the Republican party. Some years after the death of his first wife (who had left him one daughter, Sarah), he married Anna Hildreth, who was the widow of Charles Hildreth and daughter of Isaac T. Smith, and who was therefore my first cousin. After this second marriage, he held office as Commissioner of Agriculture and as Minister to Lisbon. He died in 1890. My father's other aunt, Mrs. Peabody, left three daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth, never married, but gave an active life to work which, while very varied in character, was always for the benefit of mankind.	Elizabeth Peabody

68	George Palmer Putnam
Elizabeth Peabody	Miss Peabody had more "causes" in hand than any person of whom I ever knew. She lived to be over ninety, and in the course of her years of active life (and all her years after girlhood must have been active) she had to do with associations or with efforts in behalf of the independence of Poland, the freedom of Hungary from Austrian rule, the revolutionists in the states of South America, the protection of the American Indians, the freedom of the negroes, the work for women's suffrage, the efforts for the higher education of women, the kindergarten system for the education of children, the reform of tenement houses, the cause of liberal faith as against Calvinism, and many other undertakings which I could not at this moment name. She was an active worker during the Civil War in helping to get the soldiers to the front and in caring for the invalids and wounded on their return. When she had convinced herself that some wrong needed to be righted, she was equally clear in her mind that there must be no possible delay. The wrong ought if possible to be gotten rid of before another sun had set. She was equally clear that others ought to be as zealous and as prompt in their interest as herself. Whether it was for the cause of a nation or the aid of an individual, she was perfectly ready to talk about it to any one,—relation, friend, acquaintance, or stranger,—

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and to demand, rather than to request, aid and co-operation. I remember a story of one Boston merchant who under her pressure had arranged by will to leave to some cause which she had at heart a legacy of \$10,000. A day or two after he had made this promise she went back to him with a fresh suggestion. She had been talking with some life insurance people and had gotten some ideas about average longevity and the present expectation of life, calculations which are to-day much more a matter of routine than they were half a century ago. She had calculated out the expectation of life of her acquaintance and wanted him now to agree to give her, in place of the promised legacy of \$10,000, a check for the present value of the same with interest deducted. I understand that this particular subscription was not secured.

The second sister, Mary, married Horace Mann, who did noteworthy work later in helping to develop the educational system of the country. Mr. Mann was for some years of his life a teacher at the head of a school in Massachusetts and later was made President of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, one of the first of the colleges planned for co-education. He died there in 1860. He left some important treatises bearing upon the science of education. His wife worked cordially with her sister Elizabeth in the long

**Horace
Mann**

70	George Palmer Putnam
The Hawthornes	series of reforms and causes, but while her interest was almost equally earnest, it is my memory that she had a better sense of proportion and was not so aggressive in demanding sympathy and co-operation. She died about 1870. The youngest of the three sisters, Sophia, married Nathaniel Hawthorne. Sophia must have had as a young woman a good deal of beauty. She was still beautiful when I first knew her in middle life. She was, I think, my father's favorite cousin, and he was able after the death of Hawthorne to be of service to her in more ways than one. Mrs. Mann had three boys, but one of whom, Benjamin, is at this time (1897) living. He has made a name for himself in entomology, and is on the scientific staff of the Smithsonian Institution. Mrs. Hawthorne had three children; the eldest, Una, a beautiful girl, died when she was about twenty-five; the second child, Julian devoted his life to literature and has done some clever work, although none of his productions give evidence of the genius of his father. The third child, Rose, married George Parsons Lathrop. George also devoted his life to literature, but never produced anything important. He died in 1898. Rose Lathrop has, since her husband's death, devoted herself to charitable work in the Tenth Ward, in New York. It has seemed convenient, in order to avoid



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confusing the later narrative with fresh references to these members of the circle of relations, to make record at this point of such names as call for mention. 	The Hawthornes



IV

LIFE IN LONDON

**Life in
London**

IT must have been with some dread of her new responsibilities that my mother took her departure in the autumn of 1841 for her new home in London. She was only sixteen years old and had never before been absent from her sister (who had been for her practically a mother) for more than a few days at a time. While her sister was the kindest of guardians, it is probable that her judgment in regard to practical training was not very judicious. I recall hearing from my mother that the only housekeeping instruction she remembered receiving was as to the detail of cutting up loaf sugar into small pieces for the sugar-bowl. The housekeeping convenience of sugar cut into lumps by machinery in even sizes and of granulated sugar were inventions of a later date.

The responsibility now came upon my

mother not merely of organizing and carrying on a household, but of doing this in a strange country, the methods of which must have been in many ways unfamiliar and difficult of mastery. She had in London at the outset no women friends. My father had, however, during his previous sojourn come into pleasant personal relations with a number of interesting Londoners, some of whom became and remained close personal friends, and my mother seems to have been particularly fortunate in attracting to herself very speedily after her arrival a social circle of her own. It would seem as if the social faculty which was possessed by my father in a very marked degree, and in which my mother also shared very largely, proved sufficient to overcome more readily than usual the English reserve and the prejudices (more active in 1841 than half a century later) against Yankees.

Among the earliest friends whose friendship continued for a lifetime were John Champney Rutter and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Newton, and Mr. and Mrs. John Graham. The circle also included as friends or as pleasant acquaintances Mrs. Cowden Clarke (who had been Miss Novello), Robert Balmanno, Edward Moxon, the publisher of Tennyson and of Lamb, and Nicholas Trübner, a scholarly young German who had come to London

English
Friends

74	George Palmer Putnam
Friends in London	to try his fortunes in the book-trade. There were a number of others whose names may come to me later. With these first London friends should be associated the names of Mr. and Mrs. John Hillard, although these were Brooklynites. Mr. Hillard had been in business in Manchester, but had later brought his wife to London for a brief sojourn at about the time of my mother's arrival. The friendship of the Putnams with this family, begun in 1843, has continued during the succeeding half-century to the third generation. Mrs. Hillard was a daughter of Abbot Low of Brooklyn, and her brothers, Abbot Low the second, William, and Josiah, took rank later as among the more influential, the more wealthy, and the more public-spirited citizens of Brooklyn. Her nephew, Seth Low, won repute for himself during two terms of administration as Mayor of his native city, and has since added to his prestige as a valued member of the community, not only in his very distinctive work as President of Columbia University, but also on the ground of his practical service and judicious co-operation in a long series of undertakings for the improvement of the government and of the conditions of the city of New York.¹ ¹ At the time this volume is passing through the press (March, 1902), New York is fortunate in hav-

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The young couple made their first home in Euston Square, not far from the present Euston Station. From there, after I believe a year's sojourn, they migrated to St. John's Wood, the house being in some small street leading out of St. John's Wood Road. The third home, where they remained during the longer portion of their seven years' residence in London, was in Mornington Road, the approach to which is from Tottenham Court Road. Nearly all the houses in the Road had, London fashion, names as well as numbers, and my father promptly utilized for his gate post the very distinctive title of "Knickerbocker Cottage." In Mornington Road, my mother was fortunate enough to have as her next-door neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Rutter. My father had a taste, which might almost be called a genius, for hospitality. The income was at this time very limited, and the entertainment that could be afforded to guests must have been modest. My father believed, however, that the right kind of people would enjoy the privilege of being together and of coming to know his wife, and the little cottage seems to have had a considerable number of guests from week to ing the services of Seth Low as its Mayor, the second Mayor of the larger city.	Homes in London

76	George Palmer Putnam
Friends from the Continent	week. The visitors represented a rather curious variety of individuals. They included not only staid and conservative Londoners like the Rutters and the Newtons, but an interesting group of Continental exiles and of visitors who may not have been precisely exiles but who had associated themselves with the Leicester Square colony. I do not think my father would ever have called himself a revolutionist, and I doubt whether he had any very keen interest in or any very full understanding of the character of the organizations which were at this time scheming to bring about in Germany, France, Italy, and Poland and elsewhere the movement that finally resulted in the revolution, or rather in the revolutions, of 1848. It is not clear to me just what it was that attracted my father to the revolutionists or them to him. It is possible that the men whose talk was of republics for Europe felt that they could always trust to the friendly sympathies of an American republican. It is also possible that as my father had no knowledge of French, German, or Italian, some of his revolutionary friends and acquaintances may have considered the little parlors of Knickerbocker Cottage a safe place in which to do their talking, undisturbed by any of the political supervision which was dreaded and which was possibly exercised over doubtful



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gatherings in Leicester Square, and free also from any risk of meeting the monarchical spies some of whom were unquestionably at that time earning incomes in London by watching the refugees. The circle that came together from time to time in Knickerbocker Cottage included Mazzini and other less well-known Italians, who had more or less to do with the Carbonari; Karl Blind, from Berlin; Louis Blanc, from Paris and a quiet, ill-featured, sallow-cheeked young man who was known a few years later as Napoleon the Third. I do not know, of course, that Napoleon and Mazzini actually met at my father's house, and I doubt whether there could ever have been much in common between the earnest, honest, and rather bitter revolutionist of Italy and the self-seeking schemer of France. Both men, however, did come to the cottage and each found occasion more than once to express appreciation of my father's friendly service and hospitality. I remember my father's saying that, on the famous 10th of April, 1848, the day on which the great petition for the Charter was presented to the House of Commons and when outbreaks in London were apprehended, he met Louis Napoleon carrying a musket as a special constable on London Bridge. The Chief of Police or the Home Secretary had	Revolutionary Ghosts

78	George Palmer Putnam
The Tenth of April, 1848	sworn into service as additional guards for the metropolis a number of citizens, who were given badges and authority as special constables and who, on the 10th of April and for a day or two thereafter, were provided with muskets. It is probable that a considerable proportion of the trusty butchers and grocers were handling muskets for the first time in their lives. In a number of <i>Punch</i> issued during the Charter days there is a picture of one of these citizen constables in his uniform, surrounded by admiring members of his family, drying his powder on a shovel over the kitchen stove ! Louis Napoleon needed, however, no instruction in the use of the musket, and on this day he contributed his services to the preservation of the peace of London. Two or three months later, after the flight from Paris of Louis Phillipe, Napoleon left London and presented himself to the voters of France as a candidate for the presidency. Frenchmen could have known very little about the personal character or the abilities of the nephew of Napoleon the First. The Napoleonic tradition, however, proved strong enough to secure for him a substantial majority of the votes cast, enabling him to defeat a tested soldier like Cavaignac. On the 1st of January, 1849, he was inaugurated as President and gave his oath in regu-

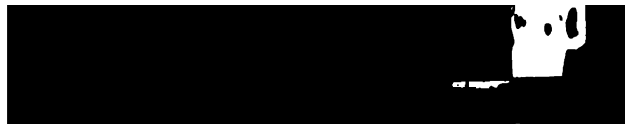
lar course to support the constitution and to maintain the Republic. The obligation so assumed was observed during the four years of the presidency. When, however, the time approached for the new election and there was good ground for doubt as to his securing (even with the privilege of counting the votes) the necessary majority, such trifles as the constitution or the oath to maintain the Republic were not allowed to stand in Napoleon's way. The essential thing was that he and the conspirators associated with him (the most capable of whom was probably the Duc de Morny) should continue to control the government and above all the treasury of France. This result was accomplished by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, and the young man who was (at least by tradition) the son of Louis Napoleon and the nephew of Napoleon the First began, as Napoleon the Third, the reign that was to continue for eighteen years.

This, however, as Kipling would say, is another story, and had nothing to do with my father's sojourn in London. My father was in Paris more than once, not during the years of the presidency, but later under the Empire, but he seems never to have tried the experiment of recalling his old-time relations with Louis Napoleon.

Place may properly be found here for the following personal letters, in the first of which

The Coup
d'Etat of
1851

80	George Palmer Putnam
George Putnam to his Mother	reference is made to an event of some importance to myself. The earlier London letters in which report was made of the birth of my eldest sister are unfortunately missing. AMERICAN LITERARY AGENCY, 6 WATERLOO PLACE, REGENT ST., LONDON, Mch. 23, 1844. MY DEAR MOTHER: We are comfortably settled in our new house and I in my new place of business. We like both very much. Our house is a particularly nice and snug one, just what we wanted, and we are very fortunate in being so pleasantly situated in every respect. Victorine continues very well, although she had a false alarm on our moving day, and we hurried off to our new house rather in advance, but I do not think the young gentleman will arrive until the 1st of April. After I had sent your letter and one to Mr. Smith by Liverpool packet of the 16th of March, we received yours, his and E's letters per the steamer. We are delighted to find that you wrote in such good spirits and that the children had suited themselves and you and Lizzy so well in a house and garden. I have no doubt you will all enjoy it, for it will be a new world for you to be in, the fresh pure air, away from the bustle and noise and cares of school and housekeeping in the City. We both are still much in want of you here, <i>i. e.</i>, we want to have you with us, but after what you say of Mr. S's new arrangements, I cannot but think on the whole that I ought not to advise or urge your coming with us, at least at present.



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You will enjoy yourself so much in the new place, that it would be selfish to make you take the long voyage, etc., and to come entirely away from your own associations. But at the same time if we continue here any length of time, I shall certainly expect you, and you must come whenever you feel inclined to do so. We shall always be ready for you and you have only to write me by the previous steamer and I will go to Liverpool or Portsmouth to meet you. In regard to the furniture, pray say to Mr. Smith that I advised its sale only because I thought he might wish to have new furniture and would feel more at liberty to take only what he liked, if it was sold at auction; but if he wishes to have it in his new house and you remain with them in consequence, of course, I should not have a word to say, but should be very glad to have it so arranged. What I mean is that while you need not give yourself the least anxiety about any future expenses, which I will see are all provided for, it would, of course, be better for me and our business not to draw more from it <i>at present</i> than is necessary. Our expenses here are necessarily very heavy and have been much increased by our new business premises, but our business is flourishing and increasing and I have every reasonable prospect of having ample resources for you as well as ourselves, as far and as fast as they may be wanted, and I am about taking measures to secure something for you as well as wife and babies in any contingency. I hope that Henry has not and will not give you any more trouble. I am quite sick of hearing of his laziness and absurdities, but I do hope you will let them see that they must take care of themselves. If they were sure of this there would be	George Putnam to his Mother

82	George Palmer Putnam
Birth of Eben	more hope. I shall keep this open for later bulletins and meanwhile, Am always you affectionate Son. P.S., April 2. The young gentleman was born to-day (mind it 's not the first) at 12 at noon precisely. All was properly arranged, the nurse was here, it was a beautiful day, Vicky had a very easy time (comparatively) and both mother and son are doing uncommonly well. He is a fine robust fellow and weighs over nine pounds, nearly as large again as Minnie was. Mamma is very comfortable to-night. I am tired to death for it is after ~~ten~~ and I have just come home. I will write a longer letter next time. May 2, 1844. DEAR MOTHER AND LIZZY: After so long a time, how do you do? I am feeling very anxious to hear of Liz, but it does seem such an age from one steamer to another. I do hope she will get over her troubles as well as I have done, and have as great a reward for them. Dear Mother, I wish every time that I look at my new darling that you could love him with me, and praise his beauty and strength. He was not very pretty at first, but now he is as beautiful, manly a baby as one would see on the very longest summer day,—and as good-natured as possible, always laughing. His mouth and chin are perfection, his nose is a beauty, such as one does not often meet with in infants,—his eyes are between a grey and a blue, and so merry, his hair is very dark, and the organ of benevolence is as strongly developed as in the head of Sir Walter Scott. I hope my picture does my genius credit; it is a true likeness at all events, and if you could see the strength in all my little man's muscles,



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dear Mother it would do your heart good. Mary is so gentle and affectionate with her little brother, not the least envy or jealousy has she betrayed,—and I do not believe children ever would have this jealousy, unless it was suggested to them by somebody who ought to know better. I have done very well with the exception of a severe attack of bilious fever, which greatly debilitated me. I walked out a very short distance to-day and yesterday, but find that I must discontinue any exercise, and devote myself to my sofa for a week, owing to a pain in my side from which I suffered a great deal during my confinement, and which has now returned to trouble me for a couple of days. I think I must have injured some nerve when I had that throw on board ship. There is nothing very serious in all this dear Mother, only you know when one poor body has two wee babies to take care of, they must have some little care for themselves, and guard against small pains, but they become great ones, and besides I wanted some excuse for writing on half a sheet of paper instead of a whole one.

George has been to Paris visiting for the last week. I sent him away because he was in very great need of a little respite from his business, because I was too ill to see him more than a few minutes each day, and because last not least, what with nurses, etc., I had no place to put him,—he did not go until I was doing very well, but the nurse and doctor are so awfully particular that they would not let me talk for fear of a horrid headache, and so his visits were only an aggravation. And he brought me lots of pretty things from Paris,—and better than all the rest, himself, looking better than he has done for a year and as handsome as possible.

Victorine
Putnam to
George's
Mother

**The
Young
Family**

And now I have told you all about us and ours,— I do not fill up my letters with questions of your health, because you will answer them without my asking, and I do so long to get the letter by the steamer of the 16th. And now dear mother and Lizzy, good night—my little son wants his supper, and as he will allow no one but his mother to give it to him, I must obey his call, and so good-night, and believe me ever your

VICTORINE.

Isn't she a nice little wife? the best model extant? She looks so pretty and interesting with her son on her knees and her daughter at her feet gabbling about Mamma and *brudder*. When you have any such let us know.

G.

LONDON, May 17/45.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Like you I hardly know what to say further about your coming to-day, here. We both want very much to have you with us and I should feel much more easy in conscience if you were here, for you deserve all our attention. It seems to be a part of the order of things that I am to live on this side for the present, and the chief objection is merely this, that you are too far off.

I know it is something of a journey, but still it is usually much easier, mother, than you would suppose, especially if you do have an opportunity to come with one or more friends. I wish at the same time to leave this choice with you, and not urge you to do what you don't feel able or inclined to do, especially as there is yet no certainty about my residence here, but I want to have you know and feel that we have a room for you here always ready, and that whenever you have an opportunity and



George Palmer Putnam	85
feel inclined to take it, we shall be most happy to have you with us. You need not imagine that the New Yorkers are tired of you, for I have no sort of idea that they are, but I want you to feel quite independent and at liberty to visit your London residences whenever you see fit. Mr. Smith will always be at liberty to draw on me for funds whenever they are wanted. Your letter about Mr. Ballard was received, but the articles referred to not yet come. They shall have attention. We are well except Minnie, who has the chicken pox but not in an alarming way at all. Our boy is a roarer. Mamma has headaches a good deal, but otherwise is well. The book [<i>American Facts</i>] was an evening's pastime; it did not turn a single hair grey or blue. Your affectionate Son, GEORGE. Isaac Townsend Smith, who, the year following the marriage of my father, married my father's sister Elizabeth, was at that time a merchant of New York. He was a Bostonian by birth, the son of one of the old-time Boston traders. He was not only a devoted husband and father, but a most loyal son-in-law. My grandmother made her home with him until her death (of course, under a business arrangement with my father), and valued him as if he had been her own son. He accepted her guidance in all matters theological (proving	George Putnam to his Mother

86	George Palmer Putnam
Isaac Cowen Smith	in this respect more amenable than my father), gave her full sympathy in all the causes and missions in which she interested herself, and co-operated with my father in finding the resources required by her in her varied responsibilities. My uncle was also a loyal friend to my father and later to my father's sons, and more than once during times of business stress he was able and ready to render important service, service which my father was, of course, very ready to reciprocate when his opportunity came. My uncle had, in coming to New York as a young man, united himself with the First Baptist Church, and it was in connection with church work that he came to know my grandmother and his future wife. His earlier business ventures did not prove successful, and early in the fifties, closing up the affairs of his firm, he accepted the secretaryship of the newly organized Metropolitan Savings Bank, the building of which, then as now, was on the corner of Seventh Street and Third Avenue. He made his home in the same street, near Tompkins Square, a region which was not then so impossible for comfortable residence as it became a few years later. My Aunt Elizabeth had in all six children: The eldest, Anna, was born in 1844, and was, therefore, a contemporary of myself.

George Palmer Putnam

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She married Charles Hildreth, a lawyer from Boston, who had settled in New York. Some years after his death she married, as before mentioned, George B. Loring, whose first wife had been Mary Pickman, my father's cousin. Until Dr. Loring's death, her home was in Washington and Salem. Her son, Loring Hildreth, is a lawyer in New York. The second child, George Putnam, was graduated as valedictorian from Columbia in 1866, and is a member of the Bar of New York and of New Jersey. The third, Marion, married Charles P. Sumner of New York. She died in 1900. The fourth, Katharine, and the fifth, May, died as girls, and the youngest, Duncan, died in infancy. My uncle remained for a number of years President of the Metropolitan Savings Bank. He has also held for half a century the post of Consul-General of Siam. He is still (1900) living, a hale veteran of eighty-eight. My aunt died in 1874.

My father's youngest sister, Anne, married Henry Snelling. He was a good-natured "Skimpole" kind of a man, who was always in need of help from his brothers-in-law. His wife died in the sixties, leaving no children.

A few of the letters from the correspondents of these earlier years of the sojourn in London have been preserved. John O. Sargent, an old friend in New York, had been best man at the wedding. He writes from time to time to

The Smith
Family

88	George Palmer Putnam
John O. Sargent	my father of New York literary gossip, and with suggestions concerning possible publishing undertakings. He asks also for information on English political conditions, information doubtless required for his editorial work. Mr. Sargent himself married about 1849, and as his wife had a fortune he gave up journalism. He kept up his interest in literature, however, collected a large library, and gave special attention to securing a copy of every edition of Horace that was within his reach and within the compass of his purse. He himself made some very graceful translations of his beloved poet. Prof. Benjamin H. Silliman, of Yale, writes in 1841 asking for information concerning certain scientific books. Some months later, he places before Wiley & Putnam a suggestion for a book of his own. In 1843, I find the first letters from George Sumner, who remained a close friend of my father's until his death, which occurred shortly after the war, I think in 1869. Mr. Sumner was a brother of the well-known senator from Massachusetts. George's interests were, however, literary rather than political. He was a journalist, a <i>litterateur</i>, a <i>bon-vivant</i>, a joker. He was as genial as his great brother Charles was stern. He cared little for causes, for the rights of man, or for Anti-Slavery, but he was a genial companion and, what was better, a

George Palmer Putnam

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loyal friend. Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, whose name in the forties occupied an important place on the list of American authors, writes from Hartford in November, 1843, sending (probably for use in the volume on *American Facts* to be mentioned later) the titles of twenty-eight of her works. She mentions that some of these had been reprinted as many as fifteen times. I doubt whether any of these books are now in print. William Henry Prescott writes from Boston during this same year asking for certain English books and adding a word of personal cordial greeting. James Kent, Chancellor of the State of New York, writes also asking my father to collect for him books under certain divisions of law. Kent's *Commentaries on American Law* were published a year or two later. Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, writes from Rome and later from Florence in regard to his statue of Washington. It appears that he hoped to secure some help from my father in correspondence with the members of Congress and other authorities in Washington.

In the following year, 1844, I find letters among others from the following: John Inman, the artist, writes from Rome with social greetings. Mr. Inman later painted a portrait of my mother, which is now in the possession of my brother Bishop. It is better, I judge, as a piece of painting than as a

**Correspondents
1841-43**

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Correspondents 1841-43	portrait. Theodore Parker writes from Boston in August. He also wants some books. He refers to certain of father's old-time friends in Boston and speaks of an approaching visit which he hopes to make to England. He was at this time but twenty-four years old. His active work as a preacher came ten years or more later. George P. Marsh writes in July from Burlington. He wanted information concerning certain scientific writers in England with whom my father was, as he thought, likely to come into relation. Mr. Marsh was Minister to Italy between the years 1861-65, and was the author of a number of important philological works. Horatio Southgate writes from Constantinople in March offering for publication a treatise on the "Churches of the Orient." Mr. Southgate was the first and only Protestant Episcopal Bishop at Constantinople. He was consecrated in 1844, the year of this letter, and remained in his diocese until 1850. He was the author of several books having to do with Eastern experiences, but the particular treatise offered to Wiley & Putnam seems never to have come into print. The first place of business occupied by my father in London for the transactions of Wiley & Putnam was in Paternoster Row. In 1844, when the Paternoster Row shop was given up for quarters in Waterloo Place that appeared

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to be more convenient, the shop was taken over by Nicholas Trübner, who, beginning business in that year on his own account, succeeded in organizing a firm which took an important place in the publishing concerns of Great Britain. The Trübner undertakings were particularly noteworthy in Oriental literature and in the departments of philology and philosophy. The undertakings of Wiley & Putnam were principally concerned with the export of British books and periodicals. Some business was done in selling for English readers American publications, but the demand for these grew but slowly. I should not complete the record of my father's sojourn in London without a fuller word concerning the volume, <i>American Facts</i>, which was written and published by him, and which may be considered as a labor of love or of public spirit done for the sake of the repute of his native land. It was undoubtedly the case in the early forties (as throughout the rest of the century) that any American sojourner in England was exposed to more or less annoyance (according to the irritability of his own temper) on the ground of the ignorance shown even by intelligent Britons in regard to matters relating to the United States. It sometimes seemed as if the readiness to arrive at sweeping conclusions (and usually very critical	Nicholas Trübner

"American
Facts"

conclusions) concerning American methods, American character, and American achievement, was in direct proportion to the absence of any trustworthy knowledge concerning things American. Partly with the praiseworthy desire of correcting error, often as a matter of patriotic self-defence, the American, then as in later years, found occasion from time to time to make corrections of absurd statements, to point out the true cause for this or that action on the part of his government or of his fellow-citizens, or to specify with some measure of completeness the actual results secured by the Republic of the West during the half-century of its existence.

My father finally felt himself called upon to put into print material which could be utilized for a fuller and more comprehensive reply to criticism based upon inadequate information, than was usually possible for an American who did not have at hand the statistics concerning the history or the status of his country. He therefore wrote and put into print, in 1845, a volume of 300 pages, entitled, *American Facts: Notes and Statistics Relating to the Government, Resources, Engagements, Manufactures, Commerce, Religion, Education, Literature, Fine Arts, Manners, and Customs of the United States of America*. The volume contained as a frontispiece a portrait of Washington, engraved from the painting by Trum-

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bull, and contained also portraits of Edward Everett and Fenimore Cooper. These two latter plates were, as is stated in a note in the book, transferred from ordinary prints "by Darton's new process as described in the Art Union." The volume further included a map giving the territory of the Republic,—a territory which did not yet include Texas, New Mexico, or California, and in which the organized States numbered twenty-seven. The volume presents in a conveniently arranged series of chapters the statistics of the time as to the extent and the resources of the Republic, a description of the Constitution and government, both national and state, an explanation of its religious institutions and its educational system, a brief summary of its literature and achievements in the fine arts, and a study of the manners and customs of its society. The appendix presents the Constitution, the chronological table of chief events, tables showing the growth of population, and further tables presenting agricultural and manufacturing statistics, records of exports and imports, statistics concerning the State debts, the record of the railroads and canals, a tabular view of educational institutions, statistics of fisheries, etc. The scheme was certainly promising in itself and the material presented must have been of no little service, not only to Americans looking for "ammunition,"	"American Facts"



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"American Facts"	but to English editors, writers, students, or authors really desirous of securing trustworthy information concerning their American cousins. It could have been by no means an easy task to have put together this material at so great a distance from the original sources of information. When the book was first announced, some at least of the editorial comments upon the plan could hardly be called encouraging. A writer in one of the journals (the name of which is not specified) says pleasantly: "We have had quite enough both of their facts and of their fictions. Bankruptcy and vulgarity are the only facts left in their swindling land of liberty." An American is described as saying in regard to the plan of such a book: "It is useless to expect that such a volume will at this time find readers. The anti-American feeling is too strong. Our former best friends and well-wishers are now the most bitter against us. When the delinquents turn the tide by faithfully bringing up the arrears, fulfilling their engagements, and paying their debts, some hints and facts on various American topics might be advantageous to both parties." When the book itself appeared, however, it secured, at least from the more intelligent reviewers, a very satisfactory reception and the demand for it outside of the little American circle was considerably larger than its

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author had anticipated. This little volume was the first attempt of the kind. During the fifty years that have gone by since its publication, the work attempted in it of giving information to our transatlantic cousins has been continued by a long series of books, some of which were much more comprehensive and scholarly and have, therefore, proved of more permanent value. There is no legitimate excuse at this time for any intelligent Englishman to remain in ignorance of the history or of the political or social conditions of the United States. The task undertaken by my father was, however, most important, particularly at this period when very natural prejudices had been excited by the bad behavior of Pennsylvania and Mississippi to their creditors on the eastern side of the Atlantic. One of the more important divisions of the book, that relating to the reprints in the United States of English books, has already been referred to. My father's relations to the old-time issues connected with the lack of a satisfactory protection for authors on either side of the Atlantic will be described later. One of the most bitter of the English criticisms of the time, a criticism which unfortunately did have adequate cause, was directed against the American practice of appropriating, without arrangement or permission,	"American facts"



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Literary Piracy	and most frequently also without compensation, the productions of English authors. My father was from the outset, as before stated, strongly opposed to this practice, and he had insisted from a very early date that it ought to prove practicable to arrive at some international system or arrangement for the protection of literary property. He had, therefore, no word of defence for the American publishing "piracies." In his volume on <i>American Facts</i> he was, however, able to make clear that the wrong was not limited to one side of the Atlantic. It was possible, even as early as 1846, to present very considerable lists of American works which had been issued in unauthorized English editions and from the sale of which the authors derived no compensation. The list included a number of instances in which the titles of the American books had been altered, partly for the purpose of glossing over the appropriation and partly possibly in order to give to the British readers the impression that the English edition was the original issue. In other cases, the text had been mutilated or garbled and conclusions or morals had been appended by English writers which were better suited than the original endings may have been to the prejudices of English readers. An inspection of these early English "piracies" gives the impression that the British

publishers of the day appropriated from American literature all that for their purpose was worth taking. The American appropriations were naturally much more considerable, but as far as willingness or concern to enter upon piracies whenever piracies might be made profitable, there was evidently not much to choose between the piratical printers on either side of the Atlantic. The British "reprinters" were able, however, to plead in extenuation of their practices that their government was from the outset ready to enter into a copyright arrangement, and that for the delay in such arrangement, the Americans were responsible.

Schedule of American books reprinted in England during the preceding five years, as abstracted by G. P. P. in 1846.

American Books Reprinted in England.

Theology.....	68 works.	History.....	22 works.
Fiction	66 "	Poetry.....	12 "
Juvenile	56 "	Metaphysics.....	11 "
Travels	52 "	Philology.....	10 "
Education.....	41 "	Science	9 "
Biography.....	26 "	Law.....	9 "

These lists of British reprints might have been used as a convenient answer to the query quoted from Sydney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" The volume of *American Facts*, while printed for "missionary" or



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American Defaults	"educational" purposes, seems to have met with some measure of public interest and demand, as, in the course of the next three or four years, no less than three editions were called for. Another of the grounds for British criticism of American methods was (like that of the piratical reprints) not capable of being defended. One or two American States whose bonds had been sold in Europe had failed to make provision for the payment of the interest, and had later in a portion of the cases repudiated responsibility for the principal. Among the States which had thus disgraced themselves were Mississippi and Pennsylvania. I think that later Minnesota was added to the list. The bonds upon which Mississippi made default were never made good. Those of Pennsylvania were later taken up by the State and payment was made of the arrears of interest. It was Sydney Smith who, owning some Pennsylvania bonds, gave public expression more than once to his indignation at the lack of honor among the Yankees, and on one occasion, in a circle which was partly ecclesiastical and which included some American guests, took occasion, in referring to Pennsylvania, to quote St. Paul: "Would that ye were even as I am excepting as to these bonds." The following letter from Jared Sparks is to

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be connected with my father's labors in collecting information for his *American Facts*. With this I include one from George Sumner, who expresses himself as warmly interested in the plan of the volume.

Jacob
Sparks

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 13, 1843.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

I have received your letter of the 15th of April, and also the pamphlet, for which I beg you will accept my thanks. Your prefatory remarks are of great value, and they cannot fail to correct, in some degree at least, the false and absurd impressions, respecting the United States, which prevail in England. Mr. Alison's ignorance is as astonishing as his temerity is unexampled, in attempting to write historically of a country with the first elements of whose history he seems so totally unacquainted. Such gross and unpardonable blunders throw a shade of discredit over his whole work.

Your estimate of the sale of *Washington's Writings* falls considerably short of the mark. The actual sale has been as follows:

Writings in 12 volumes,—2500 copies.

Life. 8 volumes sold separately—7000 copies.

Abridged *Life*, 2 volumes, 12 mo. 2000 copies.

The sale is still going on with considerable rapidity. The *American Biography* (10 vols. 12 mo.) has been very successful. The first edition was 2000 copies,—*Life of Arnold*, 3000. The stereotype plates have since gone into the hands of the Harpers, who diffuse the work far and wide.

Prescott and Bancroft publish what are called "editions," 500 each. They think there is some advantage in it, although where there are stereotype



100	George Palmer Putnam
George Sumner	plates, one can hardly see the propriety of calling each impression a new edition. By this plan the <i>Writings of Washington</i> would have gone through 13 editions and the <i>Life</i> 14 editions. I have never adopted this mode. More copies of Webster's <i>Spelling-book</i> have probably been printed than of any other American book. Many years ago, the author said in the preface that two and a half millions had been printed; and the number has probably doubled since, making the whole number not less than five millions. I would not state this as an authentic estimate, but I am inclined to think it within the actual amount. The number of school-books published annually is prodigious; and of this class of books there are very few English re-prints. . . . I am, with great regard, Your most obedient servant, JARED SPARKS. Friday, 1843. [Probably written from Paris in June.] MY DEAR PUTNAM: . . . I applaud with all my heart your scheme for the volume, but I doubt whether it will soon appear, if it be made to depend on the Philadelphia bond payments. Poor Smith [Sydney] has gone. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps at rest." He will put no more spurs in the side of restive, high mettled repudiators. The volume will be good; but for the Review, I should almost fear that it would be difficult to keep it going. An intellectual spasm would occasionally no doubt occur, a few flashes would be and then—darkness visible. You are far better able, however, than I am to judge of this. Everett would, I think, unbend a little in order to give you



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hints that would be useful, in case you are determined to go on. As to the "Facts,"—one very material one is this. The annual appropriation in England for Public Instruction is £25,000 or £30,000, I forget which of the two, but that you will easily determine. The annual appropriation of the Town of Boston for Public Instruction is \$180,000. Put that and that together, and it makes according to my arithmetic, a town of 90,000 population do more than a nation, not the most modest in its pretensions. Ireland, you know has its school system apart, as has also Scotland, so that it is for England that this sum is devoted. Another.—In Cushing's treaty with the Chinese (of which I have only seen the French translation) there is a clause which says that "American citizens shall at all times have permission to hold free intercourse with the learned men of China, to study their language and literature, to purchase books and MSS. upon all arts and sciences, and to gather up wisdom from its Chinese storehouses,"—or words to that effect, as the witnesses say. Now, in the English treaty I don't remember to have seen any such claims as this. That you can settle thoroughly, for both will be accessible in London. There is a Commerce! exclaimed a Frenchman on reading Cushing's treaty, very different from that of opium and Manchester. . . . Ever faithfully yours, GEORGE SUMNER. The following letter from the Hon. George S. Hillard of Boston is fairly representative of a long series of appreciative comments on the little volume:	George Sumner



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George S. Hillard	BOSTON, May 1, 1845. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq., MY DEAR SIR: . . . Mr. Sumner has received a copy of your <i>American Facts</i>, but I had only time to glance at it, as one of our neighbors immediately borrowed it. It struck me as being an excellent book, compiled with great industry and written in a true and manly spirit. I shall read it attentively and will write you more upon the subject, and will also commend it to our own countrymen. You have earned a title to our gratitude by your manly and spirited defence of us, and, God knows, we have need of defenders. I notice that you have fallen into an error in regard to Mr. Prescott's age. He is not on "the sunny side of thirty-five" but about forty-eight, though his very youthful appearance would fortify your statement. Yours, GEORGE S. HILLARD. During the years between 1840 and 1850, although regular lines of steamers were already traversing the North Atlantic, a very considerable portion of the traffic, not only for freight but also for passengers, continued to depend upon the sailing vessels. The <i>Savannah</i> had crossed the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool as early as 1818, making the passage (using both steam and sails) in twenty-six days. The first steamers making schedule trips were, however, the <i>Sirius</i> and the <i>Great Western</i>. The line was known as the Great Western Steamship Company, and its operations began in 1838. The charges



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for passengers on these earlier steamships were of necessity heavy, and it was a number of years before passengers became sufficiently accustomed to the idea of trusting themselves on the Atlantic with steam-engines, so that, even apart from the question of expense, the more conservative travellers continued to give their preference to the packet vessels. Of these there were in the years back of 1850 several famous and well appointed lines, such as the "Black Star," the "Black Ball," and others. The owners of the former line, Messrs. Williams and Guion, organized, later, one of the earlier steamship companies, known as the Atlantic and Great Western Company, the flag of which continued to carry the old sign of a black star. The line came afterwards to be known as the Guion Line, and its operations were discontinued only as late as 1892, after the death of the several members of the two families of Williams and of Guion. Mr. Williams was an old friend of my father, who had also made friends among the old captains of the Black Star packets and had used these packets for his own earlier trips. In going to Liverpool in 1841 with my mother, he had sailed in the *Margaret Evans*, commanded by Captain Tinker. He used the same vessel (which was still under the command of his friend Tinker) in 1847, when he was bringing his family back to the United States.

The
Earlier
Steam-
ships

Missing
Steam-
ships

He had occasion during his seven years' sojourn in London to make various trips across the Atlantic, and he experimented more than once with the steamers. He told me that he had his passage engaged for the *President* at the time of her last trip. In connection with some business complications he was obliged to forfeit his passage at the last moment, and I think he said that he also had to sacrifice some portion of the money that he had paid for his passage. The mischance seemed to him at the time a serious misfortune. He thought differently of the matter later in the year, when all hope of the *President's* safe arrival was finally abandoned. She was one of the first of the rather considerable list of steamers which, having met on mid-ocean with some overwhelming disaster, left neither survivor nor remnants to show what had been the cause. The loss of the *President* and later the disappearance of the *Pacific*, the *City of Boston*, and the other steamers recorded as "missing" have, as a rule, been charged to the account of the icebergs.

The change from the old-time leisurely method of crossing the Atlantic with a small ship's company, a company not infrequently made up in the main of people of similar social standing and interest, to the hurried trips in company with five or six hundred



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fellow-passengers, with whom one finds little in common and with whom one has in fact no time to become acquainted, must certainly have presented very many sharp contrasts. The comparison recalls the first lines of the *Sketch Book* of Irving in which he says: "To the traveller about to visit Europe the long voyage is an excellent preparative." The length of these "long voyages" was from thirty to sixty days, the average being about forty days. The vessels were well appointed, the staterooms being usually larger than those obtainable in the big steamers of to-day. The food was excellent, and the captain presided over his cabin table as if his twenty-five, thirty, or, at the most, forty, passengers were his personal guests. The whole experience was, in fact, rather like sojourning in a well arranged household, with a pleasant selection of fellow-guests with whom one had full time to form social relations. A very different matter is the six or seven days' trip of to-day in a floating hotel, in company with from three hundred to five hundred fellow-passengers, of whom one has hasty glimpses or with whom one may come to exchange a few words on the last days of the trip.

There were also, of course, considerations the other way; head winds or a calm meant a journey indefinitely prolonged, and fifty years ago, as to-day, unexpected delays involved

**The
Packet
Service**

106	George Palmer Putnam
Cooper's "Home- ward Bound"	not a few anxieties, both business and domestic. The trips in stormy weather and particularly in the winter season, when the hatches had to be closely battened down and the passengers were confined to cabins with closed ports and without any of the present means of ventilation, also meant serious discomforts. In fact, a winter trip must, for many people, have constituted a real hardship. I recall in this connection the vivid description given by Fenimore Cooper in his <i>Homeward Bound</i> of the trip on a London packet, and some of the incidental risks belonging to the journey by sail across the Atlantic. The vessel in Cooper's story (I have for the moment forgotten her name), having been blown southward and far out of her course, was wrecked on the western coast of Africa, and the passengers narrowly escaped being carried off as slaves by the coast Arabs. Some exceptional pluck and good fortune rescued both the passengers and the ship and she finally arrived at New York only five or six weeks later than her expected time, and before those who were awaiting her had begun to be very seriously anxious. During my father's stay in London, Washington Irving visited England once or twice, but Irving's longer English sojourn had been made some years earlier, during the thirties. Irving was Minister in Madrid during the

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years 1844-48, and he was in London in 1845 on a visit to Mr. McLane, at that time American Minister at the Court of St. James. My father had met Irving before both in New York and in London, but during this visit of 1845 he seems to have been thrown in with him more intimately and began the closer association and friendship which continued until Irving's death in 1859. In a paper written for the *Atlantic Monthly* in November of 1860, my father gives several interesting personal reminiscences. The first occasion on which he met Irving on the other side of the Atlantic was at one of the annual dinners of the Literary Fund, held on the 11th of May, 1842, which was presided over by Prince Albert, only recently married. This was the first appearance of Albert in his rôle as President of the Society.

The paper goes on to say that "the Prince's three speeches were more than respectable even for a Prince; they were a positive success." At the same dinner speeches were made by Hallam and Lord Mahon; Campbell and Moore for the poets, Talfourd for the dramatists and the Bar, Murchison for the scientists, Bunsen and Brunow for the diplomatists, James for the novelists, the Bishop of Gloucester for the Church, and Gally Knight for the antiquarians. Edward Everett was present as an American Minister, and Irving

**First
Meetings
with
Irving**

108	George Palmer Putnam
Irving in London	(then on his way to Madrid) represented the American authors. Most of the speeches were animated, and when "Washington Irving and American literature" was given by the toast-master, the cheering was hearty and cordial, and the interest and curiosity to see and hear Geoffrey Crayon seemed to be intense. If his speech had been proportioned to the cheers which greeted him, it would have been the longest of the evening. When, therefore, he simply said, in his modest, beseeching manner, "I beg to return you my very sincere thanks," his brevity seemed almost ungracious to those who did not know that it was physically impossible for Irving to make a speech. My father goes on to say that he and Irving left the dinner in company and had an opportunity of rescuing in the hat room "little Tom Moore," who, as the smallest man in the crowd, had found himself in difficulties. It was raining as the three came out into the street. They were without umbrellas and cabs were scarce, and their plight was becoming serious when a man described as a common cad ran up to the group and said, "Shall I get you a cab, Misther Moore? Shure, ain't I the man that patronizes your melodies?" The man was successful in his quest, and while putting them into the cab and accepting (rather as a favor) the <i>douceur</i> that was given him, he said in a confidential undertone to the

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poet, "Now, mind, whenever you want a cab, Mистер Moore, just call for Tim Flaherty and I 'm your man." "Now, this," said my father, "I call *fame* and of a somewhat more agreeable kind than that of Dante whom the passers-by in the street found out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard."

During Irving's visit to London in 1845, he was my father's guest more than once at Knickerbocker Cottage. He refers to one gathering which included in addition to Irving, Dr. Beattie, the friend and biographer of Campbell; Samuel Carter Hall, who was then editor of the *Art Journal*; and William Howitt.

My father found time, while carrying on his publishing and bookselling undertakings, to write letters to one or two of the New York journals in regard to London literary, social, and political occurrences. Correspondence of this kind was more interesting and presented more distinctive information in 1841 than would be the case to-day. But few English journals were circulated or read in the United States, and but very few American journals indulged in the luxury of foreign correspondents. The description given by Dickens in his *American Notes* (written about 1846) of the interview with the foreign correspondent of the New York *Bluester*, whose letters, dated from various points in Europe, were

The
"fame"
of Tom
Moore

110	George Palmer Putnam
Letters from London to Journals in New York	written in Ann Street, had, doubtless, sufficient foundation in the facts. The earlier letters of my father were addressed to the <i>New World</i>, a paper which finished its career, I believe, about 1844. The letter of May 1, 1841, begins as follows: "The steamer <i>President</i> is still missing and nearly all hope of her safety is now extinguished. . . . It is possible that she may still be afloat, but as it is now fifty days since her sailing, there is little reasonable probability that she will again be heard of." My father goes on to say that he had himself been a passenger on the <i>President</i> on her previous trip to New York, in which trip the seagoing quality of the vessel had been tested by a severe gale of ten days. He speaks with affectionate remembrance of the captain (Roberts) as a capable seaman and an attractive host. In the same letter he makes reference to the arrival in Liverpool of the <i>British Queen</i> with the news of the death of President Harrison. He says: "Some of the papers are speculating upon the probable consequences, and think it possible that the amicable arrangements with England which had been intended by the late President are not likely to be carried out or may at least be impeded." The <i>Times</i>, with its usual malignity, throws out all kinds of dark hints that democratic pride may not quietly submit to what is so

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III

much like hereditary succession. "What asses these islanders make of themselves." This comment on the obtuse imaginings of the *Times* might have been repeated more than once, particularly for instance in 1861.

The *New World* was edited by Mr. Park Benjamin, who had also, I think, been responsible for its coming into existence, although it is probable that he had secured the backing of some capitalist. Benjamin was a typical American in enterprise, persistent courage, and elasticity. He had to do with many undertakings, some of which appeared to promise great results, but something was always wanting, and he never secured an abiding success.

He left a group of energetic sons, for one of whom, Park Benjamin the second, the sons of G. P. Putnam have (in 1900) published a *History of the United States Naval Academy*, of which Academy the author is himself a graduate. The following letter from the editor of the *New World* will give an indication of the nature of the service he was asking from his London correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1841.

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

I wrote by the *British Queen* that I should make to you a further remittance of £10, by the Boston steam packet. It is herewith inclosed.

I hope you have arranged with Curry & Co.

Park
Benjamin

**Park
Benjamin**

for the early sheets of *Charles O'Malley*, commencing with the June No.; and that you have been able to effect some arrangements about *Barnaby Rudge*. Roberts of the *Boston Nation* tells me that he has succeeded in procuring the casts of some excellent wood-cuts in London. I hope you will be able to do something of the kind for us. Could you not persuade Charles Knight to let you have casts of some illustrations of his Shakespeare? Their publication in the *New World* would, I think, sell a good many copies of the book. We do not intend to have more than two or three long continued stories in the *New World*; we shall hardly begin any other except *Charles O'Malley*, till *Ten Thousand a Year* and *Barnaby Rudge* are concluded. Send me the volumes of Moore as they come out. I wish them for a friend. I have time I hope to hear from you in extenso very soon, and I expect great things from our arrangement. We expect the *Great Western* on Sunday.

I am, dear Putnam,

Faithfully yours,

PARK BENJAMIN.

In May, 1841, my father is commenting upon the defeat of the Ministers on the Irish registration of voters bill, the result of which was expected to be the resignation of Lord Melbourne. Lord John Russell undertakes the defence of the Ministry (which is hoping to hold office for another year) by serving notice upon the expectant Tories of a motion for considering the duties on corn, that is to say, for making a Cabinet question of the abolition of the corn laws. (It will be remem-

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bered that Sir Robert Peel's act reducing, and finally cancelling, the duties on corn was passed in 1846 and went into effect in 1849.) The same letter makes reference to an article in *Fraser's Monthly*, headed "War with America a Blessing to Mankind." The writer proposed to stir up the slaves of the Southern States by an invasion of fifteen hundred Jamaica negroes supported by a single British battalion. The result was expected to be an upturning throughout the Southern States, followed by a dissolution of the Union and the raising of the British flag on the Capitol.

The literary comments of the week are devoted to Campbell's *Life of Petrarch*, the *Memoirs of the Late L. E. L.* (Letitia E. Landon), and Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*. Of this last, the authorized edition had been published by Moxon, but a piracy edition had been issued in Fleet Street which had secured a large sale.

In the letter of the following week the arrival of the *Great Western* is announced, after a trip of thirteen days. She is described as "as regular as clock-work." In the letter of May 25th, there is further reference to the preliminary fighting over the corn laws and sugar duties with quotations from speeches by Mr. Villiers, giving frightful statistics of pauperism, suffering, and crime. A case is cited of an action brought against a clergyman of

**British
Questions
of the Day
in 1841**

**The
Chartists**

the Established Church for refusing to bury a child because it had been baptized only by a dissenting minister. The clergyman was suspended for three months and had to pay the cost of the suit. In the letter of June 3d, my father describes the procession of the Chartists to the House of Commons, bearing a petition with 1,300,000 signatures. The enormous roll was received by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Duncombe, who managed with some difficulty to roll it in to the awful presence of the "Speaker." In this year, 1841, there were, as my father reports, 2000 miles of railway in operation in Great Britain and Ireland. On Eton Montem day (the annual festival of Eton College), he had come by train from Slough to London at the rate of forty miles an hour. In July, 1841, we have a description of the dissolution of Parliament and of the new election.

The great struggle is on the corn law business and the whigs talk of "Anti-bread tax," "Down with monopolies," "Free Trade and fewer taxes," etc. Large and small loaves of bread and blocks of sugar, showing the effects of the present system and of the proposed changes, are carried about the streets. Other insignia are skeletons of cats perched on poles and labelled "Peel and Starvation," and yet with all the advantages of such apparently popular measures as the Ministers propose, they can scarcely get the vote of the tradesmen and mechanics, and the Tories are carrying all before them.

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. . . It seems to me marvellous [writes my father], that these free trade and liberal principles should not be supported by the mass of the people, however steadily the Tories may oppose them. But really the people of England are very thick-headed; they don't know what is good for them. . . . There is little doubt that the Tories will come in with a large majority. Lord Palmerston himself has been defeated at Liverpool.

The Corn
Laws

A sentence in a following paragraph reads rather curiously to-day when we would hardly think of waiting sixteen or seventeen days to learn the results of an English election: "I shall give you the election returns up to the last moment, for this is a crisis of some importance to the United States as well as to England."

President Tyler's message does not receive much praise from the London papers. The *Spectator* says:

It is eminently placid, pacific, and practical but . . . the surmise will suggest itself that the degeneracy of presidents which was deplored in the days of Mr. Van Buren has not been redeemed. Martin Van Buren had determined views of his own, and energy to battle for them; John Tyler speaks, not like a statesman deferring to the voice of a nation but like a servant taking his orders. [This is a comment that might have been made fifty-six years later.] The race of Jeffersons has not yet come back.

My father's letter proceeds:

**Putting an
End to
War**

I note a paragraph in recent journals recording the receipt for the Treasury of the Repeal Association of thirty-five pounds from "friends of Ireland" in Lowell, Massachusetts. . . . In the House of Commons some discussion has taken place concerning a newly invented war engine which will, it is understood, destroy at a single blow an entire fortification or a whole fleet and which is expected to put an end to war. Several members who have examined the invention have testified to such effect, and it will undoubtedly be purchased by the Government.

There must have been some mistake either on the part of the examining members or of the Government or possibly on that of the inventor. As far as putting an end to war is concerned, the machine has evidently not worked effectively. The fifty-six years that have elapsed since this discussion in the House of Commons have witnessed more wars and have been accompanied by more continuous expenditures in preparing for war than any half-century since the Peace of Westphalia.

At the date of this writing, April, 1897, the States of Europe are understood to be on the verge of a campaign, or a series of campaigns, for the adjustment of the so-called Eastern question. In this connection, it is interesting to read the following paragraph in my father's letter of July 1, 1841:

The Cretan Christians who are in revolt have

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already assumed the title of a Commonwealth. The excitement among the Christians on the frontier of Turkey is encouraged by the Powers that desire to see a Christian kingdom on this side the Balkans, and by the Hospodars who hope to make Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, etc., into a kingdom.

**British
Elections
of 1841**

The letter of July 19th gives the final report of the election which had been going on for more than three weeks. An important election question in those days was, as my father recalls, who could afford to stand, rather than who was the best man to represent the constituency. The cost of the contested elections ranged from £5000 to £10,000. A Whig hand-bill in London read, "Lord John Russell, Low Wages, and Workhouses." The opposing hand-bill of the Tories was worded, "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce."

The Tory majority in the House in this election was eighty-one. Further reference is made in this same letter to difficulties in the southeast of Europe, and a report is given concerning the convention which had been signed by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey as to the straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. The arrangement closed the two straits, as long as Turkey should remain at peace, against the ships of war of foreign nations, and it reconciled all differences between Turkey and France on the Eastern

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The Corn Laws Again	question. "The peace of Europe is now considered as secure for the present." The same letter contains an extract from a communication to the <i>Morning Chronicle</i> from Sydney Smith. The communication is one of a series addressed to Lord Stanley (later Lord Derby and Prime Minister), and described by the writer as containing "cash, corn, and other matters." Lord Stanley had, it seems, taken the ground that the repeal of the bread tax (the corn laws) would necessitate the discharge of his grooms and the curtailment of his luxuries generally. The reverend economist makes use of this complaint or admission as follows: If then, my candid Lord, the repeal of the bread tax would discharge your grooms and circumscribe your luxuries, it must be the bread tax which gives you the indulgence of your present superfluities. It is the bread tax that stuffs your wine-bins and keeps the butlers who draw the corks and the footmen who stand behind your chair as Ganymedes, when the Jove of Lancashire calls for his corn-law purchased nectar. Out of your own mouth you stand confessed, as both principal and accessory in public robbery. Not in the form of contrite admission, but in the bold and impudent swagger of brazen boast, you declare that the taxes keep your grooms, the half of the factory child's morsel maintains your valet, the bloody sweat of over labored toil is the purchase money of your game preserves and pleasure grounds, while the sighs of widows fill the sails of the gaudy fleet at Cowes and the tears

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of wronged orphans lubricate the carriage wheels which bear you to the rendezvous of national spoliation. The dews of heaven will ripen the harvest of your fields, whether the soiled sheep-skin on which the corn law is inscribed be preserved or cancelled. Not a single acre of your broad lands will be withdrawn from space, not one solitary leaf of your clustered oaks will wither in the woods as a result of the act which will obliterate from the statute book the charter of National Starvation. If it be by your own honest gains or by the fairly accumulated means of your longly descended family that you now live, not in splendor merely but in magnificence, the repeal of the corn laws, which will neither circumscribe the boundaries of your estate nor touch your iron chest, will leave you and them as they were.

This vigorous sermon against the assumption on the part of one class of the community, and that the smallest, to have taxes so ordered that the advantage would come to them while the burdens would fall upon others, may very properly be recalled fifty-six years later in the United States. At the date of this writing the Dingley tariff bill, which out-McKinley's the McKinleyism of the President, is placing upon the dutiable schedule articles of food, from grain to onions, potatoes, and eggs, the materials for the poor man's clothing (corduroy trousers, for instance, at the rate of 120 per cent.), the blankets for his bed (at the rate of 60 per cent.), and the lumber from which is to be built the house in

**Sydney
Smith
on the
"Breast
Tar"**



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The Dingley Tapes of 1897	which he lives and the coffin required for his use after death. The world doubtless moves, but there are times when the movement forward seems to be very slow. In the letter of July 23d, reference is made to the increasing importance of the "repeal agitation," that is, of the movement for the repeal of the Act of Union between England and Ireland. The great "agitator" (Daniel O'Connell) was making triumphal progresses through the country and was meeting (and as far as practicable speaking to) great assemblies of from 50,000 to 100,000 people. Transports with troops and ammunition were being hurried over from England and active fighting was expected. The <i>Britannia</i>, a rather extreme Tory weekly, called upon the Queen to make proclamation declaring repeal agitation to be high treason. The writer of the article contended that repeal itself was but the first step in the long series of iconoclastic abominations that the Radicals had in plan, and that it doubtless would be followed by the abolition of the Established Church, the vote by ballot, manhood suffrage, and other horrors. It is curious to note, fifty-six years after this hysterical utterance, while the repeal of the Union seems to be as far off as ever, that not a few of the other changes dreaded have taken shape in legislation. The Irish Church has been disestablished, there is vote by ballot



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both in Ireland and in Britain, and if the suffrage is not yet exercised by all able-bodied citizens, the right of voting has been extended to classes which by the Tory editor of 1841 would have been considered as pestilential Radicals. The British Empire still lives, and notwithstanding the popular suffrage and the voting by ballot, her Majesty's government is under the control of the Tories. The next reference in the letter of this date has also some present interest. It is a citation from the London papers of the day of an announcement that had been printed "without comment" to the effect that the Sandwich Islands, having been ceded to Great Britain on the 5th of February last, had been formally taken possession of by her Majesty's frigate <i>Amphitrite</i>. My father comments upon this announcement with more heat of indignation than would have been used could he have realized that more than half a century later the Government of the United States would be openly discussing the annexation of the islands without any objections being raised on the part of Great Britain. He writes: Considering that the independent sovereignty of these islands has already been recognized by the United States and that the diplomatic agent of their sovereign is at this moment negotiating for a similar recognition by the states of Europe, this dry	The Ballot and other Radical Reforms

**The Sand-
wich
Islands**

announcement seems rather too outrageous or too facetious as the reader may interpret it. It might be considered as a fitting climax to the recent conquest of Scinde. Sir Robert Peel has, however, informed Parliament that the paragraph announcement was premature, the cession *not* having been completed. I do not claim to be an authority in diplomacy or in the laws of nations, but I cannot understand why Great Britain has any more right to these islands than the United States. Will our Government permit this new act of appropriation on the part of the Encircler of the Earth?

Under the same date, there is reference to certain issues which were exciting attention in the theological world. The first steps were being taken in the trials which later brought about the schism in the Scottish Church establishment, while at the other end of the island the earnest Church of England people were not a little troubled at the tendencies towards Romanism shown in the teachings of Doctor Pusey and his immediate associates. A sermon preached by the Doctor about the middle of June was characterized by some of the Church papers as containing the fundamental doctrines of the Romish Church. So great was the outcry that the spiritual fathers of Oxford were obliged to call upon the preacher for a copy of the sermon. Pusey was at this time Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church (the Cathedral of Oxford), and it is probable that the sermon in question



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was preached in the Cathedral pulpit. The result of the examination of this particular sermon was, however, not an impeachment, but a complete vindication of Dr. Pusey, because he was able to show to the Oxford ecclesiastics chapter and verse for each statement in his sermon, not in the Bible, but in the writings of St. Cyprian. As the Bishop of Carthage had died (or had been killed) as early as 258, it is certainly the case that he could be considered as, in some measure at least, one of the Fathers of the Church of England. It is also true, however, that certain Romish doctrines afterwards repudiated by the English Churchmen could undoubtedly be justified by the teachings of several of the early Fathers, more particularly, perhaps, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Cyprian. While, on this particular occasion, the learned Canon secured an acquittal, later in the same year he was suspended from his pastoral functions on the ground of a sermon on the Eucharist and of another favoring auricular confession. In the succeeding letter, quotations are made from certain protests that became historical, submitted by the Rev. Sydney Smith on behalf of himself and other holders of American State bonds, in regard to the repudiation action of the State of Pennsylvania. My father speaks of Sydney Smith's letters as	Dr. Pusey and his Theology

Sydney
Smith and
Pennsyl-
vania
Bonds

being needlessly insulting to the Republic, but trusts that their ultimate effect may be useful. He goes on to say:

The Canon can make jokes and puns on most subjects—even on railway explosions—but now he is in earnest; for this is an explosion which affects not his neck but his pocket; and, moreover, it is so utterly disgraceful to Democracy and so completely demonstrates the knavery of Republics, that this worthy gentleman is at last obliged to abandon what little good opinion he had entertained of man's capacity for self-government, and to consign all the boasted benefits of liberty and equality to the same perdition which has swallowed up the moneys he was so foolish as to loan to the descendants of William Penn.

In April, 1844, my father begins a correspondence with the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. I have the impression that the *New World* terminated its existence with the beginning of 1844. Of the *Commercial Advertiser* letters but one has been preserved. The number in which this was printed bears date May 16, 1844, and carries as the heading of its correspondence column the Whig nominations which had just been completed: For President, Henry Clay, of Kentucky; for Vice-President, Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New York. The letter is devoted to the question of the default on the interest of certain State debts, a subject which, while of present and continued importance to all citizens of

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the Republic, possessed a special interest for Americans who were living abroad and who felt themselves charged with the duty of defending the good faith of their country.

Correspondence of the New York "Commercial Advertiser."

LONDON, April 15, 1844.

I have a grievous complaint to make against certain fellow citizens in our beloved land of liberty. I have been abused, vilified, disgraced, and even robbed—and that in broad daylight—and by those who ought to know better. You shall hear my complaint—and say how I am to obtain redress.

For certain good and sufficient motives, (which I consider not only innocent but in some respects praiseworthy, because, as you know, they are patriotic), I have deemed it wise and expedient to reside temporarily in the dominions of Queen Victoria. I will admit that I do so, primarily, for the purpose of buying and selling, and getting gains, though that is nobody's business but my own so long as my gains are just and lawful.—I might show perhaps farther that, from the nature of my vocations here, I have rather peculiar opportunities of rendering essential service to my countrymen at home—which, as before said, would be praiseworthy and patriotic. But let that pass;—I am content to be set down simply as an American trader, visiting Europe for commercial purposes—to make money. (I intend by the way to spend the money at home, provided I get redress for my grievances.)

How have I been robbed? Why by Pennsylvania—by two millions of freemen, with a Legislature and a Governor at their head. By the State of

**An American Citizen
on the
Debts of
the
United
States**

Reputation
and
Citizenship

Maryland—500,000 robbers—with similar leaders. I have suffered by other bands of robbers—but to them I would have submitted more tamely.

None of these literally owes me a farthing. I never saw the color of their bonds. But yet they have robbed me—I say it deliberately, they have robbed me not only of my good name as an American, but they have taken money from my pockets. They have wrongfully and shamefully deprived me of my just gains and lawful property, and in common justice, if our constitution is good for anything, it ought to give me, at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, ample redress.

Besides taking my property, by injuring my business reputation, the people of these States have injured my moral character as an American; they have subjected me most unjustly to mortification, obloquy, and disgrace; they have made the very name of American (which I have always heretofore been proud to acknowledge) a byword of reproach. They have subjected me and hundreds of my countrymen, to the degradation of being obliged to listen, in public places, to scoffs and jeers against ourselves and the nation to which we belong. And so utterly have they degraded the very name of American that not a day passes without bringing with it some new cause of annoyance and mortification to myself and to other Americans in Europe; all of which is directly caused by their want of good faith, of integrity and, I may add, of common sense.

If these annoyances were confined to England they might perhaps be ascribed wholly to English ignorance and malevolence, but the same is true of every part of Europe.

It is for the very reason that there is yet existing in England so much ignorance of, and ill will to-

ward, the United States, that I feel most bitterly against my repudiating and defaulting countrymen. I say to them that they have put back the course of rational liberty in Europe at least half a century. Even the bloody horrors of the French revolution scarcely did more to crush true freedom and the progress of republicanism and popular government. It is because England knows yet comparatively so little about us, and is so little able to appreciate the progress of the American Republic, that these petty, disgraceful defalcations are specially annoying and injurious at this time, both to the nation and to individuals. Our national character has yet to be established before the world. We are yet in our infancy as a people; if the infant begins to play the rogue what sort of character can the man expect to sustain?

I say petty defalcations—for after all they are petty, and more's the pity that there are any. How small a tax on real property would pay every penny!

I did not undertake to write this letter as an attempt at a facetious imitation of some clerical wit that has been uttered on the same subject¹ I consider the matter as calling for sober thought and immediate earnest action. As a mere item in the national sum total, I feel that I have a right to state my grievances, and I would do so in the simplest, plainest way. I repeat that I have been injured and my property has been sacrificed by my countrymen—and if my country's laws will not grant me redress, where is our boasted liberty—how can we say that our Government equally protects the rights of all?

¹ A reference to Sydney Smith's letter on Pennsylvania.

**The
Rights of
Honest
Americans**

It is very certain that this subject has not been treated in the United States with the consideration which it deserves. The press, with a few exceptions, have alluded to it now and then in a namby-pamby sort of style, perhaps not quite defending repudiation but yet not denouncing it in the earnest, solemn, indignant terms which the occasion demands. I am not fond of abuse or hard words—they seldom do good and often much harm. But I do think that every individual who is entitled to call himself an American has an interest—a deep interest—at stake in this question and has a right to remonstrate earnestly against a single day's continuance of the present state of things.

I consider myself as good an American as any of them. My ancestors bled at Lexington and at Bunker Hill, and one of them was a "repudiator" of British tea in Boston Harbor; but never, I trust, of his honest debts. I yield to none in warm-hearted love of my country. I have done what little I could to imagine and manufacture excuses for Mississippi, for Michigan, and for Illinois. But when a late packet brought news that Maryland remained a defaulter—that the Legislature of one of the "old thirteen," the State which has Baltimore for its commercial capital, had again adjourned without taking a single step to retrieve her character from disgrace, I must confess to a feeling of despondency and alarm.

As an American in business here, I am frequently asked by real friends of the United States—"What are we to expect?" "Bad news again?" "Yes—most aggravatingly bad—but they will all pay in the end; be but patient." I have held out sturdily in the best defence I could muster of these assailable and very weak points in the present state of American affairs—but my own confidence, I must

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own, is beginning to waver—and more especially when I see pamphlets published and praised, not to awaken a right feeling on this subject but to rake up palliations and excuses for the defaulters.

There has been enough of this. Would that you could appreciate at home the feeling existing in Europe on American affairs—I repeat, you have no conception of the depth of degradation which the American name has suffered here. Perhaps some Jeremy Diddler asks, what care we for opinions in Europe? There are many who do care and will care more.

A captain in the English navy, who was born in Virginia, married in Boston, and is intimately connected with the United States in sympathy and attachment, called on me the day after the receipt of the last news from Maryland. He is a worthy and warm-hearted friend of Americans, as many a visitor in London will testify. He holds the stock of three defaulting States, but fortunately does not, like thousands of others, depend entirely upon these funds. He brought several officers of the British navy to look at the maps and works of American art in my office, and talked with enthusiasm and I believe with real pride of his American birth, of that "glorious country," as spread out in little on one of Smith's splendid maps.

When his friends had gone, we talked of Maryland and Pennsylvania; and I fully believed him when he said that he would rather have lost every penny of his own claims, than that this disgrace, this ignominy, should fall upon a country he was otherwise so proud of. What a storehouse for sneers and jibes at republicanism have the Pennsylvanians—to say nothing of Mississippi—built up for the use of English Tories. What humiliation and

Missis-
sippi and
Maryland

Pennsyl-
vania

disgust for the liberal well-wishers to the United States and free institutions. "But they have not repudiated," say you. Then let them tax themselves, put their hands in their pockets and pay. When they have paid every farthing, let them turn round and berate John Bull to their hearts' content. But let them pay first.

This is the last letter in the series written during my father's residence in London of which a copy has been preserved in the old scrap-book. He continued for three years longer his work and his home on the other side of the Atlantic, and he told me that he found occasion from month to month to make up reports for the *Commercial Advertiser* or for the *Evening Post* of English and Continental matters likely to prove of interest to his fellow-citizens, but unfortunately these later letters were not preserved. The sermon to the dishonest and short-sighted repudiationists certainly contains sound doctrine and a vigorous expression of the best Americanism. We may hope that it had its share of influence in making clear to the taxpayers and legislators, at least of the two eastern delinquents, Pennsylvania and Maryland, not only the bad ethics, but the bad business policy of disregarding their obligations. It is certainly the case that these two States did within the succeeding few years make good to their bondholders the interest that had fallen into

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arrears. The delayed payments cleared their record to a certain extent, but could, of course, not repair the serious injustice that had been caused to the more timid of the bondholders (including a considerable portion of those in England and Holland) who, in the not unnatural dread that they might lose principal as well as interest, had sacrificed their bonds in a falling market. The securities of Illinois were also redeemed in full and I believe that this was the case with those of Michigan and Minnesota. The record of Mississippi continued consistently bad. The default on the interest was finally followed first by a "refunding" of the principal on a reduced valuation and later by a default on the refunded bonds. This circumstance did have some unfavorable influence on the financial operations in Europe of the Southern Confederacy, of which Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was the leading spirit. Davis had been active in the government of his State at the time of this first defalcation and later had occasion to make a defence of the "credit" of Mississippi as a member, first of the House of Representatives, and later of the Senate, in Washington. His unsatisfactory financial theories did not prevent, however, a considerable group of English Tories from investing in the cotton bonds of the Confederacy which bore Davis's signature.

**Certain
States
Make Good
their Ob-
ligations**

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Mississippi and Jefferson Davis	The investors have had time since to repent of their unwise optimism. The following notification of membership in the Apollo Association shows that my father's interest in the fine arts was of early origin. As he was in 1842 (and for five years thereafter) still a resident of London, his service as secretary of a New York society must have been very "honorary" indeed. 1842. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, of London, in the Kingdom of Great Britain, appointed an Honorary Secretary of the Apollo Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts in the United States. (Signed), DANIEL STANTON, <i>Pres.</i> JOHN P. RIDNER, <i>Sec'y.</i> NEW YORK, August 5, 1842. Prof. Benjamin Silliman (Benjamin the first) writes in July, 1843, in cordial sympathy with my father's efforts to arouse public opinion in the United States in regard to the reputation of the nation as affected by the bad financial conduct of certain of the States. NEW HAVEN, July 12, 1843. MR. GEO. P. PUTNAM. DEAR SIR: . . . My son received and distributed your valuable circulars which will I trust do good, by diffusing correct information, although it is hard work to contend against ignorance, sustained by

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prejudice, which is always stronger as ignorance is greater; and then, as you justly observe, give so much real cause for the most grave imputations both upon our integrity and honor, that it is hard to obtain a hearing, and still harder to produce conviction when we are heard. The doctrine of repudiation is not, however, new. At the close of the American Revolution, you are aware, that a powerful party espoused the cancelling of our debts due to individuals in England before the American war, and it required all the moral influence of Washington and his great coadjutors to put the iniquity down. It gives great pain to every lover of his country to see such enormous breaches of trust both in high places and in low places, both of private and public individuals as are frequent in our country and time. . . .

Col. Trumbull resides in New York and is much bowed down with the infirmities of advanced years. He is so feeble that there is little probability that his system will again rally, being now also in his eighty-eighth year since June. We were not a little disappointed that his work sold so badly; it was certainly valuable and interesting, but perhaps not enough in chit chat and personal anecdote to meet the taste of the time which inclines very much to small talk and gossip.

I think, that, after his death, it will yet loom up, and, like his pictures, be regarded as more valuable with the progress of time.

I remain, my dear Sir, very truly your obliged and obedient

Friend and servant,
B. SILLIMAN.

In the autumn of 1843, my father made a hurried business trip to the States. It is to

**Benjamin
Silliman**

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George L. Prentiss	the time of this visit that belong the two letters here given from the Rev. George L. Prentiss and Charles Sumner. The former was then occupying a pulpit in Portland. Later, he moved to New York, taking first a parish and in his after years a professor's chair in the Union Theological Seminary. He was a Presbyterian whose Calvinism was tempered by a genial and lovable nature. His wife became well known as the author of <i>Stepping Heavenward</i> and other successful books. They remained lifetime friends of my father. Charles Sumner was at this time thirty-two years old, and was engaged in the practice of law in Boston. It was not until 1851 that he was sent by Massachusetts, as a free-soiler, to the Senate, where he remained until his death in 1874. PORTLAND, October 4, 1843. MY DEAR PUTNAM: Now my good fellow, you will do no such thing as to stay "one hour" in Portland. If you do, you will incur the wrath of me and the severe disapprobation of my mother and sisters. Stop with us a little while, one night, at least. You must. We shan't take "no" for an answer. That we shall not. If you must go through in the Brunswick stage, why come to Portland in the afternoon cars of the previous evening, and I'll be at the Depot to greet you, <i>nolens volens</i>. So write me at once just when you will be here, what day, and in what train of cars. All the rest when I see you.

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Now no "no"; since I've come to know what a tremendous blessedness there is in "yes."

Most affectionately your friend,

GEORGE L. PRENTISS.

**Charles
Sumner**

BOSTON, Nov. 30, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR:

I received only this morning your kind note of Nov. 28th, and cannot let pass even the slightest chance of reaching you with my thanks before you sail.

Both Longfellow and myself were pleased with the opportunity of making your acquaintance and I don't remember any incident, while you were with us, which was not entirely agreeable.

The two law-books which I alluded to, as having been sold much more extensively in our country than in England, are *Starks on Evidence* and *Chitty on Pleading*. But this is the case with many other law-books of England.

Your position in London will enable you to exercise a powerful influence in introducing American books to English favor. I think it highly important that you should employ all proper means to make your establishment known as the Depot of American books, so that the complaint need not be made, which I heard so often in London, "Nobody knows where to procure American books."

If I can be of any service to you, in the way in which you suggest, or in any other way, I pray you to command me.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Mr. F. W. Edmonds, an artist friend, writes from New York in regard to the new *Art*

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F. W. Edwards	<i>Union</i>, and shows also an intelligent interest in the subject of repudiation. NEW YORK, May 14, 1844. MY DEAR SIR: I am glad that the Editor of the <i>Art Union</i> has given such evidence of a disposition to receive information from this side of the Atlantic. It now remains for us, who have started the idea, not only to keep him duly informed, but also to see that his good feelings are not imposed upon by the host of scribblers which we are infested with, and who if they knew of the liberal offer he has made, would soon inundate him with all kinds of trash. I was so particular in the brief article I sent him through you, that, not trusting to my judgment and information, I submitted it to our mutual friend Wm. Durand—and I shall do likewise in any future articles I send him. I have taken the liberty to make an extract from your letter on the subject of repudiation and have sent it to one of our most prominent daily Journals for publication. You will perceive, however, that the "Drab Colored" gentlemen have made a move towards honesty in passing a tax law to pay the interest on their State debt. The people of England should know that New Yorkers hate repudiation as cordially as they do,—so much so, that I could name several of our first merchants who have refused to sell goods to a merchant hailing from a repudiating State although that merchant offered them the silver dollars! Could John Bull do better than this? It is possible that the people of Pennsylvania may not respond to the call of their tax-gatherers as promptly as they should do, but I think Pennsylvania will now pay her interest—and if she does,

the defaulting states will be confined to such as are slave-holding states, and those settled chiefly of paupers from Europe.

I am not unmindful of your appeal to me to "agitate" this subject. I have done so and shall continue what I can to produce a better state of things.

The difficulty which you have to encounter arises from the ignorance of the English people in not understanding our local characters as a people. If the English should be fools enough to loan a clan of Highlanders in the North of Scotland money and they should repudiate, it strikes me they would not condemn all Scotland for this act of an ignorant and destitute people. Why then should New York and the New England States be censured for the dishonesty of Mississippians who are an entirely different race of people and are over one thousand miles removed from us?

The real "Yankees," to wit New Yorkers and New Englanders, have never repudiated and as long as the Bible and the common schools are as abundant among them as they are now, they never will.

If the people around you want to know the distinction I allude to, they may compare our present Minister to England with our late Minister. If Sydney Smith sees "almost" 19 or 20 shillings in the face of Mr. Everett, what a beggarly account of "empty boxes" must he have found in the face of Mr. Stevenson,—and yet there is a rumour here that our "Accidental" President means to recall the former and reinstate the latter!

I rejoice to hear that you have opened so extensive an establishment for the exhibition of American talent. It is what our country has long needed and I hope your efforts will be crowned with abundant success.

**Republi-
cans Again**

American
Pictures
Abroad

I don't know whether it would be an object to you, but I was suggesting to Mr. Durand that we ought to send out to you by way of a loan for a few months some few of our pictures for your Exhibition room; then Mr. Hall can see something of the works of American artists. I would very willingly send out for a short time the picture you saw in my room and which is now exhibiting in the National Academy and which seems to be popular with the visitors. We should endeavour that you should be put to no expense. . . .

This letter I shall send by one of our New York merchants who may possibly not deliver it till some time after his arrival, but I don't know that there is anything in it that will spoil by keeping.

My respects to Mrs. Putnam.

Yours truly,

F. W. EDMONDS.

I give below a letter from Washington Irving, who was later to become a valued friend, as well as a valuable author for the young publisher. The business connection was, however, still to be delayed for three years. Irving was at this time Minister to Spain.

MADRID, August 13, 1845.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 7th as well as one, on the same subject, dated 1st March last, from your House in New York.

I do not know any House in which I would confide more implicitly than in yours for fair and

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honorable dealing; but it has one disadvantage in respect to a new work; you publish on both sides of the water, and your cheap New York editions would stand very much in the way of a bargain with a London publisher.

The terms you offer are very probably liberal, in the present state of the "literary market" but they show how the want of an international copyright, by inundating the country with foreign works, published at so low a rate as scarcely to yield a profit to the publisher, is calculated to starve native literature.

However, I have nothing now at present that I am prepared to launch before the public; neither am I willing just now that any of my former works should be published separately.

I am preparing a complete edition of my works, with corrections, alterations, additions, and when in a sufficient state of forwardness, it is my idea to make an arrangement for the whole, (and perhaps for any new writings I may have ready for the press) either by disposing of the copyrights, or by turning them out collectively for a term of years, at a yearly consideration.

I think I can then show, when I come to make such an arrangement, how, in the hands of an extensive publishing house, my writings may be made available in a variety of ways. They are voluminous, yet varied; they may be published collectively and separately; they may be thrown into various forms, series of tales, of essays, of sketches; they may form parts of series of similar writings by other authors, etc., all of which arrangements and modifications I would undertake to superintend.

If, hereafter, I can make a satisfactory arrangement of this kind with your House, I assure you

Washington
Irving

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The Brownings	there is none with which I would be more happy to deal. I am, dear Sir, Very respectfully, Your friend and servant, WASHINGTON IRVING. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING TO ROBERT BROWNING. September 4, 1845. . . . Only let me remember to tell you this time in relation to those books and the question asked of yourself by your noble Romans, that just as I was enclosing my sixty pounds debt to Mr. Moxon, I did actually, and miraculously receive a remittance of fourteen pounds from the selfsame bookseller of New York who agreed last year to print my poems at his own risk and give me "ten per cent. on the profit." Not that I ever asked for such a thing! They were the terms offered. And I always considered the "percentage" as quite visionary—put in for the sake of effect, to make the agreement look better. But no—you see! One's poetry has a real "commercial value" if you do but take it far away enough from the "civilization of Europe." ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING TO ROBERT BROWNING. October 25, 1845. . . . I had a proposition from the New York booksellers about six weeks ago (the booksellers who printed the poems) to let them re-print those prose papers of mine in the <i>Athenæum</i>, with additional matter on American literature, in a volume by itself—to be published at the same time both in

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America and England by Wiley & Putnam in Waterloo Place, and meaning to offer liberal terms, they said. Now, what shall I do? Those papers are not fit for separate publication, and I am not inclined to the responsibility of them; and in any case, they must give as much trouble as if they were re-written (trouble and not poetry!), before I could consent to such a thing. Well!—and if I do not, these people are just as likely to print them without leave, and so without correction. What do you advise? What shall I do? All this time they think me sublimely indifferent, they who pressed for an answer by return of packet—and now it is past six, eight weeks; and I must say something.

ROBERT BROWNING TO ELIZABETH BARRETT
BROWNING.

October 27, 1845.

. . . It was on my lip, I do think, last visit, or the last but one, to beg you to detach those papers from the *Athenæum's* *gâchis*. Certainly this opportunity is most favourable, for every reason: you cannot hesitate, surely. At present those papers are lost—lost for practical purposes. Do pray reply without fail to the proposers; no, no harm of these really fine fellows, who could do harm (by printing incorrect copies, and perhaps eking out the column by supposititious matter, ex-gr. they strengthened and lengthened a book of Dickens', in Paris, by adding quantity sufficient of Thackeray's *Yellowplush Papers*, as I discovered by a Parisian somebody praising the latter to me as Dickens' best work!) and who do really a good straightforward un-American thing. You will encourage "the day of small things"—though this is not small, nor likely to have small results. I shall be impatient to hear that you have decided. I

The
Brownings

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A Tour in Italy and Germany	like the progress of these Americans in taste, their amazing leaps, like grasshoppers up to the sun—from—what is the “from,” what depth, do you remember, say ten or twelve years back?—to—Carlyle, and Tennyson, and you! So children, leave off Jack of Cornwall and go on just to Homer. One other volume was completed during my father’s sojourn in London, but as it was privately printed in a very limited edition, it can hardly be referred to as a “publication.” The volume presents the record, in journal form, of a trip taken to the Continent with my mother in February, 1847. The printed sheets before me bear the title, <i>Memoranda in Italy and Germany</i>. The journey was started in ordinary routine in train from London to Paris by way of Folkestone and Boulogne. My father makes reference to a travelling companion met on the Channel, a “talkative English major,”—topics, ether (only recently applied as an anæsthetic by the American Dr. Morton), Yankees, war with Mexico, etc. He speaks of the steamer <i>Prince Ernest</i> as “a marked improvement on the shabby little Dover steamer of 1836. She carried no less than thirty passengers.” The journey was continued from Boulogne by diligence. The usual noteworthy things were visited in Paris and the diligence was then taken to Châlons, a thirty-six hours’ ride. From Châlons they proceeded by steamboat

on the Saône to Lyons. Thence the route went across to the Rhone and by steamer to Avignon and from Avignon to Marseilles.

On the steamer from Marseilles to Genoa they met "Mr. and Mrs. S. of New York and Miss Fuller of Boston." The Miss Fuller was Margaret Fuller, whom my father had already known through his Boston cousins. He was interested in so arranging his plans for Italy as to retain Margaret for a travelling companion during a large part of their journey.

The journey was continued by steamer to Leghorn by Pisa and Naples. Between Leghorn and Naples there is record of a collision between their Italian steamer and a French boat, which might have proved serious, but from which both boats got away without loss of life.¹ From Naples visits were made to Mount Vesuvius and to Pompeii. The journey was then continued to Rome with preliminary excursions to Pæstum, Salerno (the

On the
Mediterranean

¹ Father went up on deck to investigate the situation. It seemed to be serious, and he went down again to beg mother and Miss Fuller not to be alarmed. In the meantime Miss Fuller had joined mother and was urging her not to try to dress, but to jump overboard at once. "I'll throw you your things," she added. This threw them both into such gales of laughter that father found his reassuring words (whose truth he himself doubted) to be quite needless. R. P.

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Margaret Fuller	site of the oldest university in Europe), and Amalfi. Rome was reached on the 20th of March, twenty-seven days after leaving London. In Rome my father appears to have been a diligent sightseer with all the energy and active-mindedness of an intelligent American. He remained in the capital seventeen days, the fortnight including a number of the more noteworthy ceremonials of the Easter season. In leaving Rome they were obliged to lose the companionship of Miss Fuller, whose engagements kept her longer in the city in which she was later to find a home and a husband. Miss Fuller was then under engagement with Horace Greeley to write a series of letters for the <i>New York Tribune</i>. It was a time when travelling in Europe was by no means so common a performance as it has since become. Letters from travellers who did not have any very exceptional powers either of observation or of description found place in the leading American papers and presumably found readers. Margaret Fuller was, however, to be classed among travellers who had something to say and who knew both how to observe and how to describe. A single letter of the series which my father had preserved presents a graphic series of little pictures of the things to be seen between Paris and Genoa. One of her remarks concerning

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Paris is quite characteristic of a woman who from the time when she had first learned to talk was ready to examine or catechize other people:

Paris! I was sad to leave you, that wonderful focus, where ignorance ceases to be a pain because there we find such means daily to lessen it. It is the only school where I ever found an abundance of teachers who could bear being examined by the pupil in their special branches. I must go to this school more before I again cross the Atlantic on the American side of which I have often for years carried about some trifling question without finding the person who could answer it. [Those who knew Miss Margaret Fuller could bear testimony that her failure to get answers was not due to any lack of persistency on her part in pressing the question.] Really deep questions we must after all answer for ourselves—the more the pity not to get through more quickly with a crowd of details in which the experience of others might accelerate our progress.

My father referred afterwards to Margaret Fuller's experiences in Rome and spoke particularly of one occasion when he found her late at night somewhere near the Forum, separated from her party and apparently quite dazed as to what she should do with herself. Her interest in Italy caused her to make another visit some years later and during the second sojourn she was married to the Count d'Ossoli. A year later, she started with her husband and infant child to return to her own country. The vessel was wrecked on

**Margaret
Fuller**

**Italy in
1847**

Rockaway Beach, and but one or two sailors were saved from the disaster. Margaret must have been at this time about forty years of age. Her friends had prophesied great accomplishments for her in literature when she should again take up the work and the responsibilities of her Yankee home.

The journey from Rome was continued to Siena, Florence, Pisa, and Lucca. In Florence, my father hears that the popularity of the Grand Duke was considered to be rather on the wane because, "although once very liberal and an encourager of progress he has allowed the new Pope to get the start in the race of Reform." The "new Pope" was, of course, Pius IX. The reform measures, favored by the Pope and carried out to a certain extent by the more liberal of the rulers of the Italian principalities, did not prove sufficiently satisfactory to the people to prevent Italy from becoming a year later the hot-bed of the revolutionary movements of 1848. My father had had, as mentioned, opportunity, while in London, of hearing from Mazzini and other of the revolutionary counsellors more or less concerning the aspirations and the plans of the revolutionists of Italy and also of their sympathizers in Germany and France. He does not seem, however, to have noted during this journey of 1847 any symptoms in the Italian cities visited by him of the events



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that were a few months later to give the Italian peninsula so serious a shaking up. It is to be borne in mind, however, that my father had no knowledge of Italian (and in this my mother was not then able to be of service) and was, therefore, not in a position to gather information from street talk. He does seem to have taken pains to make friends with fellow-travellers at various points in the journey, but these travellers were naturally not Italians.

He describes with patriotic interest his visit to the American sculptor, Powers, in his studio in Florence. Powers had just finished for an American client a replica of the *Greek Slave*. With a prejudice which was perhaps pardonable, my father says that he would rather own the *Eve* or the *Greek Slave* by Powers than the *Venus de Medici*. The travellers had but three days to spare for Florence ("It is too bad," said my father, "instead of three days one wants thirty"). He speaks, with the interest of a man of business, of seeing in the museum of the Palazzo Peruzzi the series of unpaid bonds of Edward III. of England, for an amount of 135,000 marks lent to the English King by the Palazzo family. "The King's repudiation of these bonds," says my father, "or his failure to pay them, caused the bankruptcy of the holders. This repudiated debt," he continues, "with

England's
Early
Repudi-
ations

**American
Enterprise
Abroad**

the interest to the present time, would amount to more than the present national debt of England; while several other Florentine bankers were served in the same manner by this untrustworthy monarch. This is, however," he proceeds, "no excuse for Mississippi. She ought to teach England better."

Leaving Florence, they proceeded by diligence or coach along the valley of the Arno. At Pontederra, about twenty miles from Florence, they reached the railway, only so far finished from Leghorn and Pisa. Work was progressing on the completion of the road. The journal mentions that 'a railway from Florence to Rome is said to be actually in plan. . . . This will be a most desirable achievement, for the journey is now tedious and dull."

The travellers followed the railway as far as Pisa, where they stopped for a second visit for a few hours. When they continued by train to Lucca my father noticed with pleasure that the maker's name on the new locomotive was Morris of Philadelphia. He goes on to say:

American enterprise is excursive. The Morris concern has contracted to supply large numbers of his locomotives to the governments of Austria and Russia, the contract with the latter including the locomotives for the Moscow and St. Petersburg road now in process of construction.

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At Lucca, the travellers were amused at the fussiness of the custom-house officers who were "protecting" the frontier of this ten-miles-square principality. These officials made more parade of officiousness than those of France, Naples, and Rome put together. The railroad facilities came to an end at Lucca and the journey was continued by *vetturino* to Genoa. The distance was one hundred and twenty miles and the time allowed for the *vetturino* three days.

I do not undertake to cite my father's descriptions of, or references to, the noteworthy objects of the various cities through which he passed. He was evidently an observing traveller who allowed very few things to escape him, and the notes in his journal, while brief, are clearly expressed and full both of information and suggestion. In fact, his energy as a traveller, from dawn to midnight, was so tremendous that I wonder he did not wear my mother out. Throughout his life, he never seemed to know what fatigue was.

Genoa was reached on the third day, as planned, without accident. On calling at the post-office to inquire for letters, the traveller was handed from the *poste-restante* division a parcel of a hundred or more from which he was at liberty to take his choice. After three days in Genoa, they left by diligence for Milan. In passing through Pavia, he notes, doubtless

American
Energy

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Milan	from what appeared to be trustworthy information, that the famous university had been founded by Charlemagne more than one thousand years back, that is to say, about 810. The legend of the organization during the reign of Charlemagne of the two universities of Pavia and Bologna has, of course, long since been corrected. It seems probable that in each town there were instituted, under the general direction of Alcuin, schools forming part of the great Imperial system. There is, however, no evidence that these schools bore any direct relation to the later universities. The University of Bologna, which is the older of the two and which, with the exception of the medical school in Salerno, may take rank as the oldest university in Europe possessing a continuous history, celebrated its one thousandth anniversary in 1887, but the records of university work go back only to 1180. In Milan, one of the first visits was paid to the Ambrosian Library, which is recorded as containing about 87,000 volumes and 5500 manuscripts. Among the latter were noted a <i>Virgil</i> copied and annotated by Petrarch; a <i>Josephus</i> in Latin upon papyrus (a papyrus manuscript was at that time and is still no little of a curiosity, particularly if it is in any measure complete); a Homeric manuscript of the fourth century, with numerous illuminations curiously illustrative of the

period; the books of Livy, translated into Italian by Boccaccio, etc.

The highest turret of the Cathedral was visited with customary energy before daylight, in order to keep a promised appointment with the sunrise. The streets of Milan impressed the travellers as "more business-like and more American" than those of any Italian city yet visited. The journey was continued from Milan by means of a diligence carried on the railway to Traviglio, eighteen miles away, the farthest point thus far reached by railroad. At Traviglio, the diligence was placed on its own wheels and the travellers proceeded to Brescia, noted as one of the corners of the famous quadrilateral which has played so important a part in various Italian campaigns and which came into special note in the Franco-Austrian war of 1859 and in the Italian-Austrian campaign of 1866. At Verona they are again able to pick up the very fragmentary railroad, which takes them to Venice. Padua, with its famous university, could be examined only from the railway station. The diary refers to the impression as the railroad traverses a bridge more than two miles long over the lagoon, that the train is plunging head foremost into the sea. It is noted that this bridge called for the labor of a thousand men for four and a half years.

The first morning in Venice was taken,

**The Quad-
rilateral**

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Munich and Augsburg	with unabated energy, at dawn in order to catch a sunrise view. The day was crowded with enthusiastic sight-seeing, the record of which occupies four or five pages in the journal. It was finished in a late moonlight hour by a walk through a narrow labyrinth of Maceria in connection with which my father expresses a vague wonderment that there was so much dry land in Venice. Three more days were spared for palaces, galleries, and gondolas, and the journey was then resumed to Padua, Vicenza, and Verona. In the last-mentioned town a careful search was made for the homes of the Capulets and the Montagues and for the tomb of Juliet and her lover. <i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> appears not to have been borne in mind. From Verona begins a long diligence ride (three days and three nights) through the Tyrolese Alps, over the pass of the Brenner to Innsbrück and Munich. In the Bavarian capital, the first visit was to the library, which is noted as standing on a "new street as wide as three Broadways," and as containing 800,000 volumes. In the list of duplicates were found no less than fourteen copies of the Hugo Bible, printed in 1480 by Koberger of Nuremberg. The following two days were given to the galleries and on the third day the journey was continued to Augsburg. The railroad did not bring them

quite to the city, and an omnibus ride of two miles was required before they could reach the hotel of the "Three Moors," which hotel had existed under the "same sign for 483 years." In Augsburg, my father was immediately interested in visiting the printing-office of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which he describes as the most influential journal on the Continent—the *Times* of Germany. After an examination of the old book-shops for which Augsburg had for centuries been famous, the travellers took post-chaise for Ulm, a distance of forty-eight miles. The inns on the road are described as "decidedly primitive."

When we stopped to rest, we were always shown to a public room where country boors of all descriptions were drinking beer in quart jugs and smoking pipes till they could n't see each other's noses. Madam's request for another room was always met by a stare of astonishment and no other *simmer* was vouchsafed, argue and entreat as we would. The only choice was to sit in the smoke with the boors or to sit in the carriage. The main feature of the landscape in this flat portion of Bavaria were the breweries.

At Ulm, my father noted that extensive fortifications were now being built to make a more adequate protection for the city and for the district against attack from France. The influence of the surrender by General Mack to

**Bavarian
Inns**

154	George Palmer Putnam
Heidelberg	Napoleon forty-two years back was, it appears, still being felt. Stuttgart impressed the travellers as "more modern and more American looking than any city as yet seen in Germany." It appeared to be "about as large as Baltimore." According to the report of the cicerone, the King of Wurtemberg was in business on quite an extensive scale, having dealings as a banker, a wine merchant, and a horse vendor, with three separate establishments. The King kept three hundred horses in town and twelve hundred more at different breeding establishments in the country. "His 'Lola Montes' lives in a handsome house within sight of the queen's apartments in the palace." The public library is recorded as containing the largest collection of Bibles in the world, a collection comprising 8544 volumes, in sixty different languages. The activity of Stuttgart as a publishing and a bookselling centre is naturally noted. The castle and town of Heidelberg, reached on the day following, received their full measure of attention and of description. In the library of the University, the travellers are shown a number of curious manuscripts, including an autograph of Luther. They are told that the University at that time contained 700 students. During the fifty years since it has increased somewhat in actual

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numbers (the students now aggregate about 1000), but has diminished very materially in relative importance to such institutions as those of Berlin, Leipsic, Strasburg, etc. From Heidelberg the usual river route is followed down the Rhine by Mannheim, Coblentz, Neu-wied, and Andernach to Cologne.

Belgium

The Cathedral (which my father speaks of having seen twice before within ten years) was at that time in progress towards completion. Three hundred workmen were employed upon it, and the cost of the remaining structure was estimated at 5,000,000 thalers, something over \$4,000,000. The famous crane, set up five hundred years back for hoisting stones to the tower, was, in 1847, still in position. It was in position, possibly a little more blackened and fragmentary, when the writer, on his way as a small student from Paris to Berlin in 1860, visited Cologne. The Cathedral was actually brought to completion in the early seventies, and the crane has now been taken down.

From Cologne the travellers went by rail to Antwerp by way of Aix-la-Chapelle, Liège, Louvain, and Mechlin. Liège is described as the "Brummagen" (Birmingham) or Pittsburg of Belgium, picturesquely situated, populous, and busy. Arms and chivalry have given way to iron foundries and steam-engines. Even the Bishop's Palace, commemorated

156	George Palmer Putnam
Belgium	in <i>Quentin Durward</i>, is now Cocherill's iron foundry, "the largest in Belgium," employing fifteen hundred men and fifteen steam-engines; and, as if to connect the romantic and historic with present matter of fact, the locomotives of the railway are named "Guillaume de la Marck" and "Isabelle de Croye." At Antwerp, special attention was given to the great Rubens collection, and then to the Cathedral. The Plantin Museum would naturally have been a point of interest for my father, but it was not instituted until forty years later. Antwerp is spoken of as "once the richest and most populous city in Europe, but now respectable, decayed, and dull." The impetus given to this old-time commercial metropolis by the development of the steam marine of the Low Countries did not come into effect until nearly a quarter of a century later. From Antwerp there was a short railroad journey to Ostend, described as (excepting always Civita Vecchia) the dullest of seaports. In the "Flanders" Hotel the simple honesty of the chambermaid struck the travellers as, in connection with their recent Continental experiences, so great a novelty that she was questioned and found to be an American. On the 3d of May, the tenth week of their journey, the travellers took a Belgian steamer for Dover, where they arrived after

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a quiet trip of five hours, and in four hours from the time of their arrival were again at home in London.

The printing of the journal from which the above summary has been given is referred to by my father with the following word of explanation:

These brief notes, written "on the wing" in a pocket memorandum book, were reprinted in the *Literary World* of (New York) and a few copies were struck off from the columns of the paper, for the use of the home circle and some personal friends. The "notes" contain, of course, nothing in the way of novelty, but I have attempted to present in them a simple memorandum record of what can be done and seen in a limited time, a record that may be useful to a person going over similar ground. The value of such notes, if they have any value, consists in their being accurate and comprehensive as far as they go and in their references to the things best worth seeing and that actually can be seen under similar circumstances within the time specified, even if the traveller has the "encumbrance" of a wife. In rapidity of travelling, especially in the regions removed from railways and steam a bachelor may have the advantage. Every year, every month, however, increases the facilities for travelling and probably within a term of five years Italy will be brought much nearer within reach. It is really the last country in the world in which railroad speed should be desired by one travelling for pleasure, but when the alternative is rapidity or no Italy at all, economy of time is a material consideration.

**London
Again**

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Travelling Possibilities in 1847	The expense of such a journey to Italy and Germany as is here described, covering ten weeks' time, was estimated for a married couple at £140, say, \$700. While the travelling expenditure had been kept down to a very moderate basis, the calculations had in some way been exceeded, and at some point on the route (I think it was at Milan) my father found his cash exhausted. He secured, by pledging his watch, a loan which carried them over to the next remittance point, on the northern side of the Alps. He was unwilling, however, to speak to his companion of the difficulty and, as a result of his reticence, she persisted with unconscious perversity in making repeated inquiries for the precise time. He succeeded, by means of the public clocks, in giving the information and it was not until they were again safe in London that he owned up about the pawnshop. The watch which had proved so useful in time of need, a solid piece of work from Tobias, of Liverpool, descended to the eldest son and was taken from his house by burglars in 1883. In 1842, on the 31st of August, in the house at Euston Square, the first child was born to the family. She was christened Mary Corinna, Mary being the name of my mother's mother (Mary Tuttle), and Corinna that of her only sister, Corinna Haven Bishop. My

own birth occurred on the 2d of April, 1844, in the house in St. John's Wood Road. The third child, Edith Grace, was born in the house in Mornington Road in 1846. My mother was fortunate in securing for the care of her little family the services of a trusted nurse, such as one associates more particularly with English households, a woman who was so refined in nature, so sterling in character, and so loyal in affection as to be, both to the young mother and, later, to the growing children, a friend more than a servant. Her name was Isabella Cole. She must have been at the time she took service with my mother nearly fifty years old. She was the most devoted of Britons, thinking no country in the world worth consideration as compared with England and having (in her Tory loyalty) a special dread of all things connected with republics. She also had a great fear of the ocean. I mention these two prejudices chiefly in order to emphasize the strength of her affection for my mother, which induced her to give up her native country and to accompany the family to a distant and much-dreaded realm, with which, I am confident, she still associated the perils of Indians and buffaloes and the still greater horrors of a wild frontier society, the government of which depended on bowie knives and lynch law. Mrs. Cole (she was never married, but according to the

**The First
Children**

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Isabella Cole	courtesy rule in England was after middle life entitled, if she preferred it, to the term "Mrs.") remained with the family until her death in 1860, when she must have been about sixty-five years of age. Her loyal and affectionate service saved for my mother many weary hours and many serious cares, as well as possibly the still more wearing influence of the continued responsibilities for details in caring for a group of children. My mother had often said, when complimented upon looking so young after bringing up a family of ten children, that the credit was chiefly due to her old-time friend and companion, the nurse. Our nurse was very much interested in the coincidence that my father's family was increased in the same ratio and at almost the same seasons as that of the Royal household. Queen Victoria had been married to Prince Albert in February, 1840, the year before the marriage of my father. The birth of the oldest of the Queen's family, Princess Victoria, later known as the Empress Frederick, occurred in January, 1841. Albert Edward, now Edward the Seventh, was born in November of the same year. The third child and the second princess, Alice, was of the same age as my sister Minnie. Beginning with Minnie, the growth of the Royal family and that of the Putnam family went on from year



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to year with a beautiful regularity, as our nurse was able to point out with an interest which was rather personal to herself. The Royal family stopped, however, with the ninth child, a result that the British taxpayer bore with resignation, but which would probably have been a disappointment to Mrs. Cole if she had at the time been still living. The families with which we three youngsters had chiefly to do were those already mentioned among my mother's first friends in London,—the Hillards, the Rutters, the Newtons, and the Grahams. After the home had been fixed in St. John's Wood Road, the open park still known as Primrose Hill formed our principal play-ground. Henry Rutter (son of a solicitor in Chancery, John Champney Rutter) was of the same age as my sister Mary. The friendship begun with him in these early forties was renewed again when, after 1866, I began making regular annual visits to England, and ceased only with his death in 1896. In 1847, my father decided to close his business work in London and to return to New York. The operations in London had been only moderately successful. It was quite difficult at that time (and it has in fact not proved easy in later years) to secure on the part of English readers any such continued interest in American books as to render	The Royal Family

**Business
Conditions
in London**

remunerative the business of importing these books into England. There was a better possibility of profit in the line of purchasing in England books and periodicals for sale in the States, and this had in fact formed the more important division of the work in Waterloo Place. My father's growing relations with literary circles had, however, given him an increasing interest in publishing plans and possibilities. These plans he found it too difficult to develop in London, the more particularly as the senior partner in New York, Mr. Wiley, was disposed to be skeptical in regard to the prospects of profit from publishing undertakings or at least from international publishing arrangements. Mr. Wiley was a shrewd business man, but his experience had been almost exclusively that of a bookseller. It is probable that his own knowledge of literary conditions was not very extended, and he was disposed to characterize as visionary and dangerous not a few of my father's publishing schemes. While he was not himself the kind of a man to create a publishing business, his cautious conservatism and his critical judgment would have served as a very valuable break on publishing optimism. Every well organized publishing office needs in its management at least one persistent pessimist. I am inclined to believe that if Mr. Wiley had been a some-

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what younger man, and if he and my father had found it possible to maintain their association, their very diverse temperaments ought to have produced a successful and assured business result. My father had the creative touch and the literary instinct. It would, however, have been of enormous service to his business future if his insight, his enterprise, his pluck, and his good literary judgment could have been tempered and limited by an associate who possessed the conservative and doubtful temperament, who would have kept strict watch on the financial requirements and would have kept within strict limits (or at least within such limits as may be possible in publishing undertakings,) the speculative risks.

In 1846, Emerson and Carlyle, who had for some years been in friendly correspondence with each other, were exchanging services in arranging for transatlantic editions of their several books. Carlyle's earlier volumes had been issued in the States in various unauthorized editions, sold at very low prices. Emerson had succeeded in securing for certain books arrangements with Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, under which authorized editions were issued which brought to Carlyle certain not very large but satisfactory payments. The moneys were collected by Emerson himself, as it appears from the

**John
Carlyle**

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Emerson and Carlyle	correspondence that Emerson remitted the amounts in exchange direct to his friend in London. It would appear from Emerson's reports that the Boston publishers became discouraged with the task of trying to secure remunerative sales for their authorized editions in competition with the piracy issues of certain New York and Philadelphia houses. Learning that the Boston arrangements had terminated and were not to be renewed, my father called upon Carlyle in Chelsea and submitted a proposition on behalf of Wiley & Putnam for the publication of a uniform edition of all the Carlyle volumes at that time in readiness. The proposition was referred by Carlyle to his friend in Boston with authority to act, and Emerson completed the arrangement under which the books were to be issued in New York. Emerson writes from Concord, April 9, 1846: MESSRS. WILEY & PUTNAM. GENTLEMEN: Mr. Carlyle's <i>Sartor Resartus</i> was reprinted for the fifth time from <i>Fraser's Magazine</i>, by Munroe, at the request of my friend Mr. Russell and myself, but at Munroe's own risk and profit. Mr. Carlyle received no benefit from it, and I know not what claims Munroe makes on the book, or whether any. The <i>French Revolution</i> I published, for the author, through Little & Brown. That edition was long ago sold. Of the new and converted edition in

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three volumes Mr. Carlyle sent over to Little & Brown 500 copies, which were sold for his benefit. He has no interest that I know of in any existing American edition.

I collected the *Miscellanies* and published them by Munroe for the author, two editions of the first series, or volumes one and two; and one edition of the second, volumes three and four. When Munroe's stock of complete sets was nearly exhausted, Carey & Hart made me a proposition that they would give Mr. Carlyle fifty pounds sterling for the right to reprint the *Miscellanies*, as a part of their series of Foreign Essays. I accepted the proposition; they paid that sum to Mr. Carlyle about a year ago, they purchasing the odd copies of the first series, of which I believe, there remain a hundred or more, in sheets. I gave Carey & Hart a certificate of Mr. Carlyle's consent to and interest in the work which I believe they prefixed to it. He has every wish to protect their copies from any competition.

Chartism and *Past and Present* were both published by Little & Brown, for the author, from early copies (the latter from a copy partly in manuscript) sent out to me. I have not by me any recent account from Little & Brown, but I believe they have never quite closed the sales of their editions, the New York printed copy of *Past and Present* having spoiled our sale.

With the exception of the *Miscellanies*, I should be glad if you will make, by direct proposition to Mr. Carlyle, any arrangement for a correct and uniform publication of his works, from which he shall derive a fair advantage. I shall cheerfully recommend to him such an arrangement.

Respectfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

Carlyle
and
Emerson

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Carlyle and Emerson	Carlyle writes to Emerson under date of April 18, 1846: Certainly I will conform in all points to this Wiley-and-Putnam Treaty, and faithfully observe the same. . . . I hope before May 3rd I shall have ascertained whether it will not be the simplest way (as with my present light it clearly appears) to give the sheets direct to the Wiley and Putnam here, and let them send them? In any case, the cargo shall come one way or other. On the 30th of April, Carlyle writes again: Here is the Photograph going off for you by Bookseller Munroe of Boston; the Sheets of <i>Cromwell</i>, all the second and part of the last volume, are to go direct to New York: both Parcels by the Putnam conveyance. For Putnam has been here since I wrote, making large confirmations of what you conveyed to me; and large Proposals of an ulterior scope,—which will involve you in new trouble for me. But it is trouble you will not grudge, inasmuch as it promises to have some issue of moment; at all events the negotiation is laid entirely into your hands: therefore I must with all despatch explain to you the essentials of it, that you may know what Wiley says when he writes to you from New York. Mr. Putnam, who seems to me a very intelligent, modest, and reputable looking fellow, got at last to sight of me about a week ago;—explained with much earnestness how the whole origin of the mistake about the First Edition of <i>Cromwell</i> had lain with Chapman, my own Bookseller (which in fact I had already perceived to be the case); and farther set forth, what

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was much more important, that he and his Partner were, and had been, ready and desirous to make good said mistake, in the amplest, most satisfactory manner,—by the ready method of paying me now ten per cent. on the selling price of all the copies of *Cromwell* sent into the market by them; and had (as I knew already) covenanted with you to do so, in a clear, *bona-fide*, and to you satisfactory manner, in regard to that First Edition: in consequence of which you had made a bargain with them of like tenor in regard to the second. To all which I could only answer, that such conduct was that of men of honor, and would, in all manner of respects, be satisfactory to me. Wherefore the new Sheets of *Cromwell* should now go by Package direct to New York, . . . "Yes, surely," said Putnam, but there were other consequences, of more moment, behind that. Namely, that they (the Wiley & Putnam House) wanted to publish certain other Books of mine, the List of which I do not now recollect; under similar conditions: viz. that I was to certify, in a line or two prefixable to each Book, that I had read it over in preparation for their Printer and did authorize them to print and sell it;—in return for which Ten per cent. on the sale price (and all manner of facilities, volunteered to convince even Clark of Boston, the Lynx-eyed Friend now busy for me looking through mill-stones, that all was straight, and said Ten per cent. actually paid on every copy sold); This was Putnam's Offer, stated with all transparency, and in a way not to be misunderstood by either of us. . . . Mr. Putnam would have had some "Letter," some "exchange of Letters," to the effect above stated: but I answered, "It was better we did not write at all till the matter was clear and liquid with you, and then we could very swiftly write,—and act."

**Carlyle
and
Putnam**

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Carlyle and Putnam	... This is a true picture of the affair, the very truest I can write in haste; and so I leave it with you—<i>Ach Gott!</i> Emerson writes to Carlyle, May 31, 1846: ... I am heartily glad that you are in direct communication with these really energetic book-sellers, Wiley and Putnam. I understood from Wiley's letter to me, weeks ago, that their ambition was not less than to have a monopoly of your books. I answered, it is very desirable for us too. ... The <i>French Revolution, Past and Present</i>, <i>Chartism</i>, and the <i>Sartor</i>, I see no reason why they should not have. Munroe and L. & B. have no real claims and I will speak to them. But there is one good particular in Putnam's proffer to you, which Wiley has not established in his "first and last" agreement with me, namely, that you shall have an interest in what is already sold of their first edition of <i>Cromwell</i>. By all means close with Putnam of the good mind. . . . Carlyle writes, June 18, 1846: ... Yesterday Putnam was here, and we made our bargain. . . . I have given Putnam two Books (<i>Heroes</i> and <i>Sartor</i>) ready, corrected, the others I think will follow in the course of next month. . . . Directly after this, I set off for Putnam's in Waterloo Place; sign his paper there, stick one copy under a cover for you, and despatch. . . . Be busy, be still and happy. Emerson to Carlyle, July 15th, 1846: DEAR CARLYLE: I received by the last steamer your letter with the copy of the covenant with Wiley and Putnam,

which seems unexceptionable. I like the English side of those men very well; that is, Putnam seems eager to stand well and rightly with his fellow-men. Wiley at New York it was who provoked me, last winter, to write him an angry letter when he declared his intention to reprint our new matter without paying for it. When he thought better of it, and came to terms, I had not got so far as to be affectionate. . . . I learn that Munroe has bought the stereotype plates of the New York pirate edition of *Sartor* and means to print it immediately. He is willing to stop if W. & P will buy of him his plates at their cost but they say no.

The Wiley & Putnam Edition of the Carlyle writings came into the hands of the junior partner at the dissolution in 1848 and was thereafter known as the Putnam Edition. It was published, I think, in four volumes. In 1856, the plates were included in the lists of publications sold at auction and passed into the hands of the Harpers. Twenty years later, when question came up between the Harpers and Scribners in regard to the right to control the Carlyle material in sets, this earlier correspondence showing the authorization under which the Putnam volumes had been issued, an authorization of which the Harpers, the later owners of the plates, were entitled to the advantage, became important.

It remains only to add that Carlyle was himself able to send some modest remittances to Emerson as results of the sales in Great

Carlyle's
Works
Putnam's
Edition



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Carlyle's Works Putnam's Edition	Britain of authorized editions of certain of the earlier volumes of essays. Here, too, there was immediate difficulty with the pirates as soon as the volumes came into demand, and before long the sale of the authorized editions became so far unprofitable that the remittances ceased altogether. 



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V THE PUTNAM FAMILY MIGRATES TO NEW YORK IN June, 1847, the Putnam family, then comprising, in addition to the two parents, three children and the very much valued English nurse, embarked from Liverpool for New York on the packet ship <i>Margaret Evans</i>. The vessel was a good example of the old-fashioned sailing packets which, even as late as the early fifties, still took care of a considerable proportion of the passenger travel across the North Atlantic. The steamers (described as "steam-packets") were comparatively few in number and their trips were necessarily made at considerable intervals. The cost of the trip by steam was also much greater (if I remember rightly not less than double) than that of the voyage by the sailing vessel. There was the further consideration with not a few of the passengers, that voyaging by steam still carried with it something of a weird	The Packet "Margaret Evans"

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The Packet "Margaret Evans"	and exceptionally dangerous character. It seemed to many that the ordinary risks of the ocean had now had added to them a number of special perils, which could be still less easily understood by landsmen and which naturally carried with them the greater dread belonging to the unknown. The American sailing packets had won for themselves a well deserved prestige, not only for the seamanship with which they were handled, but for the care given to the comfort and surroundings of the passengers. The captains of these packets belonged to the best type of American seamen, and, in fact, in the greater number of vessels, they were good representatives also of the American gentleman. Captain Tinker, of the <i>Margaret Evans</i>, had in the course of a service of half a lifetime between England and the United States made for himself a great number of cordial friends on either side of the Atlantic. My father had crossed with him a number of times, and years after the captain had retired from the sea the friendly relations between them continued. My mother described the voyage later to us as having been attended by all the discomforts of the long passage. It is my impression that the trip lasted about forty days. The fatigue of such a journey for the mother must have been serious. The fourth child, Bishop, was born a few weeks after the landing.

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On the arrival in New York in June, my father must have had on his shoulders a special accumulation of labor and responsibility. He had to complete the arrangements for the dissolution of partnership with Mr. Wiley and for establishing the foundations of the new business to be conducted by himself. He also had to find a home for the family; while for my mother, whose housekeeping experience had been limited to London, the methods of household arrangements in and about New York, were perplexing in more ways than one, and struck the young housekeeper as especially dreadful in the matter of expense. The question of expenditure for the family was of the more importance as the capital that my father was to secure from the firm of Wiley & Putnam came to him almost entirely in the form of books. The resources available in the form of cash were so inconsiderable that it was necessary to arrange with the carpenter who put up the shelving in the new shop to accept payment for his account in the shape of a three months' note.

With so little money available for the business and with no money for the moment coming from the business, it was necessary to shape the details of the home on a very modest scale. A cottage in the form then described as "semi-detached" was taken in

First
Under-
lings
New

Staten
Island in
the "40's"

the village of Stapleton, Staten Island. Those who to-day (1898) know this region only as a group of lager-beer saloons and unattractive houses of the smaller kind can hardly realize how beautiful were the surroundings, fifty years back, of the little village that nestled under the slope of the Staten Island hills, and from which there were varied views of the bay stretching across to Long Island and to the city. The cottage was a few hundred feet from the quarantine hospital, where a year or two earlier had occurred a riot instigated by the indignation of the Staten Islanders at having placed in their midst patients with diseases supposed to be contagious. I do not know how exaggerated the dread of the islanders may have been, but they acted with a fierceness of decision which was at that time a novelty in the quiet life of New York. The fever patients were carried out of the hospital during the night (which was fortunately warm and quiet), and, wrapped in blankets, were left in well protected fields near the hospital, while the building itself was very thoroughly destroyed by fire. As I remember reading the record later, the patients (who were certainly not themselves to be blamed for being undesirable neighbors) did not suffer either from the shock or from the exposure. The State authorities made arrangements for their transfer to a small island in

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the lower harbor, which has since been devoted to diseases supposed to be contagious; and no attempts were ever made to replace for this particular service the hospital buildings at Tompkinsville. The ringleaders of the riot were threatened with various serious results, but they were either never fairly identified or, having come to be known as including some of the best citizens of the community, the authorities decided that prosecution would not under the circumstances be wise. The bill covering the value of the buildings was paid by a tax on Richmond County, and it was doubtless considered a profitable expenditure. The substantial buildings which finally replaced the old quarantine were assigned to the care of hospital patients of a milder variety. The communication between Staten Island and the city had, not many years back from the date in question, been carried on by sloops or cat-boats. As is well known to all New Yorkers familiar with the history of the leading citizens of the community, Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the great family, began his own operations in transportation by establishing a cat-boat ferry from New Brighton to the Battery. It was from the management of these boats that there came to Vanderbilt the name "Commodore," a name which seemed some years later, when he was	The Hospital at Tompkinsville

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The Bay of New York	controlling great fleets of steamships, to be appropriate enough. In 1849, the cat-boats and sloops had been replaced by a steam ferry, which carried its passengers with a fair degree of promptness and regularity, at least when the weather was fair and the bay was free from ice. It is my memory, however, that in certain winter seasons, when the ice-floes brought down from the Hudson had gathered across the space southeast of New York island, these boats, with engines that would to-day be considered puny, were often delayed for hours in more or less fruitless attempts to break through the floes and reach their docks. I have memory also of the boats being once or twice carried out by the floes to the lower harbor. It is probable that they were saved from the disaster that would have resulted if they had passed Sandy Hook, by the breaking up of the floes under the action of the tides at the outer bar. It was in the years between 1850 and 1860 that Staten Island attained its height as a place of suburban homes, and this decade witnessed the building of a number of attractive country houses along the meadows of New Brighton, and also on the Clifton side looking out toward the ocean. It was in Clifton that Captain John Bishop, who had married my mother's sister, Corinna, made his home in 1850 or 1851. He had retired

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from the sea with a competency and settled down to be a country gentleman. The Episcopal Church with which my mother connected herself was in Clifton, and was at that time and for years thereafter in charge of Dr. Alexander D. Mercer, and it was about this church that the society of the island with which my mother had most to do was chiefly gathered. The families whose names I now recall among the nearer friends and associations of our own home circle were the Newberys and the Cuthbertsons, both English in origin.

Dr. Mercer was a man of cultivation and with literary interests. His will contained a bequest to be applied to the erection in Westminster Abbey of a bust of Wordsworth. This bequest is commemorated in the address given by Lowell at the time of the formal acceptance of the bust.

In the spring of 1848, my father was again in London for a few weeks. There were some unsettled affairs of his old business requiring attention, while it was also important for him to establish connections for his own new concern.

I place at the close of this record of my father's sojourn in England references to certain of his foreign correspondence, which belongs chiefly to this period and one scrap-book of which has been preserved. The scrap-book

Neighbors
and
Friends on
Statens
Island

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Literary Correspondence	has been arranged alphabetically instead of chronologically, which will explain the order in which the letters are here presented. During this year of residence in London, my father was utilized from time to time as a connecting link between the literary circles on either side of the Atlantic. I have already referred to his correspondence with one or two New York papers. Apart from that, he appears to have transmitted, from time to time, to the Harpers and to one or two other of the American publishers who were interested in transatlantic literature, reports as to forthcoming literary undertakings (presumably such as might not have been found available for the list of Wiley & Putnam). In July, 1844, Harrison Ainsworth makes announcement of a work that he has in preparation, to be written on the plan of Sue's <i>Mysteries of Paris</i>, and to be entitled <i>Revolutions of London</i>. Publication of the papers was begun in <i>Ainsworth's Magazine</i>, but I do not recall in the long list of Ainsworth's novels any bearing this title. The correspondence volume contains under the date of November 15, 1845, the play-bills of two performances given by the famous company conducted by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, which for some years presented what was probably the best amateur acting that England had seen. These particular performances were given in the

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St. James Theatre and "His Royal Highness Prince Albert had been pleased to express the intention to honor the performance with his presence." The play was Jonson's *Every Man in his own Humour*. The list of actors includes, in addition to the two managers, H. Mayhew, Frederic Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Leech, and Miss Fortesque. The proceeds of the performance were to be utilized as a building fund for a sanatorium for literary and artistic workers. My father notes that he had as a companion at this performance Nathaniel P. Willis. It was probably during this sojourn in England that Mr. Willis, who was very hospitably received by a number of pleasant and distinguished English families, gave offence to his hosts by too frank a description of themselves and their affairs in the letters printed in his New York paper, the *Home Journal*.

In February, 1847, the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, writes that he does not know what may be the "frequency of transmission to America," but he is sending copies of two of his poems (selected from a forthcoming volume) as a present to Bayard Taylor. In March, 1844, I find the first letter from a Paris correspondent, Hector Bossange, whose relations with my father, both personal and business, continued for a long series of years, and who came to be a valued friend. Mr.

The
Dickens
Dramatic
Company

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The Bossanges	Bossange carried on in Paris a wholesale book distributing business and had also a publishing list. He became the Paris agent of Wiley & Putnam and of other leading American publishers of the time. Pasted in with this first letter (which is concerned with the details of Bossange's book bulletin), I find a note of three years earlier date from his wife in which she speaks of a recent visit to Paris of my mother (it must have been almost immediately after their arrival in London), who had been found by all the family circle <i>très charmante</i>. Madam Bossange refers in this letter to her group of children, which included two sons, Paul and Gustave, who afterwards carried on their father's business. In April, 1855, is recorded a long (and very illegible letter) from Frederika Bremer. Farther on in this narrative will be found the reference to my father's publication of the authorized American editions of the books of this charming Swedish author. Her English is much better than her script. In June, 1855, I find the copy of a long letter from my father to Miss Bremer in which he reports that in connection with the competition of the Harper editions, he has been not a little disappointed in the returns from his own authorized issues of her books. He reports that the plates of these books have now been sold by him at auction with certain further



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plates from his list. He fears that she can look for no further returns from the American sales as the purchaser of the plates is not under any legal obligation to continue the payments for which he had originally arranged. He sends, in addition to the settlement of the amount thus far due, a selection of a few of his recent publications which he hopes she may be interested in adding to her library, the selection including the volumes of the <i>Magazine</i>, a set of Irving's Works, Downing's <i>Rural Essays</i>, etc. In June, 1857, I find a note from Richard F. Burton, the author of the <i>Pilgrimage to Meccah and Medina</i>. The Lieutenant writes from her British Majesty's Consulate at Zanzibar. He has received and speaks appreciatively of the American edition of his travels. In June, 1846, I find a letter signed "T. Carlyle." This is addressed to my father at Waterloo Place. It is prefaced by a woodcut (which I imagine is scarce), presenting the translator of <i>Wilhelm Meister</i> at an age of about thirty-five. Beneath this is printed from a newspaper squib a description of the man written in fairly good Carlylese. The responsibility for this newspaper squib rested apparently with my father. It begins: "Here hast thou, O Reader! the—from stone—printed effigies of Thomas Carlyle, the thunder-word-oversetter of Herr Johann Wolfgang von	<i>Frederika Bremer</i>

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Carlyle	Goethe. These fingers, now in listless occupation supporting his head, or clutching that outward integument which with the head holds so singular a relation that those who philosophically examine, and with a fire-glance penetrate, into the contents of the great majority of the orb-shaped knobs which form the upper extremity of man, know not with assured critic-craft to decide whether the hat was made to cover the head, or the head erected as a peg to hang the hat upon;—yea, these fingers have transferred some of the most harmonious and mystic passages,—to the initiated, mild-shining, in-audible-light instinct—and to the uninitiated, dark and untransparent as the shadows of Eleusis,—of those forty volumes of musical wisdom which are commonly known by the title of <i>Goethe's Werke</i>, from the Fatherlandish dialect of High-Dutch to the Allgemeine-Mid-Lothianish of Auld Reekie. Over-set Goethe hath Carlyle, not in the ordinary manner of language-turners, who content themselves with giving, according to the capacity of knowingness or honesty within them, the meaning of the idea (if any there be) of the original book-fashioner, on whom their secondhand-penmongery is employed; but with reverential thought, word-worshipping even the articulable clothing wherein the clear and ethereal harmony of Goethe is invested, Carlyle hath bestowed upon us the <i>Wilhelm Meister</i> and other works, so Teutonical in raiment, in the structure of sentence, the modulation of phrase, and the roundabout, hubble-bubble, rumfustianish (<i>hübbel-bubblen, rümfüstianischen</i>), roly-poly growlery of style, so Germanically set forth, that it is with difficulty we can recognize them to be translations at all." Come, come, some reader will impatiently exclaim,—quite enough of this! A whole page of imitative Carlylese would be as bad as the influenza.

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On the 15th of June, 1846, Carlyle writes to my father a letter of which the following is a summary and in part a citation:

Carlyle

I have this day received a letter from Mr. Emerson by which I gather that he seems to think there is, except in the case of Mr. Hart of Philadelphia and the *Miscellanies*, nothing to prevent my engaging with your firm in the way you propose.

He goes on to make reference to my father's proposition to pay a royalty on the *Cromwell* and on certain further books which were recommended by Mr. Emerson as available for the American market. On Emerson's suggestion, Carlyle appointed Mr. E. P. Clark of the New England Bank of Boston to supervise on his behalf these authorized American editions. He goes on to say:

I have had two of the books, *Sartor* and *Heroes*, carefully revised for your printer. Copies for him are now in readiness precisely identical with those that our English printer will bring out when new editions are arranged by ourselves. The *French Revolution* I have also revised in the same manner and am now getting an Index made of which you in America will have the benefit. We in England will copy you when our time comes. . . . In *Past and Present* (second English edition), I have no change at all to make; if it is necessary for form's sake, I will read the book over but I believe I can be of no benefit to it. My printer (an excellent artist in his line) printed the last time without any proof sheets shown, and will again, in this and the

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Carlyle	other cases that concern us, so print. For the rest as I understand it, I have to announce at the beginning of each book "that I have read this book for the behoof of your printer and that I authorize you (so far as I have any authority) and you alone, to print and to vend the same for me in the United States. Those I consider the main elements of what I hope will now straightway be an agreement between us. . . . Believe me, Yours very truly, T. CARLYLE. This was, with the exception of an arrangement with Hart of Philadelphia for two volumes of <i>Miscellanies</i>, the first agreement that Carlyle had in force with the States for authorized editions of his works. His own authorization could, of course, not prevent the competition of unauthorized issues, and as these last were sold at cheap competing prices, it is probable that the margin of profit for his publisher was neither considerable nor assured. In January, 1845, James Ermes, supervisor of the Board of London and author of the <i>Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren</i>, writes: "As you are now publishers for the old as well as the new world, I take leave to offer you the manuscript of a work edited, translated, and partly written by me under the following circumstances." He then goes on to describe his volume, which presents the narrative of an old Swedish officer that had been preserved



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by his family with the condition that the manuscript was not to be opened until fifty years after the death of Gustavus III. In December, 1851, the Earl of Carlisle writes expressing his approval of the very neat form in which my father had printed certain of his lectures. In January, 1852, I find a letter from Mary Cowden Clarke, whose correspondence continued over a long series of years and who was held in very valued friendship. She is introducing to my father Mr. Robert Balmanno, whose association with the family continued for a series of years. Mr. Balmanno had interested himself in getting into shape a testimonial for Mrs. Clarke as the author of the <i>Concordance to Shakespeare</i>. He writes, in 1852, that the affair has occupied so much of his time and has caused him so much botheration that his wife (in view apparently both of his devotion to Mrs. Clarke and of some loss of temper) dubs him "Mrs. Clarke's testy-menial." Mrs. Clarke was a valued member of the Dickens amateur dramatic company, although her name is not included in the list of actors at the first performance previously referred to. In her volume of <i>Reminiscences</i>, printed, I believe, in 1896 (the year before her death), she refers to the weeks spent with this company during a tour through the Provinces as the most enjoyable she can remember	Mary Cowden Clarke

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Mrs. Clarke's Reminiscences	in her lifetime. The English testimonial was, it seems, duplicated by one emanating from her American admirers, the printed list for which includes some two hundred and fifty names. In bringing the matter to the attention of Mrs. Clarke's American friends, my father gave active help to Mr. Balmanno. The latter makes reference to the "subscriptions per Mr. Putnam's book." The American testimonial took the shape of a chair, which was made by M. W. King & Sons. As far back as 1836, (the year in which my father was making an early trip to Paris on behalf of the new firm of Wiley & Putnam) I find a note from Prince Czartoryski, with reference to some promised appointment. The Prince belonged to the Polish colony in Paris, most of the members of which might have described themselves as sojourning there "for the sake of their health." This means that in connection with their revolutionary proclivities it was not safe for them to be within reach of the Russian authorities. Thomas Dick, author of the <i>Christian Philosopher</i> and of a long series of other "moral and instructive" works, writes in January, 1845, from Dundee, concerning an arrangement for the American edition of his <i>Practical Astronomer</i>, which was at that time passing through the press. My father appears to have completed an arrangement for the author

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with the Harpers for the publication of the American edition. In August, 1838, Charles Dickens writes that he should be happy to contribute to the <i>Knickerbocker Magazine</i> (my father must have submitted some suggestion from the editor, Gaylord Clark), but that his existing engagements were going to call upon all his time for that year. He also acknowledges the receipt, for editorial mention in the <i>Household Words</i>, of a package of new American books. In July, 1846, Mary O. Pickering writes to Elizabeth Peabody, my father's cousin, an appreciative acknowledgment of some service that my father had rendered in behalf of her "father's just rights and literary reputation." Mr. Pickering had, it seems, died in May of the same year. She goes on to say, "it may be gratifying to Mr. Putnam to know that the course which he took in England in relation to the <i>Greek Lexicon</i> has met with the approbation of two of my father's most intimate friends, Mr. William H. Prescott and Professor Edward Robinson." It appears from a later letter that Mr. Pickering had found cause for annoyance at the use, without credit to himself, by certain British scholars, of the material in his <i>Greek Lexicon</i>. In the volume <i>American Facts</i> previously referred to, my father had printed a list of American books which had been "appropriated" in Great Britain, and in this list had	Charles Dickens

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Written "Appropriations" of American Material	included the Pickering <i>Lexicon</i> and the specification of the English work which had taken advantage of Mr. Pickering's labors. The editor of the latter, Professor George Dunbar, writes to Wiley & Putnam from Edinburgh, February 23, 1846, making some rather bitter reference to this statement in <i>American Facts</i>. He calls it "a calumnious paragraph," and in a printed letter which accompanied the written one (and which I do not find in the file) he appears to have thought it in order to defend the use of American literary material on the ground that one or more American States had "appropriated," through the repudiation of the interest on their bonds, moneys belonging to British citizens. The written letter received its own acknowledgment. The printed one was properly enough answered in print. I think it worth while to give the text of the reply in full as it shows the pains that my father had taken, first, to make his original statement accurate, and, second, to support it when attacked. It also indicates the difficulty that any American had at that time in making good a record for American fair dealing, in face of the dishonest treatment of their bondholders by the States of Pennsylvania, Minnesota, and Mississippi. My father is, of course, quite sound in his contention that the action of these State governments, indefensible as it was, did not

constitute a legitimate excuse for a theft by a British professor of the work done by a scholarly American.

"AMERICAN FACTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EDINBURGH EVENING POST" AND "SCOTTISH RECORD."

SIR: Will you kindly permit me to make one or two suggestions in reference to Professor Dunbar's letter to you, complaining of a paragraph in the volume entitled *American Facts*? I regret extremely that this paragraph should have given personal offence. It was not so intended; but simply as one of a series of instances, showing that omissions of proper credit for literary materials are not confined to the other side of the Atlantic.

Professor Dunbar remarks that his *first* edition did contain an acknowledgment of the use of Mr. Pickering's work, and intimates that therefore there was no necessity for a repetition of his name in the second. But, sir, is it not probable that many who possess the second edition might forget what was said in a preface several years ago? and more probable still, that many more who own the present work, never saw the first edition?

In reference to Professor Dunbar's intimation that Mr. Pickering could not feel aggrieved, he having acknowledged the receipt of a copy of the *Lexicon*, I beg to say, that Mr. Pickering himself, knowing that I had printed some statistical notes of this kind, voluntarily mentioned to me the substance of the paragraph in question, and complained of the circumstance as unjust to himself; and intimated also the propriety of mentioning this and other like cases in some way which would draw attention to the practice.

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"Appropriations"
of
American
Facts

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British "Appropriations"	For myself, not being learned in Greek lexicography, I do not presume to discuss its details, or the exact boundaries between originality and such compilation as should be credited to its sources; but the present case appears to stand thus: An author takes up a work which he finds contains materials furnished by himself; he refers to the preface; but although credit is there given to various authorities and aids, he finds no mention whatever of his own work, which has furnished its quota with the rest; he is told that a former volume published some years ago <i>did</i> give him credit; but would he naturally be contented with such a reply? An international arrangement as to copyright would prevent jealousies of this sort; as a young member of the trade in the United States, I have done my part in promoting this object. Meanwhile, American literature may most properly be levied upon as far as it goes, to return in part, the American obligations to Great Britain. American authors are gratified when they can do this; they have no objections to being enrolled among their British cousins in the London catalogue; they only ask, that what they do contribute may be properly credited on the right side of the account current. If this was always done, a larger amount would stand on that side than is usually supposed. I must beg leave to add that Professor Dunbar's "repudiating" remark seems to be sufficiently answered in his own letter. If he had taken the trouble to look further into <i>facts</i>, the learned Professor might have seen that his admitted failure to repay the interest due in this little account of borrowed Greek roots, is even far less unfair than his sneering imputation in regard to American debts; an imputation which has been stereotyped, but which



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Professor Dunbar has gone out of his way to endorse, by adroitly mixing it with an entirely different question. I am, Sir, &c., THE COMPILER OF "AMERICAN FACTS." LONDON, March 2, 1846. In June, 1840, Anna Maria Hall (Mrs. S. C. Hall) writes from "The Rosary" in acknowledgment of some "very charming publications" that my father had been so good as to send to the <i>Art Union</i>. Mrs. Hall gave active co-operation to her husband during a long series of years in the <i>Art Union</i> and in his other undertakings. My father has placed opposite Mrs. Hall's note an engraving of the lady in stipple, which fails, we trust, to do adequate justice to her attractiveness. Those who are interested in the art of engraving and in art productions generally may be well pleased that the age of stipple is passed. This first note is followed by a group of cordial letters from S. C. Hall, with whom my father had, during his sojourn in England and later in correspondence from New York, friendly relations extending over a long series of years. In May, 1845, Henry Howard, secretary of the Royal Academy, writes acknowledging the receipt through my father of pictures by certain American artists, which had been submitted for the Academy Exhibition and which, as I understand from the wording of the note, must have secured acceptance. The artists	Written "Appropriations"

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American Pictures in England	concerned were Inman, Durand, Edinonds, Ingham, and Cropsey. It is easy to understand that the works of the first two should have been fully up to the average Academy standard, but one would be naturally a little more doubtful concerning the productions of the other three. William Howitt writes in April, 1844, from Upper Clapton, giving thanks for a card of admission to "the Reading Room." This was probably the reception room that had been instituted by my father in Waterloo Place for the benefit of American and English friends interested in American literature. This note was the beginning of a pleasant association with Mr. Howitt and with the possibly better known Mary Howitt, his wife. The latter writes a few weeks later requesting that she may receive as early as convenient materials for the Memoirs of Daniel Webster and Mr. Bancroft. She is also hoping to secure through my father a portrait of Webster. She writes further: "I am greatly interested in the <i>Views Afoot</i> [by Bayard Taylor]. Much of the ground is so familiar to us and many of the persons mentioned in the works are well known to my husband and myself." Sometime in 1845 (the note is not dated), Mrs. Jameson (author of <i>Characteristics of Women</i>, etc.) writes in connection with some complication that had arisen between herself

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and her first publishers, Saunders & Ottley, about which she wanted my father's counsel. In March, 1855, I find letters from Dr. Kitto, whose name is well known in connection with the *Commentaries* and other works on biblical exegesis. He wishes to come into relations with certain American theological writers and judges that my father may be of service to him in this connection. It would have been quite interesting if my father should have felt called upon to differentiate for the benefit of the English editor the relative "soundness" of the theology of his American friends and correspondents. In May, 1850, Jenny Lind, at that time in New York under contract with Barnum, writes to thank my father (who is at this time well established in his first New York premises at 155 Broadway) for certain packages that he has had forwarded to her from his London office. She goes on to say that she owes him also "great acknowledgments for the Beautiful Books which you have so kindly presented to me. . . . I am, I assure you, more than appreciative of your splendid gift, which has afforded me very great enjoyment."

Jenny
Lind

The scrap-book contains next in order a printed programme, which is headed with a line in my father's script, "Memento of a memorable evening." The evening was the 11th of May, 1842; the occasion was the anniversary

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A Memorable Evening	of the Literary Fund; the formal entertainment was musical, comprising a series of songs by "eminent vocalists" and performances by the band of the Coldstream Guards. "His Royal Highness Prince Albert" was in the chair. The speakers included, in addition to the Prince (who is referred to as having spoken three times), the Duke of Cleveland, the Marquis of Northampton, the Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, Lord Colville, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Chevalier Bunsen (the Prussian Ambassador). My father speaks of having met during the evening in addition to some of the above speakers, Baron Brunow (the Russian Ambassador), the Lord Montague, Thomas Campbell, Henry Hallam, Lord Mahon, Thomas Moore, G. P. R. James, Roderick Murchison (the geologist), Sergeant Talfour (who had recently taken an active part in connection with the extension of copyright, Sir Robert Inglis, Washington Irving (who was at that time making his long sojourn in London and was publishing through Murray the <i>Sketch Book</i> and <i>Bracebridge Hall</i>) Lord Ashley, Sir Edward Knatchbull, and the Bishop of Gloucester. With so noteworthy a company, we may hope that the contributions of the evening to the Literary Fund proved eminently satisfactory. A letter dated December 13, 1844, coming from the office of the "Privy Council for

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Trade" and signed "MacGregor," serves as a reminder that at the date in question, Great Britain was still including in the series of dutiable articles, books and engravings, a policy which was, as we know, abandoned not very many years later. It appears that Wiley & Putnam were reprinting for English sale a work on weaving which had originated in the States. For this English edition they were importing impressions of the engravings. The duty on engravings was higher than that on books. They submitted the contention that as these engravings were imported solely for the use of this book and would constitute, therefore, a portion of the book, they ought not to be assessed at a higher rate of duty than that provided for books. Their contention was accepted and the duty as originally assessed was reduced. In January, 1839, there was some correspondence with John Martin in regard to certain designs that were required from him. Facing Mr. Martin's first letter in the scrap-book is one of his characteristic and gloomy views which gives the impression either that the creation had been not quite completed or that the impending day of judgment was bringing about a fresh condition of chaos. Mr. Martin's design is followed by a really attractive picture of Harriet Martineau, taken apparently when she was about thirty. The	British Duties on Books

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Barriet Martineau	lady is careful, in dating the note which follows it, to omit the year, so that I am not able to fix the age with precision. She writes to thank my father for a copy of a volume by Dr. Dewey, the Unitarian preacher who has previously been referred to as an old-time friend of the family. She speaks of liking particularly the Doctor's lecture on Moral Power. She makes reference to an article of hers in the forthcoming number of the <i>Westminster Review</i>, entitled the "Martyr Age of the United States." It will be remembered that in the early forties Miss Martineau was one of the most important of the regular contributors of the <i>Westminster Review</i>. Miss Martineau's portrait is followed by that of an individual of a very different type, the Reverend Henry Melvill, D.D. The engraving is made from a painting by Rand. The face is handsome, but gives the impression (possibly unjust) that the owner is fully conscious of the fact. He writes from the East India College of Hertford. Thomas Miller, basket-maker, poet, and essayist, writes on the 4th of June, 1842, asking for a remittance which is apparently not yet due. He says, "Oblige me with a check and you can take the odd shilling off for discount." The following month he has a similar request: "Friend Putnam, are you rich enough to pay £2,10.0 by taking half

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a crown off for the percentage? If you are, pray do it for I am as poor as a red Indian who has lost his hatchet and his arrows." I think we may assume that Mr. Miller received his payment by messenger.

The Honorable Charles A. Murray, Master of the Queen's Household, writes from Buckingham Palace in June, 1844, asking that he may have secured for him a copy of any periodical published in America in which had been printed a notice of his novel, *Prairie Bird*. He says:

I am not aware whether the book has found its way to the States or has been reprinted there, but if it has, I should be glad to learn what was thought of it by those who are nearer to the scenes of action and who on that account, at least, may easily be better judges than the generality of English readers, of the accuracy of its descriptions.

Mr. Murray writes as if he would have considered a reprint, that is to say an appropriation, of his story, as rather a compliment than a grievance.

The Honorable Miss Murray, who, with all the advantage of her position as "Maid of Honor to the Queen," had written one of the long series of volumes of travels in the United States, writes from Burgh Hall in Norfolk, in February, 1856, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the American edition of her book which had been issued by G. P. Putnam &

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spondence**

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Literary Corre- spondence	Co. She writes that her volume has been considered favorably by most of the British journals, but refers to a "very bitter review" in the <i>Times</i>. She goes on to say: I am convinced by internal evidence emanating from your side of the Atlantic, that one who is an acquaintance of yours as well as of mine has in return for my refusal to minister to his wish for popularity, taken this opportunity of being even with me. This was not either generous or wise because the adverse criticisms were so overdone as to excite a reaction in my favor. I have not sought approbation in either country but have simply told the truth as far as my judgment could discover it and I have been duly prepared for all the war of words which may be given. Miss Murray's assumption that because the London <i>Times</i> had reviewed her book adversely the reviewer must have been an American is rather curious. It was probably very rarely the case then, and, in fact, would be now, for the <i>Times</i> to admit into its columns reviews by any other than English writers. A note of a few months later makes special acknowledgment "of the honorable manner" in which the business of the American edition of her book has been conducted. The volume of European correspondence contains under the date of June 14, 1852, a letter written from Brooklyn. The letter has possibly been placed here on the ground of

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the nationality of the writer. It is worded with the elaborate language of modern Latinity:

A. D. de Pascual presents his kind compliments to Geo. P. Putnam, Esqre., and thanks him for his gentlemanly politeness and noble feelings, shown last Saturday in the arrangement of the printing of the work *The Two Fathers*. A. D. de Pascual begs Mr. Putnam to number him henceforth as one of his most warmest friends.

This author was apparently willing to take the risk of incurring everlasting friendship before he had completed his publishing experiences. It is probable that he did not belong to any authors' society.

The "Choice Library" of the early fifties would have been incomplete if it did not contain a set of the *Literary Antiquities* compiled by B. Nichols, and in fact the work has remained in some continued demand during the half-century since. Mr. Nichols writes in June, 1851, a long letter, in reply evidently to some inquiry from my father, giving information concerning Mrs. Barbara Charlotte Lenox, who was, it seems, the daughter of Lieutenant-General George Ramsey, who, early in the eighteenth century, had been Lieutenant-Governor of New York. Mr. Nichols goes on to present a list of the literary productions of Mrs. Lenox, who was, it seems, responsible for a very considerable number of memoirs,

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pondence

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The Precursor Society	literary studies, and local histories. Her books must have been pretty thoroughly forgotten, although Mr. Nichols is able to quote a very favorable opinion in regard to them from Samuel Johnson. Johnson speaks of meeting Mrs. Lenox at Garrick's and refers to the attractiveness of her conversation. The series of portraits include two prints of Mrs. Opie, the well-known author of Norwich. They are both taken from paintings of her husband. She writes a business note from Norwich, dated May, 1838. The face (as presented by her husband's favoring pencil) is certainly a most attractive one. In May, 1838, George P. Putnam, having paid his subscription of one shilling, was duly enrolled as a member of the Precursor Society. The object of the society was, as stated in the enrolment card, "to procure from the Imperial Parliament justice for Ireland." The printed statement of the society presents its objects and rules, which were as follows: I. The basis and first object of the Precursor Society is entire, cordial, devoted, and unchangeable Loyalty and Allegiance to her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, and to her Heirs and Successors forever. II. To place the Parliamentary Franchises and rights of voting of the British and Irish people on a footing of perfect equality, by communicating to the three divisions of the

- United Empire, all that is valuable and useful in the Franchises of each of such Divisions.
- III. To obtain an entire Reform of our Corporations, identical in every respect with the English Reform Act.
- IV. To obtain for Ireland a reasonable, just, and adequate proportion of Members in the United Parliament.
- V. To establish in Ireland, the principle which practically exists in England and Scotland, namely that the Majority of the Inhabitants should not be called upon to contribute in any way to the Temporalities of the Church of the Minority, and that the entire of the Tithe Rent Charge, or so much thereof as may be found just and reasonable, should be appropriated to purposes of Education or Charity or to other purposes of general utility; so that, however, no part of such Rent Charge, Minister's Money, or other Temporalities, should be capable of being allocated to the Clergy of any portion of the Irish people.
- VI. To establish the mode of Voting by Ballot throughout the United Kingdom, that being the only mode by which the Voters can safely and without temptation to crime, exercise the Elective Franchise.
- VII. To support every safe, prudent, and practicable extension of the Elective Franchise.
- VIII. The Precursor Society will also co-operate with the Reformers in obtaining a Shortening of the Duration of Parliament, so as not to exceed a duration of three years.

Of these several objects the greater number have been brought about during the sixty

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Elisée Réclus	years since the date of my father's membership. How far these reforms were due to the society, or how far the successful activity of the society may have been furthered by my father's shilling and co-operation, is not a matter of record. The object specified eighth in the list, the shortening of the duration of Parliament so as not to exceed a term of three years, does not seem to be any nearer accomplishment than in 1838. The placing of Irish voters on a footing with those of England in regard to Parliamentary representation has, according to present Parliamentary statistics, been somewhat overdone. It appears that when the next reform of Parliament is brought about, if the redistribution is made strictly according to the proportionate numbers of the constituencies, there must be a substantial reduction in the representation from Ireland. On the 20th of March, 1872, Elisée Réclus writes from Zurich to make special acknowledgment to my father for the part taken by him in helping to secure from President Thiers the remission of the sentence of banishment to New Caledonia which had been passed upon him after the fall of the Commune. The initiative in regard to the service referred to by Réclus had been taken by my sister Minnie, who had been during the larger part of her six years' sojourn in Paris an



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inmate of the Réclus family circle. The record of the serious peril to which Réclus was exposed in 1871 and of the manner in which it was avoided will be given later. In October, 1845, Sir Frederic Robinson presents his compliments to Mr. Putnam and requests information concerning histories of the State of New York. Sir Frederic had been a General in the British Army during the Revolutionary War, and in 1778 was a captive in the hands of General Putnam in the camp near Fishkill. At the time of the writing of this note he was over ninety-five years old, but was evidently still interested in pursuing his historical researches. Among the earlier of the friends made by my father in first taking up his residence in London in 1841 was a young lawyer named Henry E. Sylvester. Sylvester's family belonged in Beverly, Yorkshire, a town that was best known for its famous Minster, a structure which is larger than many of the cathedrals. Sylvester was a graduate of Cambridge University and had taken his law terms in London. He made sojourns in London later as a representative of the business interests of his father's law firm. He became intimate at the Knickerbocker Cottage, and was always spoken of by my father and mother with very cordial affection. The first letter of his that I find preserved bears date December 15, 1842,	Henry E. Sylvester

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Sergeant Talfourd	and covers four closely written quarto pages. In 1867, when I made my own first visit to England as a representative of the new firm of G. P. Putnam & Son, I went, under instructions, to Beverly and had a very pleasant sojourn in the house of my father's old friend, who was himself then the head of a very considerable family circle. Thomas Timpson, author of <i>A Key to the Bible</i>, <i>A Companion to the Bible</i>, and other works of biblical description and commentary, writes in March, 1845, asking for advice as to arrangements for the republication of his works in America. It would appear that the American demand was sufficiently met by the importation of copies. In March, 1846, my father records that he was duly elected a member of the Royal Botanical Society. I doubt whether his membership ever brought to him any large measure of botanical knowledge. The Botanical Gardens were, however, then as since one of the attractions of London, and membership was always a convenience, if only as giving the opportunity of securing tickets of admission for American visitors and other friends. A fine portrait of my father's old friend, Sergeant Talfourd, is connected with a group of letters beginning with one dated February 2, 1844. He is replying to an inquiry submitted by my father concerning the record of

the copyright bill introduced by him in 1837, and which (with some very material modifications) had been enacted in 1838. The changes of the bill were chiefly in the direction of a shortening of the term of copyright. The Sergeant had proposed a term similar to that of France, namely, the life of the author and thirty years. The opponents to the bill, headed by Macaulay, thought that the life of the author was quite sufficient. Macaulay's eloquence was sufficient to influence a House the majority of which had at best no very clear conceptions about literary property. The term as fixed in the act, covered forty-two years from the date of publication or the life of the author and seven years thereafter, whichever term might prove to be the longer. This portion of the copyright law of England has not yet (1899) been altered and English copyrights have, therefore, a shorter life than those of any state of Europe excepting Greece, where the term is fifteen years. The Monks-well Bill, at this time pending in the House of Lords, comes back to Sergeant Talfourd's suggestion, with a term covering the life of the author and thirty years. Talfourd apparently considered his copyright work as incidental and preferred to be known as a dramatist. His *Ion* had some fame at the time, but has failed to secure for itself a place in permanent literature.

**Sergeant
Talfourd
and Inter-
national
Copyright**

He writes again a few days later, presenting a specific opinion in regard to the status of a work by a foreign author which might be first published in Great Britain. He says:

I am happy to furnish any information which may in the smallest degree assist the endeavors of those who are laboring in the cause of literature and in justice. In my judgment, no further legislation is required on the part of England to secure to American authors the reciprocity which ought to accompany the acknowledgment by the United States of the rights of English authors. Before the passage of my Act on the subject of International Copyright, Lord Abinger decided in the case of *l'Almain vs. Barry* that a foreigner publishing his work in this country within a reasonable time after its first publication in the country of origin, acquired for himself or for his assignee copyright within the protection of the law of England. I believed this decision to be correct but, finding that doubts existed on the subject, I was desirous of setting these at rest by a declaratory clause in my own Bill. I therefore introduced the subject in my first speech in the House of Commons and presented a clause in the Bill to effect the object. When, however, the Bill was discussed in a later session, Mr. Powlett Thompson on the part of Government, requested me to leave that part of my scheme in the hands of Ministers who proposed to deal with it themselves. I acquiesced; and the result was the passing of an Act of "2 & 3 Victoria c 59" for securing "to authors in certain cases the benefit of International Copyright," whereby the Queen is empowered, by Order in Council, to direct that the authors of books published in

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foreign countries should have copyright in Great Britain in their works on registering these at Stationer's Hall. The object of this Act was to enable our Government to negotiate with foreign Powers on terms of reciprocity; and if, therefore, I am wrong in thinking that the Law now gives absolutely the right which the Act enables the Crown as a matter of bargain to confer, there can be no doubt that, upon the understanding that the copyright of English authors would be enjoyed in America, the benefits of this Act would be at once cordially extended to American authors. This Act assumes, it may be admitted, an opinion contrary to that of Lord Abinger as to the existing law, but it does not vary it and perhaps practically it is not material whether it was necessary or not, as there can be no doubt that it would be promptly and liberally enforced for the purpose for which it was created.

Heartily wishing success to your endeavors to do justice to the authors of both countries, I have the honor to be

Your obedient and faithful servant,

T. N. TALFOURD.

It may be mentioned here that in July, 1891, the Law Officers of the Crown, having been called upon in connection with the American Act of March, 1891, to give an opinion concerning the status at the time (under the Talfourd Act) of copyright in Great Britain for works of American authors, made a report which was in substance in accord with the opinion of Sergeant Talfourd.

A very faded photograph, which is, nevertheless, successful in presenting the charac-

**The
Report of
1891 on
the British
Copyright
Statute**

Literary
Corres-
pondence

teristic expression of a well-known face, precedes a letter written November 27, 1852, from the Clarendon Hotel in New York, by William M. Thackeray. Mr. Thackeray regrets that he is not in a position to accept the "very generous offer" made by G. P. Putnam & Co. for the republication of his lectures, as he has already arrived at an arrangement with the Harpers for the volume. The lectures were those on the "English Humorists of the 18th Century," which he had been giving in several of the eastern cities under the direction, if I remember rightly, of a lecturers' bureau. He closed his letter with the words: "For my own sake as well as for that of my literary brethren in England, I am sincerely rejoiced to find how very kindly the American publishers are disposed towards us."

A Russian traveller, who forwards to my father a line of introduction from Charles Sumner, Paul de Tchihatcheff, writes from Paris on May 16, 1845, asking for information concerning a long series of scientific works that he desires to add to his collection. I do not at this moment connect the name of the correspondent (and it is a name that one would be likely to remember in a catalogue) with any works of literature which have remained on record.

John Timbs, author of *A Year Book of*



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<i>Facts</i> and of a number of other useful compilations, finds occasion, from 1841 on, to make numerous applications to my father for facts connected with the Western Continent. He was at one time a reviewer for the <i>Illustrated London News</i>. He is writing in December, 1845, asking with some urgency for an early copy of <i>Fremont's Explorations</i>, for word concerning which the readers of the <i>News</i> are supposed to be anxiously waiting. The editor of the <i>Times</i>, writing in February, 1847, presents his compliments to Messrs. Wiley & Putnam and regrets that he will not have an opportunity, before the beginning of the Parliamentary session, of reviewing the narrative of the "United States Exploring Expedition." He is expecting, however, to take an early occasion to give full consideration to so valuable and interesting a work. The editors of the <i>Times</i> in later years do not take the trouble to apologize to publishers when reviews of their books have been delayed or overlooked. A full-length portrait of Charles S. Stratton of Bridgeport, known as "General Tom Thumb," reminds me that the "General" brought letters of introduction to my father from some common friends. Before he had become a personage of world-wide importance, and while the arrangements were in train for his exhibitions in London, he was more	General Tom Thumb

**General
Tom
Thumb**

than once a guest at Knickerbocker Cottage. I think I can remember (unless I am confusing my memory with the accounts given to me later) one occasion on which the "General" took tea in our nursery with my sister Minnie and myself. He had a doll's table placed in the middle of our nursery tea-table and, sitting in his own chair, he was in convenient position for talking with us youngsters. I remember (or I was told) that he had plenty to say. His conversational abilities (he was at this time twelve years old) were undoubtedly being well cultivated by Mr. Barnum. My father has recorded under this picture (it is in the uniform of Napoleon Bonaparte) that the "General" was at this time twenty-five inches high and weighed fifteen pounds. We saw him some years later in Barnum's Museum in New York, when was a very "big" man indeed, although he had added but an inch or two to his stature.

T. Adolphus Trollope, a young brother of the better known Anthony Trollope and himself also an author of distinction, writes from Florence in March, 1844, to assure my father that he has no responsibility for a book entitled *The Miseries of London*, the authorship of which had been connected with his name.

A writer of much wider fame, or at least notoriety, Martin Farquhar Tupper, writes in

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December, 1845, from Guilford in regard to a certain "Critique on Poe," which is to appear in next Saturday's *Gazette*, and the authorship of which he wishes to make clear as his own. He says further that he has in preparation a complete edition of his best poems, and wants to know whether this will suit for my father's series. I do not remember that any volume of Tupper's poems was issued with the imprint of Wiley & Putnam, although they included in their *Library of Choice Reading* an edition of the *Proverbial Philosophy*. In a note written a few weeks later, Mr. Tupper makes reference to this edition as having been authorized by him and asks for some copies of the second printing (with some corrections that he forwards) to be sent to him in England. If Wiley & Putnam could have secured the entire sales in the States for the *Proverbial Philosophy* they would have had in their hands a very good piece of property indeed. It is probable that between 1840 and 1860 a larger number of copies of the *Proverbial Philosophy* were sold in the United States, in all the editions, authorized as well as unauthorized, than of any single volume by any other English author. Mr. Tupper's "Philosophy" certainly met the requirements of a very large portion of the readers of his generation. Tupper writes again on the 23d of December, acknowledg-

The
Author of
"Proverb-
ial
Philoso-
phy"

Tupper on
"American
Facts"

ing a copy of father's *American Facts*. He says:

I have just finished the book which has at once delighted and instructed me. It is a pleasure to be able so warmly to commend it as in all sincerity I can and do. To praise a man to his face is but a clumsy courtesy and, therefore, I will spare your modesty respecting the mere manner of the work, however creditable to you; but its matter is one that without offence I may dwell on in honest approbation. You have stated in a pleasant, just, and temperate spirit "Facts" which may well make you proud of your native land, and Facts which may render the philanthropists of every shore your debtors. I regret, and for years have regretted, the many pointed insults offered to America by a certain forward race amongst us; my only astonishment has been that they are so warmly and sensitively taken up; it has always appeared to me that you might well afford to laugh at or neglect them. Not but that there is something generous in your acknowledged "thin-skinnishness." America, like a right-hearted youth, earnestly though secretly looks to parental England for praise in doing well, and the fraud of praise withheld, or worse, perverted into censure, is an aching disappointment. Apathy would argue disrespect and disaffection; these be far from you, and far from us, as towards each other. You have by no means over-rated the popular ignorance of all that concerns your New World amongst us; but we have one really fair excuse in mitigation, to wit, your very newness. Ten years ago, haply, Cincinnati was not; possibly ten years hence, you may have an enormous Timbuctoo with a hundred churches in the middle of Missouri. My old country house was built when

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New York and New Orleans were swamp and forest, and you know how philosophically suitable to the veneration of such creatures of change and chance as we are, is the magic of antiquity. If your Athens, somewhere in Arkansas, was all built of Parthenons and Acropolises, still it never could attain one thousandth part of the glory of the Attic town with one. Old time makes all the difference. Our ignorance then is not merely that we cannot keep pace with the race of your prosperities, but that on archæological principles, we even feel an inward disinclination to believe the "facts" unseen. After all said, call each other what we may, America and England are one people; language, laws, religion, literature, identity of origin and history,—goodness here are ties enow; moreover you are not black, nor we cannibals. For my own part, I boast myself a genuine Anglo-Saxon; in 1550, the Emperor Charles Vth complimented my direct ancestor in the tenth generation by expelling him from Germany for Protestantism; so that, whilst I dearly love England and her institutions, I claim to be a bit of a Cosmopolite. Therefore, as one of the great Anglo-Saxon family, I have sympathy with you as brethren; and if ever my good star sent me to visit you over the Atlantic, my verdict (I am clear) would be far other and truer than that of Dickens, Trollope, and the like.	Tupper on America
I am scribbling this at midnight somewhat loosely, and egotistically too, I fear; but as I perceive you to be a man of sense and feeling, I am sure you will not take my note amiss. Mr. Willis and yourself are the only Americans I have personally encountered; and you make me respect your country. [The compliment to my father had in my judgment been greater if he had not been associated with so light weight a traveller as N. P. Willis.]	

**Tupper
on
America**

With reference to your literature, it may interest your patriotism to be told that Moses Stuart and Dr. Robinson taught me my little Hebrew, that Abbott helped my early Christian course, that I found Anthon a vast improvement on the old classical Lemprière, and that "Peter Parley" now instructs my children.

Having prosed sufficiently, and not as yet having thanked you for the book itself (which therefore I now do) I remain

My dear Sir,

Very faithfully Yours,

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

Mr. Tupper came to be a very frequent correspondent, and letters, partly personal and partly connected with his increasing business interests in the States, have been preserved through the four or five succeeding years. A poem, bearing date November, 1847, is included with the correspondence. It is entitled, "Martin F. Tupper to America." He writes: "I have just written off at a heat this brace of sonnets and, thinking that some among your kindly people may possibly be pleased with them, I venture to propose their insertion in your *Literary World*, or elsewhere." They are unfortunately not as good as one might wish to receive from an Englishman who was so sympathetically intelligent in regard to America and to Americans.

Dr. F. H. Ungewitter, who became well known in later years as an historian and stat-

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istician, writes from Berlin in May, 1857. He heads his letter a little curiously, "Berlin in Prussia"; since 1866 our friends in Berlin have been ready to assume "that the world of Barbarians would know where their city was and of what dominion it was the capital." He writes to give his approbation for a review in the *Monthly* of his recent book on Australia. He speaks of having in preparation a fourth revised book of his great work on "all parts and countries of the world." He is also working over the revised edition of *Europe, Past and Present*. This last-named book was published, under arrangement with the author, by G. P. Putnam & Co.

William Upcott has two portraits in the scrap-book, which are followed by a note bearing date April 11, 1840. He complains that my father has sent him no word since his return to the States respecting his collection of autographs. It would appear as if he had been expecting to secure through my father's aid an American purchaser for the series. He is also asking for service from American friends and correspondents in collecting for him play-bills, prints, and other curiosities which may fit into his collection. Alaric A. Watts writes from Berners Street in February, 1847, asking my father to do him the favor to procure him a copy of the American edition

Literary
Corre-
spondence

**Professor
A. L. B.
Wolff**

of the poem by his friend Praed. He says, naturally enough, that he thinks that the American publisher (who had apparently issued the book without any authorization or arrangement) might have favored him with a copy. A portrait of David Wilkie, engraved from the painting by Beechey, gives a very pleasant impression both of the artist's face and temperament. It is followed by a print of one of his earlier pictures. He writes a line regretting that he is not able to meet a request from some correspondent of Wiley & Putnam for an opportunity to purchase one of his pictures. He regrets that he has at the time no picture that is not ordered or already disposed of. He speaks of being particularly complimented, however, at receiving such a request "from so distant a part of the world." Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, who is known to the world through his knowledge of the ancient Egyptians, writes in October, 1845, thanking Wiley & Putnam for sending him the *Transactions of the American Ethnological Society*.

In May, 1837, Professor A. L. B. Wolff, of the University of Jena, writes offering for use in any periodicals for which my father may believe them to be suitable, a series of monographs or papers on the following subjects: (1) "Characteristics of Living German Poets whom I have Known Personally"; (2) "Travelling Sketches of Germany, Manners,

Customs, etc."; (3) "Relative to Myself and Humdrastically Told—Reports of German Literary News"; (4) "Sketches of Life in Weimar at the Time of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, etc., Written down from Oral Communications of Contemporaries."

I find a check against the fourth title, as if my father had thought this subject to be the most promising of the list. I am not sure whether or not this was the Dr. Wolff who later distinguished himself in connection with theories as to the non-existence of Homer as an individual.

Sir Thomas Wyse, M.P., is presented in an attractive portrait engraved from the painting by Duppa, which is followed by a group of letters written during 1837. He makes acknowledgment in one of these letters for a copy of the *New York Review* (with other American publications) and expresses his appreciation of an article devoted in some complimentary manner to himself. He protests that he is not yet deserving of the kind remarks of his American friends, but will endeavor to merit their commendation by his future labors. He goes on to say:

The United States as a sister nation, must at all times have an especial influence on our social and moral conditions. I rejoice to find her on this question true to her fame for the advancement and improvement of human civilization. I trust that

Mr
Thomas
Wyse

Thomas
Young, Jr.

your exertions in the same cause, the diffusion of science and literature, will meet the success they merit and by the establishment of the medium of communication in the matter of literature and of general information you will be enabled to make both countries better acquainted with their respective productions. I know no means better calculated to create mutual respect or draw closer together those ties of sympathy, and good feeling (never stronger than when arising from moral causes) which ought always to unite Great Britain and America. If I can aid in forwarding the project I will —

Unfortunately the fragment of letter comes to a close, the last sheet being missing.

The last letter in this European scrap-book bears date April 20, 1843. It is written from Walworth by Thomas Young, Junior, and has reference to his book, *Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore*, for an edition of which he is hoping to secure arrangement. "Central America," Mr. Young says, "is increasing in importance and in the estimation of all countries; and any work relating to it, if properly brought out must inevitably succeed." I have the impression that Mr. Young's volume on the *Mosquito Shore* was later issued in New York. I do not think, however, that even he succeeded in making the Mosquito Coast an attractive resort for Americans.



VI

BEGINNINGS OF THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS
IN NEW YORK

MY father selected as his first place of business a shop at 155 Broadway. This portion of Broadway was at that time very much the centre of the business life of the city, and was not very distant from the more fashionable resident district. Barnum's Museum was established on the corner of Ann Street, where later the first *Herald* building had its site. The Astor House had been built in the earlier forties and was the most noteworthy hotel at that time in the city. The New York Hotel, on the corner of Prince Street, was quietly fashionable, although it was considered to be rather far up-town for business convenience. The old resident houses in Houston Street, Bleecker Street, and McDougal Street were still occupied by some of the "first families," although ventures were already being made

*Beginning
Business
in New
York*

New York
in 1848

with building on the district known as Murray Hill, previously occupied with country residences. Columbia College occupied a little park of its own, adjoining the beautiful green of the New York Hospital, and stretching down to the west towards the river. Standing on Broadway at the corner of Pearl Street, one could look through the trees of the hospital grounds and of the college grounds to the waters of the river, with no city building to break the outlook. The college property was sold in '54 or '55, or was put into the shape of ground leases, and College Place runs across what was once the centre of the campus. The hospital grounds retained their green sward and trees until after the Civil War.

The Broadway shop did not contain any very great amount of space, but the stock that first came into it could hardly have filled it satisfactorily. The business receipts for the first year or two depended chiefly on the sale of books and periodicals imported from London. My father's knowledge of the London market and his connections with the British publishers had given him a certain advantage over the competing importing houses in New York, which, in part at least, compensated for his lack of capital. The beginning of his business as an independent publisher may be credited, however, to his good fortune and good judgment in coming into relations with

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Washington Irving, and in arranging to reprint the books of Irving, which had heretofore been issued in Philadelphia, with the privilege of adding to these such later publications as Irving might put into shape. Irving returned to New York from his ministry to Spain in the same year in which my father was beginning his independent business. He had been appointed Minister by the Democratic administration of Mr. Polk, and with the successes of the Whigs in the election of Zachary Taylor in November, 1848, his Ministry (according to the usual rotation in office) came to an end. He was at that time sixty-five years of age. His earlier writings, which included the *Knickerbocker*, the *Sketch Book*, *Alhambra*, *Columbus*, etc., had secured for him on both sides of the Atlantic literary fame and a fair commercial return. During the four years of his second sojourn in Spain, however, the public interest in his books had lessened so that his American publishers, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, had not felt encouraged to keep the books in the market, and had, in fact, for two years or more allowed them to go out of print altogether.

Irving had been treated not only justly but liberally by his London publishers, John Murray and Richard Bentley, and the payments that came to him from England had, during

Washington
Irving

**Irving's
Publishing
Relations**

the earlier years at least, been more important than those which were secured through his Philadelphia sales. After the departure of Irving from London, however, the authorized editions of his books had been interfered with by the competing "piracy" issues of Bohn. Murray and Bentley became discouraged in the litigation that ensued for the protection of their own books, and finally abandoned the contest and left the "pirate" Bohn in possession of the field. This brought to a close the receipts to the author from his English sales.

Irving had not been able to understand through the correspondence that reached him at Madrid just what was happening with his books in Philadelphia; and had supposed in any case that he would have no difficulty when again at home in making satisfactory business arrangements which would bring his books into renewed sale. It was, therefore, a bitter disappointment to be met on his arrival with the confirmation of the decision given to him some months back by the Philadelphia house, that in their judgment the demand for his writings had ceased and that there would be no profit to either author or publishers in making further attempts to keep the books in the market.

My father had had, while in England, an opportunity of coming to know Mr. Irving

and had found himself keenly interested in the character of the man. It is possible that this personal interest had something to do with his confidence in the continued value of Irving's writings. With the memory of the continued popularity secured for these in England, both in the original authorized (and rather costly editions) of Murray and in the later cheaper issues in the Bohn Library, he was not a little surprised that the American publishers should have decided to abandon them as of no continued value. It was his own belief that the later generation would be prepared to accept these books as belonging to the classic literature of America and of the English-speaking world. With this conviction, he wrote, early in 1848, to Mr. Irving proposing to undertake the reprinting of all of the books at that time in existence, and suggesting that some of these could possibly be revised to advantage in such manner as to warrant their being announced as new editions. There were probably no plates in existence, the Philadelphia publishers having apparently followed the English routine of printing from type. It is quite possible that it was this detail which stood in the way of the issue of further editions by the Philadelphia house. If the books could have been reprinted from plates, it is probable that Carey, Lea & Blanchard would have been prepared

**Putnam
and
Irving**

Arrangements with
Irving

to meet the wishes of their old-time friend and author by striking off small impressions of the books and making the fresh experiment upon which he had set his heart as to their continued interest for the readers of the day. Such reissue involved, of course, a much larger expenditure and risk when it called for the resetting of the type for fifteen or sixteen volumes. Under the former plan, a sale of five hundred or even of two hundred and fifty sets would have repaid the outlay of the publishers. If the type, however, were to be reset, the undertaking would have probably brought loss instead of profit if the demand had not called for at least one thousand sets.

In any case, the new publisher would have been hampered in undertaking to utilize the plates of the earlier editions, which had not been issued in any uniformity of style, and which were not up to the typographical standard of 1848. The proposition to Mr. Irving included, in addition to the payment of a royalty on all copies sold, a guaranty of payment on account of such royalty, for the first year of one thousand, for the second of two thousand, and for the third year of three thousand dollars. There was the further suggestion that Mr. Irving had probably brought back with him from Spain material or plans for additional works and that it would be very desirable, in announcing the revised editions of

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these earlier books, to make announcement also of new volumes on fresh subjects. At the time Irving received this letter, he had taken a desk in the office of his brother, John Treat Irving, who was a well-known lawyer, and who had been of service to his younger brother forty years earlier when the latter was beginning his work at the New York Bar. The present John Treat Irving (I am writing in 1898), the only surviving nephew of Washington Irving, has told me more than once of the pleasurable excitement with which his uncle read this letter to his father. "There is no necessity, John," said Washington, as he kicked over the desk in front of him, "of my bothering further with the law. Here is a fool of a publisher going to give me a thousand dollars a year for doing nothing." A contract was promptly completed on the basis of the proposition submitted by my father, and there remains only to be added (in this business matter, at least, my father's judgment was well founded) that the guaranty specified never came into effect, the royalties of each year having been in excess of the minimum amount that was to have been paid. It was also the case that between 1848 and 1859, the year of Irving's death, the author did some of his most noteworthy work, his new productions including	"A Fool of a Pub- lisher"

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Scott on Irving's "Knicker- bocker"	the <i>Life of Goldsmith</i>, the studies of the West such as <i>Astoria</i> and <i>Bonneville</i>, and the <i>Life, of Washington</i>. The appreciative word given by Scott concerning Irving's <i>Knickerbocker</i>, although written thirty-five years earlier, may conveniently be inserted here: ABBOTSFORD, April 23, 1813. MY DEAR SIR: I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece, but I must own that, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. Scott and two ladies who are our guests and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think too there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irving takes pen in hand again for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness. Believe me, dear Sir, Your obliged and humble servant, WALTER SCOTT. WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

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Encouraged by the confidence shown in the commercial value of his writings by his new publisher, and encouraged further by the tangible results of the first two years' sales of the revised editions, Irving instituted for himself a home on the Hudson at the southern end of Tarrytown. He had brought over from Holland some Dutch tiles which had caught his fancy, and with the tiles a model of a Dutch homestead, and Sunnyside, as finally completed, was a representation as close as was practicable under the circumstances of an artistic Dutch country seat.

Sunnyside

The following letters, while bearing date a year or more back, will serve to bring into the narrative another author who in like manner became a valued friend,—Bayard Taylor. Taylor's works found place in the first catalogue of G. P. Putnam, and, half a century later, are still catalogued and sold by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PHOENIXVILLE, PA., DEC. 21, 1847.

MR. PUTNAM.

MY DEAR SIR:

You will have received by the time this reaches you, the copies of *Views Afoot*, which Mr. Wiley forwarded to you from New York. I have at length succeeded in laying the record of my long wanderings (the difficulties of which you partly know) before the Public, and I think from the rapid sale the work has already had here, you will have no cause to repent the bargain. Within two weeks it has gone

Bayard
Taylor

off so rapidly that I presume the first edition must be nearly, if not quite disposed of. . . .

With many thanks for your kindness to me while in England, I remain,

Yours very truly,

J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

A year later, Bayard Taylor, who had come to be regarded as one of the nearer friends, writes from Pennsylvania to report that he has decided to "burn his ships," leaving behind the country printing-office, and seeking his fortune in New York as a journalist and man of letters.

PHŒNIXVILLE, PA., NOV. 11, 1848.

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

The thing is settled at last. Just as soon as I can wind up or sell out the establishment, I shall pack up my household goods and take the way to New York. I am glad enough, I assure you, at this delivery from the drudgery and obscurity of a country printing-office. Besides, the offers made to me in New York, to begin with, are the most congenial to my own desires that could have been made. I suppose Hoffman and Griswold have mentioned them to you, and I need not repeat them.

Your note was most welcome. I am glad the *Autumn Thought* answered your purpose, and do not think it will be at all "scandalized" in company with J. Q. Adams and Orville Dewey. I feel very much cheered and encouraged by the letters I have received from New York, and so confident do I feel in the success of my plans, that I have determined to dispose of this establishment at a loss rather than miss this golden opportunity. To be



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sure, this alternative is not very agreeable to one who started upon nothing; but if industry and perseverance are worth anything in New York I hope soon to be even with the world. . . . But the boys at the office are wanting copy by this time—and I must conclude by asking you to give the enclosed note to Hoffman. Please present my regards to Mrs. Putnam, and to the noisy children who disturbed you when you last wrote to me. Ever faithfully yours, J. BAYARD TAYLOR. My father had met young Taylor in London in 1846, after the completion of the series of tramps across the continent described in <i>Views Afoot</i>. Taylor had landed in London from Germany with a few shillings in his pocket, and, having been disappointed in the non-arrival of some remittances which he had expected from the New York <i>Tribune</i> (for which he was one of the first European correspondents), he was looking about London in search of work. He had completed his time in Pennsylvania as an apprentice in a printing-office and was, I believe, a fairly well trained compositor. He secured temporary work once or twice in a London printing-office, but in each case the boss was compelled by the union controlling the office to discharge the young American intruder. Passing down Waterloo Place, Taylor's eye was caught by the words on my father's sign, "American Agency."	Bayard Taylor London

Taylor's
"Views
Afoot"

He made his way to my father's office and stated his difficulty. Some clerical work was found for him (it is to be borne in mind that he wrote an exquisite script), and he was tided over the immediate difficulty. My father, in listening to the account of his "tramps," decided that the traveller had material for a popular book, and, as a result of their conversations, an arrangement was made for the publication of *Views Afoot*. This was issued in New York in the following year and proved an immediate success. During the first four or five years some fifty thousand copies were sold, and at this date, half a century later, the book is still in demand. In his later years, when Taylor had made his way into the circle of poets and was particularly ambitious to go down to posterity as a philosopher and poet, he was disposed to be rather ashamed of his earlier travel narratives. He disliked particularly to be referred to as the "great American traveller." It is, nevertheless, the case that his philosophical poetry not only failed to secure for itself any large measure of appreciation during the poet's lifetime, but that it has since his death been almost entirely lost sight of. The volumes that have retained vitality and have kept Taylor's name in the list of American authors have been the despised travel narratives, of which *Views Afoot* and *Eldorado*, the two ear-

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liest, are also the two best, and a volume of criticisms of German literature reshaped from the columns of the *Tribune*. There was also a very satisfactory immediate success for five novels, beginning with *Hannah Thurston*. These retained their hold upon the public for a number of years, but are not likely to be classed with permanent American literature. The *Eldorado* was the result of a trip made by Taylor as correspondent of the *Tribune* to California in 1849, just after the beginning of the excitement caused by the gold discoveries. Taylor was a good observer, combining the all-important qualities of accuracy of statement with piquancy and dramatic touch in presentation. The letters to the *Tribune* were a decided success, as printed in the paper, and when revised for book publication they brought the author into a renewed prestige on both sides of the Atlantic and gave to the American and the English public by far the most trustworthy pictures as yet presented of the new community on the Pacific coast. *Eldorado* was published in 1849. It was followed in the succeeding ten years with nine more volumes of narratives, the result of journeys taken by Taylor to Africa, Arabia, Asia, Scandinavia, Germany again, Russia, etc. It was during one of these later journeys that Taylor met in Gotha the lady who became his second wife, and who is at this time

"The
Great
American
Traveller"

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Taylor's Marriage	(1898) still living. Taylor had had, while quite a young man, a brief married experience that lasted less than a year, his young wife (who was an invalid when he married her) having died within a few months after the marriage. The present Mrs. Taylor is the daughter of the astronomer, Hansen, who had charge of the Ducal Observatory of Gotha, and who had won for himself an honorable position among the scientists of Germany. Taylor used to remark that he had journeyed twice around the world for a wife and had been so directed as to find the right woman at almost the point of departure. The catalogue of the first year included a third name which has remained known in literature,—that of Edgar A. Poe. Poe also had come to be known by my father during his sojourn in London, and it was in London that had been printed as a separate sketch the narrative of a seaman of Nantucket. It was probably in 1847 that Poe, who had been introduced to my father as a man of letters or a journalist, brought into his office in Waterloo Place a manuscript which had, as he related, been sent to him by some friends in Nantucket, and which purported to be the journal of a Nantucket seaman who had gone out in one of the whalers on a trip to the Arctic seas. The seaman had never returned, but, according to Poe's story, the manuscript containing

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the account of his last journey had in some fashion made its way back to his Nantucket home. It was sent to London rather than to New York for the reason that in 1847, in connection with the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, there was a very wide-spread public interest in all matters relating to the Arctic regions. My father began the reading of the seaman's narrative and found himself not a little impressed with it. The literary style was in accordance with what might have been expected from an intelligent New Englander who, while without any experience in writing, knew how to describe in a simple and graphic fashion what he had seen. The readers who are familiar with the story as now printed in Poe's Works will remember that through two thirds of the narrative the record proceeds quietly enough, the incidents being no more exceptional than might naturally have been looked for during such a voyage as was described. It seems that my father was interrupted in his reading, but, judging that in any case the sketch was well worth bringing into print and would be likely in the present tendency of English interest to attract public attention, he sent it to the printers. It was not until he read in one of the critical journals of the time a rather sharp reference to the "methods of Yankee publishers" that he took time to examine the closing

**Edgar A.
Poe**

**Edgar A.
Poe**

pages of the "narrative of Gordon Pym, seaman, from Nantucket." It will be remembered that the last words in the manuscript described the drawing of the vessel into the whirl of a great vortex supposed to be situated at the Pole, and the account ends with some such words as, "And we are going down, down, down." There is no reference to the coming up again of either the author or any of his companions, and it was naturally difficult to understand how this very curious narrative had made its way back to Nantucket and from Nantucket to London. Mr. Poe had been paid for his story some money, which was, he said, very much needed by the widow of the unfortunate seaman who was left alone in Nantucket.

My father does not record having had any opportunity of receiving from the versatile author any explanation of the matter, but Poe must have secured forgiveness in some way, because in 1848 he was a visitor at the Broadway office, where he was putting into shape what he described as the great discovery of the age.

He came into the office one afternoon in the half-intoxicated condition in which, if I understand the record of his life, much of his literary work had been done. He demanded a desk, pen, ink, and paper. "Oh, Mr. Putnam," he said, "you do not yet realize how

important is the work that I am here bringing to completion. I have solved the secret of the universe." He wrote furiously during the hours of daylight that remained, until the time came for my father to take his boat for Staten Island. The author was then turned over to the care of the book-keeper and remained writing until the book-keeper also had departed for home. The porter had patience for a little time longer and then, more interested in the plans for his own supper than in the secrets of the universe, put the poet out notwithstanding protests. The next day the performance was repeated on practically the same lines. On the third day, the completed manuscript was brought by the poet to the publisher's desk and was handed over with most glowing prophecies as to the revolution that was to be brought about in the conceptions of mankind.

Mr. Putnam [said Poe, his eye with fine frenzy rolling], here is a revelation that will make fame for myself and fortune for my publisher. The world has been waiting for it. To me has come as an inspiration a conception that has not yet been reached by scientific investigators. For such a result the name *Eureka* is certainly fitting. I judge that you ought to make your first edition not less than one million copies. You would not wish to have a reading public on both sides of the Atlantic in a state of irritation because copies could not be secured.

Poe's
"Eureka"

Poe's
"Eureka"

My father took the manuscript (which, as was the case with even the most intoxicated effusions of Poe, was in a beautiful and very legible script), and found himself impressed with the eloquence of the fantasy, but not quite so clear in his mind as to its importance as a scientific discovery. His views of the immediate demand from the public were, in any case, not fully up to the expectations of the author. He printed of *Eureka* a first edition of 750 copies, and a year later at least a third of these copies were still on hand. The essay will now be found in its place with the other prose writings of Poe.

I am not sufficiently familiar with the chronology of astronomical investigation to know at just what date the nebular hypothesis originated. It is probable, however, that Poe, who was not a student of astronomy, could have known little or nothing of the results secured by Herschel and others, even if these results were at the time in print. He may fairly, therefore, be entitled to the credit of having secured in some inspirational fashion of his own a conception expressed by him as a fantasy, which did happen to be in line with the results of scientific investigation.

Here is a Poe document that can be termed characteristic, and which is properly to be connected with the history of *Eureka*:

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Received of George P. Putnam Fourteen Dollars, money loaned, to be repaid out of the proceeds of the Copyright of my work entitled *Eureka, a Prose Poem*; and I hereby engage, in case the sales of said work do not cover the expenses, according to the account rendered by said Putnam in January, 1849, to repay the said amount of Fourteen Dollars and I also engage not to ask or apply for any other loans or advances from said Putnam in any way, and to wait until January, 1849, for the statement of account as above, before making any demand whatever.

EDGAR A. POE.

NEW YORK, May, 1848.

Witnesses,

MARIA CLEMUR.

MARIE LOUISE SHAW.

A noteworthy publication of the first year's business of the new publishing concern was Lowell's *Fable for Critics*. The young writer, who had already made a reputation for himself as critic, poet, and "reformer" in the literary world of which Boston was the centre, thought this production (to which he preferred not to attach his name) could be brought before the world to better advantage outside of Boston. The poem was, therefore, sent to New York, and was very promptly accepted by my father, whose name fortunately could without difficulty be worked into the famous rhymed title-page.

Reader, walk up at once (it will soon be too late),
And buy, at a perfectly ruinous rate,

The
"Fable
for
Critics"

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The "Fable for Critics"	A Fable for Critics; or better I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike, An old-fashioned title-page, such as presents A tabular view of the volume's contents: A glance at a few of our literary progenies (Mrs. Malaprop's word) from the tub of Diogenes; A vocal and musical medley, that is A series of jokes by a wonderful quiz, Who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, Full of spirit and grace, on the top of the tub. Set forth in October, the twenty-first day, In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway. The title-page of the Boston edition, issued in 1891, reads simply a <i>Fable for Critics</i>, by James Russell Lowell, with vignette portraits of the authors <i>de quibus fabula narratur</i>. A later edition of the <i>Fable</i> was issued in 1850, when the publishing office had been moved to 10 Park Place. Through some oversight in the book-making department, the printer was permitted, without referring the matter to the publisher, to place on the bottom of the title-page the new address. As a result, the title-page of this later edition (copies of which are scarcer than those of the first) does not end with a proper rhyme. The poem achieved an immediate success, and no little enterprise was displayed by the critics of Boston as well as of New York in the attempt to identify the clever author whose lines gave evidence of such varied knowledge

of literary circles of the country and were characterized by so much wit, incisive analysis, and cleverness of prophecy. In reading the satire half a century after its production, one can but be struck at the substantial accuracy with which, in a few lines, the young journalist had touched off not only the essential characteristics of the younger and older writers of the time as shown by their printed productions, but also the probable final value of their contributions to thought and to literature. Lowell's criticisms and estimate of comparative authors for the group of American writers here associated together have stood the test of time. Another feature of the satire which impresses itself upon the reader is its lightness of touch and its thorough good nature. In the early half of the century, critical literature on both sides of the Atlantic tended to fierceness. Invectives were sharper and more bitter than would to-day be considered good form even for political controversies. The touches in Lowell's lines are, however, given not with the smash of the bludgeon, but with the point of the rapier. Could Emerson be described in one line more effectively than in the words:

A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders?

The summary of Willis, who at that time seemed to some of his contemporaries to be

Lowell's
Literary
Prophecies

Lowell's
Picture of
Parker

a dominating force in the literature, if not of the country, at least of New York reads:

There 's Willis, all natty and jaunty and gay.

Who ought to let Scripture alone—'t is self-slaughter,

For nobody likes inspiration-and-water.

His wit running up as Canary ran down
The topmost bright bubble on the wave of the Town.

It is certainly venturesome for the young Bostonian to dismiss the influential editor as a passing bubble, but the opinion of the half-century has fairly justified the conclusion.

The analysis of Parker is strongly appreciative:

The Orson of parsons
Who was So-(ultra)-cinian, he shocked the Socinians.

But he turned up his nose at their mumming and shamming
And cared (shall I say) not a d—— for their damning;

But in one thing, 't is clear, he has faith, namely Parker.

The picture of Bryant can hardly be termed warmly appreciative:

There 's Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified
As a smooth silent iceberg, that never is ignifed

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Save when by reflection 't is kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern
Lights.

**Fenimore
Cooper**

That of Hawthorne shows recognition:

There is Hawthorne with genius so shrinking and
rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there.

At this time Hawthorne had come before the
world with only the first group of sketches
issued under the title of *Mosses from an Old
Manse*.

Here 's Cooper, who 's written six volumes to show
He 's as good as a lord; well, let 's grant that he 's
so.

But he need take no pains to convince us he 's not
(As his enemies say) the American Scott.

Cooper's completed works comprise thirty-
two volumes, so that at the time when Lowell
wrote he had only made a beginning with his
long series of romances of the woods and seas,
intermingled with galling sermons on the lack
of manners on the part of his fellow-country-
men.

There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby
Rudge,
Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge!
Who has written some things quite the best of their
kind,

Holmes
and
Halleck

But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by
the mind.

What Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine
brain,

You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.

And you 'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserv-
ing

A name neither English nor Yankee—just Irving.

There 's Holmes, who is matchless among you for
wit;

A Leyden jar always full charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit. . . .

His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fine feeling, or spiced with satyric.

There goes Halleck, whose Fanny 's a pseudo Don
Juan,

With the wickedness out that gave salt to the true
one.

More than this, he 's a very great poet, I am told,
And has had his works published in crimson and
gold.

In order to preserve the anonymous charac-
ter of his descriptions, the poet included his
own name in the list of the scribblers of whom
he was making fun:

There is Lowell who 's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bundle of isms tied together with
rhyme.

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He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.

Publications of
1848

The quotations from this delightful series of genial descriptions of the literary workers of their day could be continued throughout the whole poem. I have thought it worth while to bring in this little selection of pictures at least to recall to mind the character of the literary circle in which this small poem of Lowell's was accepted fifty years ago. I do not know at just what time the authorship of the *Fable* became known, but I should judge that that would have been a convenient season for the young Bostonian to have betaken himself (as he certainly did a little later) to the Maine woods.

The catalogue of 1848 includes among other names that of George Borrow. The *Lavengro*, described in this list as an "autobiography," was published by my father in that year in co-operation with his old friend and London neighbor, John Murray the second (Byron's Murray). John Murray the third was at that time beginning to take hold of business operations in Albemarle Street. In 1899, in co-operation with John Murray the fourth, G. P. Putnam's Sons are publishing, in connection with the long-delayed *Life of Borrow*, the revised editions of the *Lavengro* and of the

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Publications of 1848-49	<i>Bible in Spain.</i> The Putnam imprint was also associated this year with seven of the volumes of Fenimore Cooper, described as a "new edition," with Carlyle's <i>Past and Present</i> and the <i>Letters and Speeches of Cromwell</i>, published in connection with John Chapman of London; and also with the poems and prose sketches of Thomas Hood, the <i>Songs and Ballads</i> of William Howitt, the <i>Stories from the Italian Poets</i> of Leigh Hunt, and the <i>Biographia Literaria</i> of Coleridge. The names of the American authors include Dr. Bethune, a noted pulpit orator of the day; George H. Calvert of Newport, author of <i>The Gentleman</i>; Professor Dana of Yale, who had made himself one of the scientific authorities of the country; Downing, the landscape gardener; Dr. Hawks, Rector of Calvary Church, one of the more fashionable parishes of the city; Catherine Sedgwick, whose <i>Clarence</i> and <i>Redwood</i> were ranked with noteworthy American fiction; and Dr. Mayo, whose <i>Kaloolah</i>, the precursor of much romantic fiction, won for itself an immediate success. The English names included further, Dr. Layard, the record of whose explorations in the ruins of Nineveh and of Babylon was published in co-operation with Murray; and Kinglake, not yet known as the historian of the Crimean War, but as the writer of the wonderful Oriental narrative, <i>Eothen</i>, which, fifty years

later, is still being called for in fresh editions. The selection of the publications of the year can be closed with *The World's Progress*, by G. P. Putnam, a revised and enlarged edition of the manual of chronology which had originally been issued in 1832, during the years of my father's apprenticeship.

The following "proposal," the original of which, in Mr. Cooper's own script, I find in the scrap-book, is doubtless to be connected with the seven volumes of Cooper's works which are recorded in the catalogues of 1849 and 1850:

FENIMORE COOPER TO G. P. PUTNAM.

1849. 3 O'Clock Saturday.

PROPOSAL.

Mr. C. will sell to Mr. P. the right to publish the six books for three years from the 1st Jan., 1850, on the following terms, viz.:—

Mr. C. to be paid \$1200. for the three sets of plates already made, by notes and in hand, as follows: *Spy* being paid for, Mr. P. is to pay for that plate by renewing the notes due 1st and 4th Dec., and 1st and 4th Jan. next, each for \$200., at four and five months from March 1st, 1850, or at seven and eight months from 1st Dec. last. This will be substantially using Mr. C.'s money, as now earned, leaving the bargain for the new novel much as it originally stood, transferring the day of publication to March. Of course Mr. P. will take up his note due Jan. 1st and 4th, as he has done with those before due.

For *Pilot*, already published, Mr. P. can give a note at four months (\$600.) to pay for plates.

Cooper and
Putnam

**Family
Details**

For *Red Rover*, the same, by a note for six months, or seven months, if the time be an object.

For these three books Mr. P. to give a note at six months for \$300—copy money, or \$100. a book.

For the remaining three books which will be stereotyped by Mr. P. at his cost, a note for \$100. to be given for each, at a month from the respective publication.

At the end of the term, or Jan. 1st, 1853, the plates to become the property of Mr. C.

No other rights to be granted except to print cheap editions from the old plates as is now done. Think of this and meet me to-morrow at six, instead of this evening, as I have an engagement I had overlooked.

While the list of publications was, notwithstanding difficulties on the ground of want of capital, steadily increasing, the family circle was also being added to. The fourth child, and the second boy in the family, was born in the house at Stapleton on the 17th of July, 1847. He was named John Bishop, after the husband of my mother's sister.

My sister Minnie and myself were at that time receiving at home such education as was considered necessary for young people of our age, and, in fact, it was not until she was twelve and I was ten that we had any outside schooling. During these earlier years the little mother took upon herself the responsibility for our intellectual development, as well as for our moral training. As Minnie remarks, such an undertaking on the part of

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a young and comparatively untrained woman was a noteworthy piece of enterprise and for the time something very exceptional.

The housekeeping in the semi-detached cottage was modest enough, but my father did not permit his pleasure in hospitality to be restricted by the necessary limitations of the home. It is my memory (a memory based naturally on accounts given later) that from Sunday to Sunday, and occasionally also in between Sundays, guests were brought to the home either for the evening or for the night.

The bay at Stapleton below the hill slope on top of which now stands the hospital was in 1850 a place of quiet resort. A number of family bathing-houses adorned the beach, and we youngsters were permitted to take swimming lessons in the more or less sheltered water. This range of shore has for many years been entirely devoted to commercial purposes, and would not to-day look attractive to any exacting bather.

I recall one occasion which was considered noteworthy among the social events of the time. A performance of *The Rivals* was given at my father's house by a company of skilled amateurs. Some considerable preparation was made for the event, preparation which included the building of a stage in the back parlor, and the consequent interruption for

Disseminations of
Stapleton

Disappa-
ritions of
Stapleton

a week or more of the routine in the household. The youngsters of the family were on their part quite willing to accept their share of the inconvenience in connection with the fun of having the carpenters at work and of being permitted on the eventful night to get a corner peep at the performance. The part of the heroine, Lydia Languish, was taken by Miss Julia Clinch, who was, I think, considered one of the belles of the Staten Island society of the time. The rôle of Captain Absolute was carried out with no little genial swagger by Mr. William Hutchings, who was one of my mother's Boston cousins. The performance itself was chronicled as in every way successful. The evening wound up in what might be called a blaze of glory, as the house caught fire just after the curtain had gone down for the last time. The fire was fortunately brought under control with the dismantling of a small portion of the basement.

STATEN ISLAND 1851.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF SHERIDAN'S COMEDY
OF
"THE RIVALS"

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Mr. Field.
Captain Absolute.....	Mr. Hutchings (William).
Faulkland.....	Mr. Dunning (Doctor).
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Mr. Parke Godwin.
Acres.....	Mr. Olmsted (Frederick Law).

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Fay.....Mr. W. Emerson, Jr.
 Coachman.....Mr. Field.
 David.....Mr. W. Emerson, Jr.
 Boy.....Master H. Emerson (John Haven).
 Lydia Languish.....Miss J. Clinch.
 Julia.....Miss Pritchard.
 Mrs. Malaprop.....Miss Errington.
 Lucy.....Miss G. Errington.

Visitors at
Stapleton

Among the visitors of these earlier years was William Talboys, who was the son of an Oxford bookseller, an old-time acquaintance of my father's, and who, in emigrating to the States to seek his fortune, was consigned to my father. He was a clever, graceful, pleasure-seeking youngster, who had shown no readiness to take hold of what seemed to him to be the rather narrow interests of the Oxford book-shop, and who had come to New York with the impression, not infrequent among the Englishmen of the day, that the new country presented magnificent opportunities for securing speedy fortunes with little labor. He took temporary work in my father's publishing office, but the two men were not well suited for each other, and Talboys evidently found it difficult to tie himself to a desk. Later he experimented in the world of finance, setting up as a broker in Wall Street, where he made and lost several fortunes.

A visitor of a very different kind was the little Swedish author, Miss Bremer, who

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Frederika Bremer	brought letters of introduction to my father from an old correspondent in Stockholm. I remember her as a graceful little woman with bright eyes, gray hair, and a genial smile and with attractively broken English. She had brought with her very little money, having the impression that by means of "lecture-talks" about life in Sweden and through the sale of American editions of her books (books which had made a very substantial success in Sweden) she could not only pay her expenses, but ought to be able to take back some proceeds to her Swedish home. She remained with us for some weeks while my father was busying himself in arranging for the lectures and in planning for the American editions of her books. The first lectures were a success, but some other more exciting lecturers engaged the attention of the public, and Miss Bremer found, after visits to Boston and Philadelphia, that it would not be wise to attempt to interest, in her quiet narratives and pictures of rural life, the kind of audiences to be found in the western cities. The first two books, also, <i>The Home</i> and <i>The Neighbors</i>, started off with a satisfactory demand, a demand that was, of course, furthered by the preliminary interest in the lectures. Some unauthorized editions were, however, at once announced, and it was evident that, with the comparatively limited market of the time,

there could hardly be a profitable sale for more than one edition, and that if piracy issues were placed upon the market at the lower price that was possible for books not making any payment to the author, the authorized editions would speedily be pushed out of sale.

The most important competition was that threatened by the Harpers, who had announced in their magazine that they had cheaper editions in preparation. My father decided to take Miss Bremer with him to call upon the magnates in Franklin Square, in the hope that the four Methodist brothers might be sufficiently interested in the personality of the author to be prepared to abandon a plan which was likely to bring to her serious disappointment. Miss Bremer was very courteously received by Mr. Fletcher Harper, who was the most active of the four, and was given an opportunity of examining the printing-office and the other details of an establishment which was at that time the most important of its class in the country. She was then taken down to her carriage and my father returned for a last word with Mr. Harper. "Do you not think, Mr. Harper," said my father, "bearing in mind that the little lady's sojourn in this country is dependent upon the receipts from her books, and that she has come over here trusting to American hospitality and to American good faith,

**Miss
Bremer
and the
Harpers**

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The Harpers in 1850-60	that it might be in order for you to withdraw your announcement of those competing editions?" "Mr. Putnam," said the good Methodist, "courtesy is courtesy and business is business." The competing editions came into the market within a few weeks. The receipts from the authorized editions were necessarily curtailed, and the poor little lady returned to Stockholm with pleasant memories of some American friends, but not a little disappointed at the final results of her invasion of the States. It would be impossible to give any sketch having to do with the publishing operations between 1848 and 1860 without making an occasional reference of this kind to the theories under which the Harpers of the first generation carried on their own publishing undertakings, theories which, however annoying to some of their neighbors, were certainly serviceable in helping to build up a largely remunerative business. I should wish to make clear, however, that I am speaking of individuals and not of the House of Harper as a whole. The old-time methods of publishing by "appropriation," methods practised by other concerns than the Harpers, but in which, through their business capacity, their literary insight, and their large resources, they were easily the leaders, have during the past

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half-century been changed very much for the better. The present House of Harper, now (1898) in control of members of a third and also of a fourth generation, maintains the highest standards of publishing comity and of publishing ethics, and the present representatives of the House of Putnam have more than once had reason to be fully appreciative of the value of friendly service and friendly courtesy extended by the managers of the Franklin Square concern. A visitor who came a little later to the Stapleton cottage was Susan Warner, whose <i>nom de plume</i> of Susan Wetherell was soon to become known in the world of letters. She presented a very different personality from that of the little lady from Stockholm. I remember her—of course with memories of a later date—as about six feet in height, and I have in mind a picture of an exceedingly long neck as constituting a considerable division of the total length. A long head on top of the neck seemed to be too heavy to be held up straight, so that there was always a bowing or swaying motion which at times gave the impression of an affectation of graciousness. She was really a very simple-natured and true-hearted woman ; an earnest Christian, who believed in utilizing whatever power had been given to her for extending the influence of applied Christianity. Her experience had	Susan Warner

**Susan
Warner**

been rather limited so far as knowledge of the world was concerned. She had been brought up in a quiet village not far from Ballston Springs, and excepting for an occasional and very brief visit to New York, she could hardly, at the time she began the writing of her books, have seen anything whatsoever of the world of society. An exception should possibly be made to this statement on the ground that Ballston Springs, which was the Saratoga of the time, did have occasion to receive at certain months of the year social leaders and political leaders from different parts of the country; but I judge from my memory of Miss Warner's words (I am speaking, of course, of a very much later date when I was old enough to have a personal interest in talk of the kind) that even in her visits to Ballston, her views of the piazza life of the hotel of the day must have been very much from the outside. She had also a horror of the usual social routine which was followed in the Ballston circles. Dancing was in her mind a wickedness, cards an invention of the evil one, and conversation on lighter subjects rather a serious risk tending to frivolities and involving a waste of the time that had been given by the Lord for important service.

Her sister Anna, who came to Stapleton on one of the later visits, was of a more genial nature and somewhat less assured in her convic-

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tions and theories about the universe. It was possible for her to hold beliefs of her own and at the same time to admit the possibility of there being grounds for very different beliefs on the part of other people. Anna had less intellectual force than Susan, but greater powers of perception. She made friends more easily and, while deferring to the judgment of her older sister, she really possessed a much larger measure of common sense. I speak of Anna Warner in the past tense because my personal memories of her date back to earlier years. She is still living, however, in this year (1898), making her home during the summer in the old homestead on Constitution Island opposite West Point, and during the winter in quarters within the military establishment. There she has long been a privileged resident and visitor. For many years she has worked with the cadets, who in successive classes have come to honor her for persistent, faithful, and loving service in their behalf. She has carried on a Bible class for successive groups of the young soldiers, and by means of this class has come into intimate and friendly relations with a large proportion of the students. Reference will be made later to the literary productions of Susan Warner and to the less important volumes produced by her sister.

Through the kind thoughtfulness of Anna

**Anna
Warner**

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Susan Warner's Description of the Putnam Family	Warner I am able to insert here extracts from certain letters written by her sister Susan during the latter's visit to the home of her publisher. STATEN ISLAND, Sept. 15, 1850. I was introduced in due form, as you have doubtless heard, to my host and hostess, and established in one of the two arm-chairs behind the screen in the great bookstore to await the time when we might walk down to Whitehall to take the one o'clock boat for Staten Island. Little Minnie Putnam was introduced to me as, I believe, the lady who had written <i>Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard</i>, but I did n't rush into explanations at the very first burst. Mr. Putnam showed me a beautiful illustrated copy of <i>Rural Hours</i>, exquisite birds and pretty flowers, but I would have given more general illustrations. He also showed me some <i>papier-maché</i> covers for the same work, adorned very handsomely with mother-of-pearl wreaths of flowers, all different. That book has taken very well, is n't it odd? Then I turned over the leaves of a most splendid <i>Pilgrim's Progress</i>, which Mr. Putnam has secured as a present from England. Full of illustrations, beautifully done, in all but the mind's part, so on the whole to my taste poor. Mr. P. had left us, after showing me a bunch of proofs, and telling me if I was tired of waiting there, I might amuse myself with them. Not <i>there</i>, many thanks to him. I sat looking over the <i>Pilgrim's Progress</i>, too much out of my latitude to enjoy it, and sometimes exchanging a few words with Mrs. Putnam. By and by appeared Mr. Putnam, who surprised me greatly by saying to me that he had been so fortunate as to secure a ticket for me for Jenny Lind's Concert that evening, and he could only get such and such a

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place, but it was the last ticket to be had. Mrs. Putnam then and afterwards expressed great pleasure that he had succeeded; she had been afraid they would have to do a rude thing, go off and leave me alone. I assured her I should not have taken it so. But I have heard tell of such a thing being done, have n't you? "I am so pleased Mr. Putnam got that ticket," Mrs. Putnam repeated when we were in the boat. "I am so pleased you are pleased," I rejoined. It was handsomely done was n't it? By the time we reached the Island, I was somewhat disordered, by fatigue and excitement I suppose, head and stomach a little unsettled. I could have wished Jenny's Concert had been another day. My traps, which were to come by the express, had not come; it was a very warm day, and I was decidedly tired of my boots. Dinner made me a little better, and then, nicely established in the little library (not as big as ours, Annie) with a glass door and the beautiful bay at my left hand, I fell to correcting proofs. But I was unsettled yet, and was fain to lean my head on my hand, and as best I might, to try to keep myself in order. My box did not come (it came afterwards) before it was time to set off for the city again; so I had to go in merino and bonnet, instead of silk and hood, which would have been preferable. I was too uncomfortable on the way to do much more than sit and nurse myself, keeping as quiet as I could. We went on the five o'clock boat, the next one being rather too late for convenience. My acquaintance was claimed by a lady or two on board, who seemed intimate with Mrs. Putnam, and when Mrs. B—or B—mentioned her former name of Miss A—, I recollected her perfectly well. Of her sister, still a Miss A—, I confess I had no knowledge, past or otherwise, though she said she knew me. They are cousins of Mrs. M.

Susan Warner

**Jenny
Lind's
Concert**

As the concert began at eight, judge what a waiting we had in the concert room. If I had been well, it would not have mattered, but I was not well, and my patience was tried. It was very warm, and it is, I should think, a difficult matter in the best of times to keep anything like thorough ventilation in a room where there is such an assemblage of human beings,—a difficulty rather increased, I presume on the present occasion by the fact that the openings in the roof were occupied by spectators, who looked down and waved handkerchiefs from there, instead of permitting the air to wave to our relief. As a necessary consequence of the manner in which the seats were sold, our places were not together. I was entirely by myself, except when Mr. Putnam, who had what is called a promenade ticket, came to see me. I did not care for that; the audience was very well behaved, and the gentleman at my left belonged to a large party of ladies and gentlemen before me, so I was at ease. I had an excellent position for seeing, except as to distance. I could not distinguish features. But, on the whole, I was very well satisfied with my situation, or I should have been had I been well, but I was under the balcony, it was warm, it was close, I had that unsettled condition of body which puts an edge upon disagreeableness, and some of the people beside and before me would stand up,—how they smothered me! After we had sat there a great while, the gentleman at my right asked the gentleman at my left what o'clock it was—22 minutes past seven. And all that more than a half hour yet to wait! Well!

One or two of the large party who were, as I told you, my neighbors, made themselves exceedingly busy! "There 's this one," and "There 's that one," etc., etc. They seemed to know a good many peo-

ple, they had nice little pink merino and satin party cloaks, and plenty of opera glasses among them. N. B. They never offered me one, which I really think they might, seeing that I was a peaceable, well-disposed person, and evidently entirely alone, but perhaps I am extravagant in my notions of politeness. My right-hand neighbor was considerate, for he offered after a while to exchange seats with me, that I might, as he said, be next a lady. I declined. He was an easy young man that; he borrowed the Programme of me, and once or twice an opera glass from one of the aforesaid large party.

At last came the overture which was something; then came Signore Belletti, who was nothing (nothing but the leading of the type), and then Jenny Lind. Well, what shall I say? Imagine the clearest, sweetest, loveliest notes of the Æolian harp, utterance like the gurgling of water, and compass power, when she chose, that seemed so to speak unlimited. Once in a duet where Belletti pretends to be giving her a singing lesson, she made a trill of marvellous length and beauty,—his response was a sort of grunted "Oh!" of wonder, and how they clapped. They cheered her, they shouted for her, they flung flowers at her. It was something to see. What will you say if I tell you that the most moving part of the whole exhibition was her manner? What will you think if I tell you that her manner of courtesying more than once brought tears to my eyes? I don't very much wonder, such a sea of human heads you never looked upon. Mr. Putnam estimated them at 2,500, the largest concert perhaps yet, and to see such an assemblage collected to do involuntary homage to the talent and character of one poor woman. I should think if she had much feeling it might move her. I never saw anyone

Jenny
Lind

Mrs.
Putnam

courtesying so before. It seemed as if she could not get low enough; she bowed her head almost or quite to her knees; it seemed to my fancy as if a certain feeling of humility, the sense of gratitude and the desire of acknowledgment were laboring to express themselves. They did express themselves to me. Her face is extremely good as I know from an engraving here, which is certified to be like her, a very noble fine expression of countenance. She gave us the echo song. Oh Annie! what can words say?

The fresh air was very pleasant after it all. I came home, feeling by the time I reached it, very much better than when I set out, and having talked away at a rate during the sail to Mr. Putnam, who, as I afterwards found out, was very tired, and so it is to be feared not in condition to appreciate my loquacity.

Mrs. Putnam is, I judge, a superior woman. I should think from the little I have seen, a woman of fine temper and fine sense. She has a lovely family of children, five little ones, intelligent, lively and happy, and her manner with them I like very exceedingly. I think she is uncommonly nice. English, and with English nicety of appreciativeness for table, toilet, etc. Her sister, Mrs. Bishop, was praising the whole concern to me this morning; a happy family she says, and I should think so. To-night we have had company,—three Miss Rynds or Rands and their brother, and Mrs. Bishop, and to-morrow, if nothing happens, the same party are to meet again at the house of the latter lady. There is a very nice piano, much at my service, and plenty of nice music too, my style, and lots of books. Mrs. Putnam has lent me Bulwer's *Caxtons* to bring home to read when we are painting. She praises it very highly.

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At dinner, the first day, talking about obstinacy or some other thing, Minnie remarked to her mother that it said in *Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard* that a colt is a remarkably independent young animal. "You see you are quoted, Miss Warner," said Mrs. Putnam. "Not I," said I,—“my sister.” “Your sister?” So I have indicated your separate identity as an author, which I presume was a point by no means clear before. It will be a wonder if I escape without getting some rubs of suspicion in a place like here, things do so go from mouth to mouth. Now here is Mrs. Bishop—she has been here these two nights and mornings, and has heard me speak of work I had been doing before breakfast, and has asked twice “what work,” and been answered by Mrs. Putnam, “writing,” and by me that I was getting something ready to go by Mr. P. What she thinks or knows I am ignorant, but last night she was asking me if I had seen Mr. James. I told her I had been living on a desert island.

Miss
Warner at
Stapleton

Saturday, 28th.

No letter from you yet. I shall look for one to-night. Thursday was a day of rain, we could not go to Mrs. Bishop's. In the morning Mrs. Putnam was busy with her little school, as usual, and I with my own affairs of one kind and another. In the afternoon, I sewed on my muslins, and Mrs. Putnam read aloud, a curious French story of Toepfer's. She read in French and though I could not understand it all, I liked it very well. Mr. Putnam comes home to a late tea, and after tea I correct proofs at the centre table; Mrs. P. working or reading, and Mr. P. reading or sleeping. Minnie and Haven, the eldest boy and girl, dine with us, but none of the children appear at breakfast or tea. I like that

The
Putnam
Family

very well, I must say. What possibility of conversation is there at a table where four or five children are to be attended to? Yesterday was another day of clouds. We went to our French book again in the afternoon. You ought to see the handfuls of papers, periodicals, and new books with which Mr. Putnam comes home in the evening. "A sight for sair e'en," sure enough.

This is a very happy family. I have rarely seen one that pleased me so much. Mrs. Putnam is a jewel of a wife and mother. It is a pleasure to see the perfect affection and good humor between the heads of the family, and the very nice management and education of the fine intelligent children. Minnie is very intelligent. Mrs. Putnam does not seem to consider her children a burdensome charge; she is a very great contrast to Mrs. S. You should see her in the morning at the table with two or three of the oldest ones, for a long time instructing them in French, English, arithmetic, general knowledge, music, and other things, I don't know exactly what, so patiently, so pleasantly, and intelligently, so firmly. And you should have seen the baby brought down to show me this morning, after her bath of cold water, with only something thrown over her coming down and going upstairs. Mrs. S. would have thought it in a fair way of being killed.

I forgot to tell you that the very day I came one of the children brought away from the store *Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard*. They had had it once before, but it had been taken back to the store again. Yesterday at dinner we were speaking of Harry and Lucy. "Mamam," said Minnie, "when are we going to have the story of Ellen?" "What is that?" thought I. "That is Miss Warner's story," said Mrs. Putnam, and went on to say that they had

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read a chapter of it aloud in the family, "about the little black girl." I explained that that entire interesting relation had been expunged from the book. Mrs. Putnam declared that was too bad. In Minnie's opinion "that was real bad." Mrs. Putnam, however, said she had heard Mr. Putnam say that the size of a book has so much to do with its success.

To-day is very fine, and Mrs. Putnam has gone to the City, whither business called her, after very kindly apologizing to me.

I have been walking on the piazza for exercise this morning, then having a good practice, then writing, and just now dining, all by myself alone, off a whole joint and an unbroken pudding however. Do you know there are very few people I should as well like to see at the Island as this same Mrs. Putnam. Oh! she asked me the other day at dinner,—I had casually mentioned you,—she asked if you were like me! I laughed and told her "you were an improved edition of me in every respect." She laughed, and presently said "That is funny."

Monday, 30th.

Saturday night brought me your little note—too little, you had not yet heard from me. And the tone of it, or some thing in it, struck me rather sadly. Perhaps it was that with my happy facility I had forgotten the set of feelings we carry about with us at home, or partly forgotten them. As to your little work, you must not be in the slightest discouraged—were you? The approbation of the New York Appleton's Reader is pretty good guarantee that somebody else will be found to approve it, in good time. I had to wait, and so will you, for your first

Miss
Warner's
Impres-
sions

venture, and we ought to know better by this time than to despond because of any involuntary delays.

Wednesday, 2nd.

Yesterday after breakfast, that is after Mrs. Putnam and I had finished discussing oysters and peaches and milk toast to matters of conversation, for Mr. Putnam had to run to the boat, while she went to her school, I busied myself in one thing and another as usual; walking in the yard and finally writing to you, during which last occupation Mrs. P. came in and proposed, as she had to go to the City for a few matters for baby, that I should go with her. I demurred and declined at first, but she rather pressed it, saying the sail would do me good, and Mr. Putnam would look all askew if she came there again and left me at home. The afternoon was lovely, and I privately concluded I had better spend my two shillings; so I dressed and we had dinner, and at three o'clock took the boat. New York was a dismal crowd. We went into John Street, some distance up Broadway, as far as Ryder's, and then having finished our shopping returned to Mr. Putnam's office, as they call it, where we had an hour to wait and rest before it would be time to go down to take the 6 1-2 o'clock boat. So there we sat, Mrs. Putnam and I, in the two arm-chairs in the snugery, somewhat shielded but not entirely from the rest of the store. Do you conceive how odd it was to think of, Annie? I behind the scenes, as it were at home in that big bookstore, now turning over the last number of *Harper*, now gazing at a little copy of the Greek slave under a glass shade on the corner of the desk, and sometimes passing down the store, observing the clerks, and enjoying the novelty. Mr. Putnam asked one of the clerks, or bookmen, if he thought Mr. Ehninger's work, which lay by,

would sell? He said he should think not. My dear, it is illustrations of Hood's *Bridge of Sighs*, in a series of half a dozen etchings, designed to tell the whole story from long before where Hood takes it up. Fame, I think, and he rather paints the material than the ideal of the piece, to my fancy.

Of Irving's *Sketch Book*, Mr. P. has sold ten or twelve thousand; there was not a copy left in the store last night. We staid at last till Mrs. Putnam was afraid of being left,—it was the last boat and we had to rush down to Whitehall; three or four minutes to spare after all. The Castle Garden chimes were playing *Old Hundred* beautifully as we crossed the Battery. The sail down was most beautiful. The sun, at that hour, was some time down, you know, and along the western horizon was a hue of very rich deep orange, melting presently into clear light blue, and above it hung the evening star, as bright as possible; against this sky every shadow so deeply defined upon the clear distance which yet was dim enough to throw them out well. And on the other side lay the City, with its gleaming lights, the Dipper was overhead, and under the North Star the Aurora Borealis began to shoot up. We four, for little Haven was of the party, sat alone just at the end of the boat, Mrs. Putnam and I admiring, and Mr. Putnam singing songs, in the most comfortable manner, only the wind blew rather too fresh. Then tea, peaches, and proofs, during which last Mr. Jacques came in and smoked a cigar; but I went resolutely on with my work. Up this morning again long before light, so that I finished a thorough toilet by the time I could see to work. Got to the end of my proofs just by breakfast.

I can do ten pages in the morning before I have to go downstairs, not much more. I am now in the 13th chapter, only there. At this rate, it cannot be

The
Statens
Island
Ferry

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"The Wide Wide World"	ended in a fortnight. I wish I had some other place to go to at that time, till it be finished. If your wits can hit upon anything, help me. You understand, I wish to have if possible an agreeable impression. Don't you believe, but don't tell father for fear he should speak of it in the store, they are stereotyping this? Something Mr. P. was saying this morning led Mrs. Putnam to ask the question, and I understood him to answer in the affirmative. Now he has not read it himself, I know, for he has told me as much. I wonder if he stereotypes everything, or nearly everything? I think perhaps I shall just speak my difficulty frankly to Mrs. Putnam and ask her to find out, as she can, whether it will best please Mr. Putnam to have the last of the proofs sent up to me at West Point, or that I should stay to finish them here. She is a person to understand frankness and sense. I like and admire her very much. I don't want father to say anything to Mr. P. about it. Write me instantly if you have anything to suggest and send me a dollar or two. I am a very inoffensive guest, as a guest can be. I spend all the morning, pretty much in my own room, except when I am walking in the yard. I do not choose to run any risk of embarrassing the school with my presence. Then after dinner, I go to dress, and more or less early in the afternoon we meet to spend the rest of the day together. Yesterday towards evening, we took a pleasant little walk. I have been amusing myself with Miss Sedgwick's <i>Clarence</i> and <i>Redwood</i>, dismally poor. Mrs. Putnam says she does not see where Miss Sedgwick got her fame. We agree upon almost all subjects we talk upon. Mr. Putnam is a character, one of your quiet, self possessed, self reliant, self respecting,

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substantial business men, very fond of his business, his wife says, but not sordidly so; very fond also of the arts, she says, one of those who steadily keep their eye upon their aim, and without any noise and in spite of hindrances, pursue and attain it. And there is in both of them such a union of self-respect with absence of pretension. Worth a hundred fashionables. Minnie took occasion to say to me the other day that she liked *Robinson Crusoe's Farm-yard* very much. She is a very intelligent child. She says people say she will be an author.

I am disposed to go to the Rynds. Mrs. Putnam has gone,—she explained to me that their rooms are so small, it would be best for us not all to go to tea, and so I am to follow by and by with Mr. Putnam, provided no "if" stands in the way; after pouring out tea for him. This arrangement suits me very well. This afternoon Mrs. Putnam has been reading aloud again in our queer French book, *Le bibliotheque de mon oncle*, while I have been knitting, beginning a shirt for baby in split zephyr wool. Mrs. P. is on another and as it is a longish job, she is glad of my help. . . . The printers complained that I put in points, and wanted absolutely to have the rest of the manuscript revised with a view to its punctuation. Mr. Putnam remarked to me that my father and I were not of a mind on this subject, referred to what father had said to him, and told me what the printer said. I made representations. A day after Mr. Putnam happened to be in the printing office, and this matter came up again. Mr. P. insisted on comparing a page of the manuscript with the corrected proof. It was done, and he said in every instance where I had stricken out a point, the point was not in the copy. So the compositors were called up, reprimanded for aught I know, and instructed to follow copy. . . . I

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Warner's
Proofs



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Bayard Taylor and Jenny Lind	spoke to Mrs. Putnam frankly this morning, as I hinted I should, and I am at ease. Her reply was calculated to make me so. She says I am not at all in the way (indeed it is impossible for a stranger to be less so) and that my companionship is pleasant to her, etc. That there was so much annoyance with Mr. Irving's proofs, though they were taken charge of by a friend. So I resolve myself quietly to be like the Yankee's mill, and I have a great deal that is very agreeable in my way of life here. . . . There were 700 competitions for the prize for the Jenny Lind song. When told of this, Jenny, according to Mr. Putnam, lifted up hands and eyes, exclaiming "Then there will be six hundred and ninety-nine disappointed." Epes Sargent was one of the six hundred and ninety-nine, and has been making a fool of himself since the decision, trying to get it in some sort reversed or counterparted. Mr. Putnam was on the committee. He has heard Jenny every single time she has sung here. The successful poet is Taylor,—the young man who travelled over Europe on foot, having but \$150. to set out with; you have heard Mrs. S. speak of him; she has his travels, or had them. . . . Mrs. Bishop is, I think, nothing in comparison with her sister. Mrs. Putnam is a handsome, lively, agreeable little woman as you will wish to see. . . . Mr. Putnam was our best player, really performing admirably. 



VII

PUBLISHING UNDERTAKINGS

AMONG the literary men of a somewhat older generation whose counsel was utilized by the young publisher in collecting literary material was Evert A. Duyckinck. Mr. Duyckinck belonged, as his name gives evidence, to one of the old Dutch families of the city. He had from an early year devoted himself to literature, being particularly interested in criticism and in editorial work. He had begun for Wiley & Putnam, and continued for G. P. Putnam, the editing of a series entitled the *Library of Choice Reading*. I have been able to secure for my own collection a set of these books, comprising some thirty volumes substantially bound in red cloth. While the publisher felt sufficient hopefulness about the series to continue the publication until this number of volumes had been brought into print, it is my understanding

Evert A.
Duyckinck

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Svert B. Duyckinck	that the publication as an entirety produced a deficiency instead of a profit. In looking over the list of titles, it is not difficult to understand why such a series should have failed to secure a remunerative popularity. Mr. Duyckinck's taste was excellent as far as the matter of literary quality was concerned. His difficulty as an editor was, however, his tendency to overestimate the number of readers whose taste in literature was as high as his own. In the period in question, there was no great West. The market upon which the authors and the publishers depended for returns for their literature comprised the New England States, the Middle States, and two or three of the older States in the South. Even in these older States, the number of communities in which the book-buying taste and the resources available were sufficiently important to maintain a book-shop was very restricted. The territory in question included a number of cultivated readers, but this number was at best but limited. Mr. Duyckinck undertook to reach these readers with such literature as the <i>Gesta Romanorum</i>, Leigh Hunt's <i>Italian Poets</i>, the <i>Tales of Zschokke</i>, Peacock's <i>Headlong Hall</i> and <i>Nightmare Abbey</i>, etc. In printing, nearly forty years later, another collection of literature selected from works classed as classics, G. P. Putnam's Sons found that the literary judg-

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ment of their father's old editor of the original House could still be made serviceable. Eight or ten of the volumes first issued in 1848-51 were found available for the series of 1890. The buyers who were reached in the earlier period were undoubtedly appreciative, but there were not enough of them. Mr. Duyckinck's name has been preserved for later generations principally in connection with his *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, one of the first of the really important attempts to present the literary record of the Republic.

In 1849 and 1850, the publications of the House included, in addition to some of the books already named, an early volume by Mr. Bryant entitled *Summer Excursions in Europe and the United States*. This was not considered by its author of sufficient value to be retained in later issues of his writings. Professor Dana of New Haven issued through the House an important series of works on mineralogy and geology. The first of the treatises devoted to the study of Anglo-Saxon that had as yet been printed in the United States was published for a German scholar (an exile of 1848) named Klipstein. An American author whose name in later years became famous among historians, Mr. Parkman, published through the firm in 1850 a volume entitled *The California and*

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"Library
of Choice
Reading"

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Parkman's First Book	<i>Oregon Trail.</i> This was a narrative of experiences in certain regions of the Northwest which were being opened up in connection with the gold-seeking migrations to the Pacific coast. The subject was of present and continued importance and the author's style was as dramatic, though possibly not quite as finished, as that of his later books. For some reason, difficult at this time to realize, the public refused to be interested in the volume. The author was discouraged and decided that he had mistaken his vocation. It was nine years before he again mustered sufficient courage to make a further experiment in authorship. The publication in 1859 of the first of his magnificent series of volumes devoted to the history of the long struggle between Great Britain and France for the control of the continent, secured for Parkman an honored position among historians. This production of 1850 is now included in the set of his <i>Works</i>. In the following letter, Mr. Cooper asks my father for some service in securing an English publishing arrangement for his <i>Ways of the Hour</i>. I find no record of the results of the negotiations, but I doubt whether the author's expectations from the English market were realized. The story was one of his less successful efforts, and the piracies of Bohn and Routledge were making it very difficult for

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the reputable English publishers to pay adequate prices for American books.

COOPERSTOWN, July 23, 1854.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Bentley has sent me a recent decision of an English Court which, as he pretends, goes to affect his interest in my books. He sent me a new proposition for the publication of *The Ways of the Hour*, that I have declined accepting. Now, I wish to know if you cannot dispose of this book for me to some English publisher. I will pay you a commission, if you can do it. You may remember that I before spoke to you on the subject of Bentley, and of my distrust of his candor. I confess that this last circumstance has renewed all this distrust, and I am disposed to change my publisher.

I shall expect somewhere about £400, for the book, to be paid in drafts on the publisher at 60 days; £100, on sending vol. I, £100, on sending vol. II, and balance on sending the last volume of the work. I did think of asking £500. for this particular book, which is more elaborate than its companions, but this difficulty may compel me to accept even £300. There has certainly been a decision adverse to American Copyright, but it is evident that Bentley himself does not think it will stand.

Under no circumstances will I sell a book to share the profits. This is of the nature of Bentley's last proposition, though he proposes paying me down for a certain number of copies. One has no guarantee that more than the stipulated number are not printed. As to the sincerity of Bentley's proceedings, I go altogether by Mr. Grattan's statement made directly to myself. He told me that Bentley

Cooper
and his
English
Publishers

Cooper and
Bentley

spoke of the small number of books sold, and referred to a ledger to prove it. One House happened to be known to Mr. Grattan, and the subject came up between him and one of the partners. Grattan mentioned the number of books Bentley told him they had purchased, and the partner proved by his books that a little more than half the real number had been entered.

Altogether, I do not like Mr. Bentley's mode of proceeding with myself, and am not sorry to get a new publisher for this work. If you can dispose of it, I should like it. Will you let me hear from you on the subject, and will you move in the matter, on the other side at once.

There will, of course, be some delay in the publication here, but that can be regulated as by our agreement. The cholera would make this a very unlucky moment to publish, and the book will be all the better for the delay.

Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience. I think Colburn might be induced to purchase. There ought to be no delay, as the work will be ready in about sixty days.

Yours truly,
J. FENIMORE COOPER.

I find in the catalogue for 1852 the entry of a volume of poems by Anna C. Lynch. It is my impression that this volume never made the author famous. Miss Lynch became, however, later, when she married an Italian scholar named Botta, who had been mixed up in the revolutionary difficulties of 1848, a leader in the literary society of New York. She was a clever woman with a graceful social

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faculty and with a positive genius for getting hold of literary lions. She kept in touch with scholarship while never claiming to be a scholar. A manual of hers, giving a summary of the literature of Europe, proved a useful and remunerative publication. Her husband took rank as a leader among the Italian exiles. He was an early member of the Century Club and an old-time friend of my father's.

A book by Mariotti, entitled *Italy, Past and Present*, recalls the associations of Knickerbocker Cottage in London. Mariotti was one of the Italian exiles whom my father had come to know in his rather curiously selected group of European revolutionists. *Rural Hours* was published as the work of "a lady" who was too modest to place her name on the title-page. This modest author was Susan Fenimore Cooper, the daughter of the novelist, and the rural scenes presented by her, somewhat after the fashion of the pictures in Miss Mitford's *Our Village*, were sketches of life on Otsego Lake, in her home village, Cooperstown.

Henry T. Tuckerman, a life-long friend of my father's, makes his first appearance in the catalogue in the year 1852 with a volume entitled the *Optimist*. Mr. Tuckerman was a scholar and a thinker. His literary style was finished, though somewhat inclined (as was the man himself) to ponderosity. He

**Publica-
tions of
1862**

Publications of
1852

had studied and thought to some purpose and what he had to say was worth attention. Neither with his books nor with his magazine articles did he ever succeed in reaching any large circle of readers; but his work was creditable to the literary circle of New York and of the country. A volume entitled *St. Leger, or the Threads of Life* appears in the list of this year without the name of its author. A year later, in connection with the publication of *Student Life Abroad*, this first bantling was duly acknowledged by Richard B. Kimball, who kept his pen busily at work in the production of volumes and of magazine articles for nearly a quarter of a century later. The list for the year closes with two books of English origin, Warburton's *The Crescent and the Cross*, and Titmarsh's *A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*. The latter seems to have been the only volume of Thackeray's with which the Putnam imprint was associated.

In 1852, the Rev. Francis Hawks, D.D., published a volume entitled *Egypt and its Monuments*. This was followed by *Monuments of Central and Western America*. Dr. Hawks was at that time rector of Calvary Church at Fourth Avenue and 21st Street. He was a successful preacher, a brilliant speaker, and a scholarly writer. I understand that in certain directions of investigation he was entitled to rank as an authority. It is

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probable, however, that he had not himself been able to do original archæological work either in Egypt or in Central America. The books secured for themselves some immediate success but did not retain rank as authorities.

The *Monuments of Egypt*, which was the most successful of his books, had for its special purpose the defence of *Exodus* as a trustworthy history. The attempt was not as successful as that made some years later by Hugh Miller with his *Testimony of the Rocks*, written in support of the cosmical authority of Genesis.

In the same year was published *Kaloolah, an Autobiographical Romance*. It was first issued anonymously, but was later acknowledged by its author, Dr. W. S. Mayo. The book may be considered a precursor of the romantic story of adventure of which in speaking to-day *Treasure Island* would be cited as a successful example. Dr. Mayo had the advantage, in writing half a century back, that a considerable portion of the earth's surface was still unexplored. This left him free to place an imaginary kingdom of highly civilized people, with a fascinating princess to serve as a heroine, in the interior of Africa, in a region which a few years later was opened up by Speke and taken out of the realm of romance. *Kaloolah* made for itself a noteworthy success, and had the honor of

**Francis
Davis**

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W. S. Mayo	being very largely pirated in Great Britain. It is still to-day, fifty years after its first publication, in print and in demand. It was followed by <i>Romance Dust</i> and <i>The Barber</i>. The author had fairly won his spurs, and noteworthy things were predicted for him. Unfortunately for his literary achievements, he married an heiress. His wife was a Mrs. Dudley, who had been a Miss Stuyvesant, and she brought him a liberal income from a section of the great Stuyvesant property. The Doctor resigned his profession of medicine, and gradually also gave up his literary ambition. One clever book, <i>Never Again</i>, was produced during his married life, but in the intervening years his energy lapsed. He died in 1896. The cares of the publishing business, absorbing as they were, did not prevent my father from keeping up an active interest in the questions of the day and in doing his share of public service in connection with these questions. He was associated with the earliest of the committees formed in behalf of international copyright which began work in 1849, and as secretary of this committee he appears to have been largely responsible for the direction and the maintenance of its work. He brought into print during the years between 1849 and 1853 a number of letters written largely in reply to the as-

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saults upon the copyright movement headed by Henry C. Carey, the well-known protectionist of Philadelphia. Under the lead of Mr. Carey, the Philadelphia School of Political Science was successful at this time, and for a series of years to come, in heading off any legislation having for its purpose the recognition of the rights of foreign authors or the securing of that same recognition in Europe for American authors. Mr. Carey took a missionary view of the undertaking. He considered that international copyright would be, not only an invasion of the individual rights of American citizens, but a most serious obstacle in the way of the higher education and intellectual development of the people. His *Letters on International Copyright*, first published in 1853, and republished frequently thereafter, brought together the most effective group of arguments in opposition to the theories of the reformers. His opposition was continued by his sons and his grandsons. As late as 1891, Henry Carey Baird did what was in his power to influence public opinion in Pennsylvania and in Washington against the movement in behalf of international copyright, a movement which finally succeeded (notwithstanding the attitude of Pennsylvania) in securing the passage of the Act of that year.

One of the earlier publications issued by

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Efforts for
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Early Efforts for Inter- national Copyright	this first New York Committee was a monograph by Cornelius Matthews, printed in 1853, which made a very good presentation of the case. The Chairman of the Committee was Mr. Bryant, who did valuable service with his pen in the columns of the <i>Evening Post</i>, and who succeeded in so thoroughly committing the paper to the rights of copyright that its influence and its service continued until the time of the law of 1891. The work of the New York Committee was, of course, not limited to New Yorkers. Edward Everett took a cordial interest in the undertaking, and, as Secretary of State in 1854, appears to have done what was then practicable to bring about a convention with Great Britain. He writes to my father on the 5th of April, 1854, a letter marked "private and confidential," in which he emphasizes the special difficulties in the way and encloses a memorandum of the British Minister, Mr. Compton, presenting objections to the scheme as proposed by the American Government. He asks my father to analyze and reply to these objections. I find no record of the answer given by my father, but the proposed convention between Great Britain and the United States failed; the difficulty then, as later, was chiefly due to the requirement on the part of the American printers that foreign books securing American copy-

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right should be manufactured in this country. It was also the case that the publishing firms were by no means united in their opinions or in their actions. The Harpers of the time (the four members who had founded the firm were at that date still living) had decided that copyright with Great Britain would interfere too seriously with the interests of their business as those interests were then shaped. The Lippincotts of Philadelphia were also in opposition. The leading houses of Boston, on the other hand, Little, Brown & Co., and Ticknor & Fields, were cordially in favor of the undertaking. As indicated above, the first plan was to bring about copyright between the United States and Great Britain by means of a treaty or convention. It was thought that there would be less difficulty in inducing the Senate to approve such convention than to secure from the House of Representatives adequate support for a general international copyright act. With the failure of this convention in 1854, the efforts of those interested in copyright were permitted to rest until 1868, when a fresh organization was brought about, an organization in which as before George P. Putnam had a large share of the responsibilities and of the work. The record of this will be given later.

The
Efforts for
Inter-
national
Copyright



VIII

"PUTNAM'S MONTHLY"

"Put-
nam's
Monthly"

I N January, 1853, the publication of *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* was begun. The editorial department was placed in the hands of Charles F. Briggs, who had had more or less journalistic experience under the *nom de plume* of "Harry Franco." The time seemed propitious for such an undertaking as the young publisher had planned. The existing magazines were either very local in their character, or, like *Harper's Monthly*, which had been started about 1848, were dependent for their contents chiefly upon material which had been selected, that is to say, appropriated, from British periodicals. With a judicious selection of the best magazine material that was available (without price) in Great Britain, *Harper's* had secured for itself a very satisfactory popular success. It is on the whole not surprising that its owners were apprehen-

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sive of the results of any international measure which might interfere with this business of "selection."

The magazine which was next in importance to *Harper's*, and which had in fact preceded it by some years, was the *Knickerbocker*. This was for many years conducted by Charles Gaylord Clark. It had been founded in the early forties and continued in existence until the close of the Civil War. As was indicated by its name, it was intended to present particularly the spirit of the literature of New York, and its contributors were chiefly writers of the New York circle. In Philadelphia, a somewhat similiar position was held by *Sartain's Magazine*, the founding of which dated back earlier in the century. A rather larger circle was doubtless reached by *Godey's Ladies' Book*, but this never aspired to be considered an exponent of literature. Somewhat more ambitious in its literary features was *Peterson's Monthly Magazine*. Its pages contained a very large proportion of fiction, and when dramatic or melodramatic stories were not easily attainable within reach of Philadelphia, the range of which included a considerable group of writers in the Southern States, the editor of *Peterson's*, like the editor of *Harper's*, found British material very handy.

As is stated in the prospectus of *Putnam's*

American
Magazines
of 1883

"Put-
nam's
Monthly"

Monthly, it was the intention to present a magazine made up entirely of original American material. Such a magazine would at once be an exponent of the literary status and character of the American writers of that generation, and should also, as its promoters hoped, itself serve as an incentive to a higher literary standard and a more satisfactory literary quality for periodical productions. It was also the expectation of the publishers that some portions at least of the material in a magazine devoted to good literature would be available later for reprinting in the form of books. There was the further consideration that such a magazine could be utilized as effective advertising machinery for increasing lists of books. In 1853, no such heavy outlay was required to place a magazine upon the market as has proved to be necessary in these later periods of magazine competition. It is understood that such magazines as the *Century* and *Scribner's* absorbed for their financial foundations from \$150,000 to \$250,000 before any returns upon the investment could be secured. My father told me that as far as *Putnam's Monthly* was concerned, he actually made no cash investment other than the payment to the authors for their contributions for the first two months. The receipts from subscriptions and sales proved to be sufficient before the time came for the settlement of the



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bills of the printers and the paper-makers, to provide the necessary resources for these. The circulation of the magazine during the four years of its existence ranged from 12,000 to 20,000 copies. In these days of heavy expenditures for contributions of leading authors (expenditures which under the competition of the rival magazines have been pushed up to very speculative figures), and of the further expenditures which are considered necessary for the designing and engraving of illustrations, a circulation of less than 100,000 copies may easily mean a loss instead of a profit. What was called the normal price for the earlier contributions to <i>Putnam's</i> was \$3 per page. The more important men received \$5, and contributions of a special character were paid for at as high a rate as \$10. Of poetry, not very much was utilized, but such verses as were accepted (mainly for the purpose of filling up any blank half-pages) were paid for at from \$10 to \$25 per poem. I do not find record of the amount of the salary given to the editor. There is no doubt that Mr. Briggs did his full share of work in bringing the magazine into existence and in securing for it a literary prestige which forty-five years later is still remembered. I find from my father's correspondence book that the publisher himself gave a very large measure of personal attention to the shaping of the policy of	"Putnam's Monthly"

"Putnam's
Monthly"

the magazine and to the securing of co-operation from writers who were prepared to interest themselves in carrying out that policy.

The following letter, drafted by my father, bearing date 10 Park Place, October 1, 1852, sets forth briefly the general purpose and character of *Putnam's Monthly* as he had planned it.

SIR:

We take the liberty of informing you of our intention to publish an original periodical of a character different from any now in existence, and, as it is our wish to have the best talent of the country to aid us in the undertaking, to solicit your assistance as a contributor.

We purpose to publish *monthly* a work which shall combine the popular character of a Magazine, with the higher and graver aims of a Quarterly Review. We hope to preserve in all its departments an independent and elevated tone; and we plan to make it as essentially an organ of American thoughts as possible. The want of such a publication, we believe, has long been felt in this Country, and it is only after mature consideration, and on the advice of some of the most eminent literary and scientific men of the Union who have offered us their aid, that we have determined on the attempt to supply such want. We believe that the facilities connected with an established publishing business will enable us to place the work at once on a high footing, and beyond ordinary contingencies.

The work will be wholly original, and, as we are well aware that gratuitous contributions ought not to be relied on, even though they could be, we expect



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to pay as liberally as the nature of the work will allow, for all articles that we may accept. The first number of the work will be issued on the first of next January; it will contain about 144 pages, occasionally illustrated, and printed in the best manner, and will be sold at \$3.00 a year. As it is desirable that we should know the extent of our literary resources, we shall be greatly obliged by as early an answer as may suit your convenience, whether or not you will be able to furnish us an occasional article, and if you will be willing that your name should be announced as a probable contributor. Business considerations making it important that no publicity should be given to our design before all our arrangements have been completed, you will oblige us by regarding this as a confidential communication until we make our public announcement. We are Sir, Yours very respectfully, G. P. PUTNAM & Co. From the considerable mass of correspondence which resulted from this announcement (or rather from the portion of this correspondence which has been preserved), I select a few letters which may still possess interest. Mr. John Neal, who evidently possessed very distinct ideas as to the "value" of his material, makes a prompt response. Oct. 9, 1852. MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co. GENTLEMEN: . . . And now to the point. I will write for you and you may announce my name as a contributor, and I shall be satisfied with the	Correspondence of "Putnam's Monthly"

**John
Neal**

highest pay in this country—and with nothing less: in other words if I write, I am to be paid as much as you pay anybody—I do not ask for more—but I must be paid, and this, I take it, may be the unpalatable condition, at least fifty dollars in advance.

I have been obliged to re-adopt this rule, and I do not mean to vary from it hereafter. And my chief reasons are these: 1. If the reputation of a contributor be not such as to justify the outlay of fifty dollars to secure him, then is he not worth having. At the worst, if disappointed, or deceived, the publisher would only have to throw the article into the fire. 2. It appears to me an act of willing self abasement for a literary man to write upon the usual conditions—"Articles to be paid for—if approved—when printed"—according to the publisher's observation of its value; this makes the publisher a judge in his own case, and he is called upon to say how much reputation, learning, talent, and genius are worth in dollars and cents, instead of the author's being allowed to say, with a character at stake, how much the dollars and cents are worth in reputation, learning, talent, and genius. No day laborer would submit to such terms. With Law, Physic, and Divinity no such thing is to be endured for a moment. People are not left to fix their own price upon a speech they want or a sermon, or a lecture—and to pay or not as they please. And so with Physicians, Portrait painters, and Mountebanks. The rule is flay or pay. The Lawyer, the Minister, the Surgeon, the Lecturer, the Portrait painter, the fire-eater, fix their own prices. And this is right, or you would bring down all the professions below the business of a chimney sweep. Let me add that the best foreign quarterlies and Magazines are in the habit and have been for a

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long while of sending checks in advance to a very few of their contributors, upon whom they can rely, reserving to their editors, of course, the right of publishing or returning the MS. and throwing away the stake or retaining it. I myself have received \$300. in advance for a newspaper article.

Trusting that you will not mistake my real purpose, and wishing you success with all my heart, I drop you this in a great hurry.

JOHN NEAL.

Richard Grant White came to be well known as a critic, an editor of Shakespeare, and a writer on language. He was the father of the successful architect, Stanford White.

4 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE,
Oct. 12, 1852.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter dated Oct. 1st has just reached me. It gives me a pleasure to know that a periodical such as you describe is about to be established. One of the kind has been for a long time much needed, and I regard it as fortunate that you should have undertaken to supply the want. If the project can in any way be served by the use of my name it is entirely at your disposal, as the course of my studies has been such that I have matter at hand which is adapted only to such a publication as you propose to undertake, and which I need hardly say I should be pleased to see in pages bearing your imprint.

I am, gentlemen,

Very respectfully yours,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Richard
Grant
White

Richard D.
Dana, Jr.

MANCHESTER, MASS.,
Oct. 15, 1852.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co.

GENTLEMEN: Yours of the first relating to a proposed Magazine, reached me within a few days only. I should esteem it an honor to have my name associated with Mr. Irving's and Mr. Bryant's, and, would it help your purpose, should gladly give it, were it not extremely doubtful whether I shall ever again be a contributor to any periodical work.

With all the aid the gentlemen you mention may afford you, I trust that you mean to have an able and responsible editor, in whom you can confide, and to whom you will give full powers. A periodical work can scarcely get on well for any length of time, without such a head.

When you speak of the intended Magazine being "essentially an organ of American thought," you mean, I trust, that the works and subjects upon which it will treat, will be principally American. You are not going to put in a spade to help dig the ditch (which some in your city are so hard at work upon) between our literature and that of our Fatherland. Those good people, labor they ever so hard, stand a much more likely chance of being sunk in the mud, than of ever completing their work.

There is danger even in that which I have supposed to be your plan. You may fail to interest our best readers; and, worse still, you may insensibly lower the quality of your work; for that will be affected by the quality of that of which it treats:—commonplace will beget commonplace. But I take it you do not mean to be exclusive, nor so very American that you cannot be duly English.

Pardon the suggestions. And though I feel it right, under the circumstances, to decline your invi-

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tation, believe me to be a well-wisher to you in your undertaking.

With great regard,
Gentlemen, yours,

RICHARD H. DANA, Jr.

Should you have occasion to send to me, please direct to Boston, care of Richard H. Dana.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21, 1852.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

MY DEAR SIR: I hope you have received the circular about our new periodical. We have now determined to proceed with the undertaking and we aim at a high standard. We propose to pay suitably and liberally for all contributions.

The whole work will be original and many of our ablest writers have promised to be regular contributors.

Among those who are to take a leading and active part in the direction of the work, I may mention (confidentially) Mr. George W. Curtis, Mr. Charles F. Briggs, and Mr. Parke Godwin. The editors are, however, to be behind the curtain and considered as myths. The motto will be "principles not men," or rather certain general rules will be adopted as a basis and then the work will speak for itself and the editors are to be known only through its character. It is almost superfluous to add that we are ambitious for your aid as an essential desideratum and you may be sure that I shall not be backward in regard to the pecuniary inducement in going as far as is usual in any similar case. We have yet to learn the exact scope and bearing of such statistics but while our project is to some extent, an experiment and we have no superfluous means to throw away idly, we still know that policy as well as inclination points to a liberal treatment of all

Correspondence of
"Putnam's Monthly"

George Palmer Putnam

Henry W.
Long-
fellow

desirable contributors. May we not hope for this year for your name in the list and for at least an occasional contribution. I am yours very respectfully,

G. P. PUTNAM.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 23, 1852.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR: I shall be very happy to contribute occasionally to the pages of your new magazine, but wish to do so anonymously. At the same time I shall have no objection to have my name mentioned in the list of contributors, if you think it worth while.

If you like I will send you a poem for your first Number. How soon shall you want it?

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Nov. 4, 1852.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: Your favor with the Poem for our first Number was duly received. Permit us to express our hearty acknowledgement for your prompt attention. The poem we have no doubt will be of great value to us and will aid essentially in giving character to our project at the start.

We cannot well measure such value by ordinary rules, but we enclose our check of \$50, only remarking that we hope for such success as will enable us to meet your views in future and secure your valuable aid.

Very respectfully yours,

G. P. PUTNAM & Co.

CONCORD, MASS., Oct. 11, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the establishment of an American Magazine

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of truly elevated and independent tone, and if you shall really and perseveringly attempt that, you shall be sure of my hearty co-operation and aid. Perhaps my interest in such a project is even more serious than your own; but if I were nearer New York than I am, I should immediately seek an interview with you to name certain parties whose concurrence I think important; and now I shall esteem it a favor if you will inform me who, if any there be, in Boston is acquainted with your design, or if none there, what literary man in New York.

Respectfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 5, 1852.

MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR: It affords me sincere pleasure to know that you are about to lend your aid to the neglected cause of American periodical literature. I shall be happy to contribute occasional articles to your new Magazine, although I can answer neither for the regularity nor frequency of my contributions.

You are at perfect liberty to make such use of my name as you may think fit, for the furtherance of your laudable undertaking.

With my best wishes for the success of your plans, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE H. BOKER.

P.S. I open my letter to inform you that among my papers I find an unpublished poem, of about one hundred and thirty lines, the "Queen's Touch," to which you are welcome if it may suit your convenience to publish it in your first number.

Yours, etc.,

G. H. B.

**George D.
Boker**

Henry
James,
Sr.

BOSTON, Nov. 8, 1852.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co.

GENTLEMEN: I have delayed answering your polite request longer than I intended for which I must beg you to excuse me.

It is not in my power to promise at present to be a contributor to any periodical. I have as many and varied occupations as are necessary to take up all my time. Otherwise I should have much pleasure in aiding a design which I heartily approve of and which I am sure you will carry out with spirit and talent. Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1852.

G. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: In answer to your circular letter, I may say that I shall be glad to contribute to your Magazine, and that you are at liberty to use my name to that effect if you think it worth the while.

Your project seems to me to have a very unobstructed prospect of success before it, so far at least as any domestic rivalry is concerned. *Harper's Magazine* is a mere stale and dishonest hash, when it is not a stupid vehicle of Methodism; and the *Knickerbocker*, I presume, will hardly stand in your way. Yours very truly,

H. JAMES.

(Father of Henry James, Jr., and of Prof. Wm. James.)

Mr. Dix, to whom the following letter is addressed, appears to have belonged to the class of persistent correspondents who have theories of their own concerning editorial methods.

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NEW YORK, NOV. 5, 1852.

W. G. DIX, Esq.

DEAR SIR: There are certain considerations connected with the business of publishing which might take a good deal of time to explain in full, but which must needs govern the general course of a publishing house.

You must not therefore consider that we decide hastily, or from any doubt of the intrinsic merit and ability of the essays, when we say that we do not wish at present to publish the volume you propose—or any other similar volume by any person, famous or not famous. The conditions, however, may be different at some future time. All we can say is that now it is not an object from a business point of view—and numerous MSS. and collections are declined almost daily for the same reason. Meanwhile please read the private circular annexed to which we would add that the editor, being honest and capable, has full power to accept or reject contributions—that the standard adopted is a high one—and that for all that he does accept, we will pay at the rate of \$3 per printed page.

If we can thus cultivate American Jeffreys, Macaulays, and Wilsons, they will also have the benefit of the collected volumes of their Essays, when the public mind stamps these as the real metal.

Very truly yours,

G. P. PUTNAM.

[CHARLESTON, S. C., 1852.]

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR: Do not call me a bore, still less a pestering contributor.

Where I speak of the part that monogamy, in our race preceded even christianity, you will find the words: "the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans,

Francis
Lieber

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"Putnam's Monthly"	etc." Now, if it does not give too much trouble, I wish the passage to read thus: "the Greeks, the Romans, whose history is rich with noble mothers, wives and matrons, the Germans repeat." I wish this added if it can be done without too much inconvenience, nevertheless I wish it much for it is a very important part, pregnant with many reflections and to the point. The history of no polygamists exhibits great matrons such as the Romans show or as our Revolution exhibits. See what can be done. Yours, FRANCIS LIEBER. The first number of the magazine appeared promptly, as promised, on the 2d of January, 1853. The plan was pursued from the outset of printing articles without the names of the contributors. The leading article in the pea-green monthly, following the introductory paper of the editor, Mr. Briggs, was devoted to the subject of Cuba. In a later number was given as a frontispiece the portrait of the "author of Cuba," a print which made clear, to New Yorkers at least, that the paper was the work of the clever young journalist, Richard B. Kimball. Mr. Kimball takes high ground in his paper in regard to the manifest destiny of Cuba to become, in the near future, a part of the dominion of the United States. He refers to the offer made by President Polk of one hundred million dollars for the purchase of the island. He says among other things:



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Cuba is oppressed beyond any parallel in history. She dreads and hates her oppressor. She longs for freedom. She looks for aid to the United States to which she is indebted for nearly all her late improvements. During the past fifteen years the island has been gradually becoming Americanized. It is his conclusion that as Spain has refused to make sale of the island, pressure should be brought to bear in whatsoever way may seem most effective for its annexation, peaceably if possible. He looks forward to the accomplishment of this purpose within the next few years. Mr. Kimball's premises appear to have been fairly correct, and his conclusions have, with one exception, been carried out more accurately than is often the case with prophecies, but his few years extended to nearly half a century. The number further contains a paper devoted to the "Homes of American Authors," the text of which was a volume that had been published by the House during the holiday season, under the same title. A further article was devoted to American Spiritualism, a subject which, in connection with manifestations in Rochester, the doings of the Fox family in Wayne County, the investigations of Robert Dale Owen and others, was becoming an active question of the day. A series of papers entitled "Our Young Authors," is initiated by a study of Donald G. Mitchell, the	"Putnam's Monthly"

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Literary Centres in 1863	author of <i>Reveries of a Bachelor</i>. A study of the exceptional record of <i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i> is the most noteworthy of the other longer articles. The literary editor has hardly done himself justice in the paragraph devoted to Thackeray's new romance, <i>Henry Esmond</i>. The reviewer is permitted to say: In our opinion the book is anything but a failure. . . . It has all the nice power of observation and picturesqueness of the author, but as the scene is laid in past times, it cannot have the freshness and truth of a novel relating to the present day. . . . The story is a little too intricate and not over interesting. The earlier group of correspondence which went out from the publishing office of <i>Putnam's</i> was very largely directed to the writers of New England. It was unquestionably the case that between the War of 1812 and the Civil War, Boston was, as nearly as any one place could be, the centre of the literary activities of the country. The group of writers whose homes were within reach of Boston was considerable in number, and included many names which will hold a permanent place in the literature of America and of the world. Writers outside of New England who were ambitious to have their work associated with the books of the New England group fell into



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the habit of sending their manuscripts to the publishers of Boston. It is only since the close of the Civil War, say from 1865 to 1866, that New York has really taken an assured pre-eminence in the quantity and in the importance of its literary output. A very important factor, however, in emphasizing New York as a literary centre, and in bringing the influence of New York to bear upon the work of encouraging American authorship, was the publication of <i>Putnam's Monthly Magazine</i>. Among the New England writers from whom papers were secured for the magazine during the first year or two were Lowell, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Whipple, Agassiz, Whittier, James Freeman Clarke, Lydia Maria Child, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Peabody, George S. Hillard, Francis Parkman, James T. Fields, Edward Everett Hale, and Catherine Sedgwick. Curtis, whose contributions and whose editorial work did so much to give character and prestige to the magazine, while a New Englander by birth, was at this time to be classed as a New Yorker. A series of papers by Lowell, entitled "A Moosehead Journal," formed an attractive feature of the volume for 1853. Among the more regular of the New York contributors were Parke Godwin, who for some time had the responsibilities of the political editorship of the magazine;	Contributors to "Putnam's"

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Contributors to "Putnam's"	Curtis, previously referred to, whose <i>Potiphar Papers</i> were the result of a suggestion from my father that New York society was entitled to some attention; Henry T. Tuckerman whose pen was always in readiness for work on out-of-the-way historical subjects, and whose papers, while sometimes heavy, were always sound and full of information; Charles W. Elliott, Richard B. Kimball, Bayard Taylor, John P. Kennedy, whose romances <i>Horseshoe Robinson</i>, <i>Swallow Barn</i>, etc., had gained him a place in American literature; George Pomeroy Keese, who interested himself particularly in matters connected with the stage; Leonard Kip of Albany, who devoted himself particularly to studies of the Hudson River Valley; Frederick S. Cozzens, whose most successful contribution was a series entitled "The Sparrowgrass Papers"; Mrs. Caroline Kirkland, critic of literature and society; Herman Melville, whose most important contribution was a story entitled "Israel Potter, or Fifty Years' Exile"; and Mr. Bryant, who found time in the midst of his editorial work for an occasional poem. Reference has already been made to the character of the leading articles in the initial number. In the second number of the monthly, the experiment is made of introducing illustrations, not for purposes of adorn-

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ment, but as required to elucidate the text of the first paper in a series entitled "New York Daguerreotyped." The illustrations are good specimens of the wood-cutting work of the time, but do not attempt any artistic effect. A bird's-eye view of New York looking southward from Union Square presents a much more harmonious effect than can be found in a similar view to-day, in which the sky-line would be broken by the groups of American "sky-scrappers." The second of the "young authors" who receives attention is Herman Melville, who had already made his mark, and whose most noteworthy volumes have retained their fame to the present day. The article which was really entitled to the first place in the magazine (although it is probable that its literary importance was not recognized at the time by either editor or readers) is entitled "Our Best Society." It is the initial paper in the series which was later known as the *Potiphar Papers*, and which introduced George William Curtis as one of the authors of the country. The interest in the subject of Cuba is kept up with an illustrated article on Havana. It appears to have been the expectation of the day that the Democratic administration, with the enormous pressure on the part of the slave States desiring new territory, aided by a considerable body of philanthropists in the

Contribu-
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Northern States, who found just cause for indignation at the Spanish misrule in the island, would carry through the policy of annexation. As far as it is to-day practicable to judge of the history, I should imagine that the defeat of annexation was chiefly due to the growing belief throughout the Northern States that the slavery influence was a stronger incentive than the desire for the better welfare of the Cubans, and that the country could not well afford the addition of two or three more slave States. The editor, Mr. Briggs, and his associate, Mr. Curtis, and also their publisher, were in cordial sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. Further reference to this detail will be made in connection with some of the later numbers in which were printed the political articles of Parke Godwin. An article which made a very much larger sensation at the time than was created by the graceful society sketch of Mr. Curtis was entitled "Have we a Bourbon among Us?" The author was the Rev. John H. Hanson, who had for a number of years been a close associate and friend of the Rev. Eleazar Williams. Mr. Hanson had convinced himself that Mr. Williams was the lost Bourbon prince who, if it had not been for the Revolution of 1789, would have ruled in France as Louis XVII. He had succeeded in interesting in his evidence a considerable



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number of people whose opinions carried weight, and among others the Rev. Dr. Hawks of Calvary Church, whose conclusions on a matter of modern history were likely to be accepted as authoritative in New York and throughout the country. Mr. Hanson's argument was later developed into a book, which secured an immediate circulation and which aroused a good deal of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. It seems probable that Mr. Williams was the most plausible of the series of candidates or so-called pretenders to the crown of the lost prince. I remember, at a reception held in my father's house in 16th Street, in 1853, at about the time of the publication of this article, being introduced by my father to an elderly gentleman with a pleasant and rather venerable face, who patted me in a kindly manner on the head, and being cautioned by my father to bear the incident in mind, as it might be the only occasion in my life in which I should shake hands with a real king. I was somewhat puzzled as to how a king could be real who had no kingdom, and it was some years before I understood the history. Mr. Williams died in 1855. He was supposed to have been nine years old in 1789, and he had, therefore, in living to be seventy-five, filled the measure of his years. It is probable that in his later years this theory of his royalist ancestry gave	"The Lost Prince"

Eleanor
Williams

him a fresh interest in life and secured for him some pleasurable experiences that would certainly not have been attainable for a simple Indian missionary. The theory of his ancestry, however pleasing to himself, seems to have caused no commotion in the France of Louis Napoleon. It is possible that if the story had taken shape a few years earlier when the Bourbon Louis Philippe was still on the throne, it might have had a larger political result.

NEW YORK, Jany. 24, 1853.

REV. E. WILLIAMS.

REVEREND SIR: I enclose the \$15. which Mr. Hanson mentions will be sufficient for your expenses to New York; and should be very glad if you can make it convenient to come down soon, to be here on Wednesday the 1st February, or on the following Wednesday. We are anxious to make use of every available mode of throwing light upon the very interesting circumstances connected with your life, and I trust we may be successful in arriving at a satisfactory result. We shall be happy to give you a room for a few days in our house, No. 92 East 16th Street. If you see Mr. Hanson first he will show you the way.

It is very important that you should bring the daguerreotypes, and all correspondence, etc., which relate to the subject.

If you would be good enough to send a line by mail to say when we shall expect you, you would oblige, Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

G. P. PUTNAM.



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NEW YORK, Jan. 27, 1853. MR. G. P. PUTNAM. RESPECTED SIR: Will you please to accept my sincere thanks for your polite invitation for me to go to your Mansion and stay with you for a few days. I regret to say, that I have made such arrangement with my time, for a week to come, as it will be inconvenient for me to derange it. I will endeavour to pay my respects to your family on Wednesday next. Please remember me kindly to your Lady. With sentiments of esteem and respect, I am dear Sir, Your obedient servant, E. WILLIAMS. In the third number the leading position is given to an article on Japan. The writer emphasizes the value for the United States of coming into relations with this Asiatic power, using as his text the recent expedition which had been sent out by the Government under Commodore Perry. In the earlier months of 1853, the actual knowledge possessed by the United States of things Japanese was but inconsiderable, and the emphasis laid upon the importance of Japan in the future history of the world shows some prescience on the part of this particular student of current politics. A further paper is devoted to Cuba, and one to what is called the Woman Movement, which through the organization of the women's suffrage associations is beginning	Commodore Perry's Expedition

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to assume importance. The editorial division of the magazine gives full space to the purpose of the International Copyright Committee, in the work of which my father was at that time, as ever, active. There appears to have been in March, 1853, some hopeful expectation of action on the part of the Secretary of State and the Senate in forming a treaty with Great Britain.

In the April number the leading position is given to the *Potiphar Papers*, the natural inference being that the importance of Mr. Curtis's clever satire is beginning to be appreciated. In May is begun the publication of a series of papers by Fenimore Cooper on the old *Ironsides*, which had been left at Cooper's death (in 1851) practically in readiness for the press. The most important solid paper in the number is devoted to Layard's recent discoveries of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. The writer of the article believes that through a continuation of similar excavations under proper scholarly supervision, it ought to prove practicable to add many centuries to the recorded history of mankind. *The World's Progress*, in the edition printed in 1850, following Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, had quoted as the year for the creation of the world the date fixed by Archbishop Usher, 4004 B.C. It is fair, however, to the editor of *The World's Progress* to say that he

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took pains to qualify this date with the words "according to Usher." The discoveries of Layard, between the years 1850 and 1852, gave evidence of nations that had arrived at a high state of civilization, placing their history on record at dates estimated from 2000 to 2500 B.C. Layard's great book on Nineveh and Babylon had, as before mentioned, been published by G. P. Putnam in co-operation with John Murray. Between the years 1867 and 1871 the investigations of George Smith in Mesopotamia brought to light records on clay tablets which, according to the authorities on the earlier cuneiform characters and according to the tablets of the kings, must have been put into shape not later than 4000 B.C. These dates were confirmed and in some instances extended by the work of French and German explorers during the succeeding ten years. The most noteworthy results of the century, however, have been secured under the direction of an American, John P. Peters, D.D. The expeditions initiated and directed by Peters carried on their work between the years 1891-96. These brought to light buildings for which the dates could be substantially fixed, and records of the kings and other record tablets which carried back the recorded civilization of lower Mesopotamia to about 6000 years B.C. The chronology of Archbishop Usher might well	Nineveh and Babylon

have been corrected in 1853 by the publisher of *The World's Progress*. It now belongs, of course, among the curiosities of history.

In the June number, the important space is given to the expeditions which had recently been fitted out in search of the ships of Sir John Franklin. This paper is followed by an appreciative article on Thackeray, the text of which was a recent visit of Thackeray to the States as a lecturer. The articles descriptive of New York, its commercial undertakings, its educational institutions, the plans for the development of its streets, etc., are continued through the year. In August, 1853, the initial article is devoted to the scheme for the Crystal Palace, which took shape in New York in the following year. The management of the New York Crystal Palace fell into speculative hands, and the undertaking failed to secure success. The failure was followed by the destruction some time later of the palace itself by fire. A large portion of the exhibits were destroyed, and the suits brought by the exhibitors against the Crystal Palace Company for the value of these exhibits were in themselves sufficient to drive the company into bankruptcy. The glass palace had been placed on the Sixth Avenue side of Reservoir Square, which lies between 40th and 42d Streets, the square to which has since been given the

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name of Bryant Park. In this year (1899) the old reservoir is being removed to make room for the great library building which is to hold the literary collections from the Astor and the Lenox, and which will constitute a centre for the public library system of New York. The failure of the Crystal Palace Co. was something in which my father came to have a personal interest. In order to finish the record of the palace undertakings, the matter can be mentioned here. He had entered into an agreement with the company to publish the official catalogue in the smaller form in which it was to be sold to the visitors and in the larger volumes which were planned to preserve a permanent illustrated record of the exhibits. Some \$30,000 were invested in the production of this series of illustrated volumes. The indignation of the exhibitors with the ineffective business management of the company, and in regard to the impossibility of securing the value of the exhibits that had been destroyed by fire, stood in the way of any continued demand for the illustrated record of the exhibition. A similar record which had been published for the London exhibition for 1851 had brought a substantial profit to its publisher, and it was with the knowledge of this previous undertaking that my father's plans had been shaped. He	The Crystal Palace Catalogue

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The Crystal Palace Catalogue	lost through the publication and through the default in some of its contracts by the company something over \$30,000, a loss the results of which were still troubling him at the opening of the disastrous year of 1857. The following is the circular issued in announcement of the catalogue: THE WORLD'S EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK AUTHENTICALY AND ACCURATELY ILLUSTRATED. OFFICE OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS. NEW YORK, 21st January, 1853. MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co. GENTLEMEN: The proposals made by you, in conformity with the advertisement issued from this office on the 22nd Nov., having been accepted, and a contract made thereupon, you have become EXCLUSIVELY entitled to the privilege of publishing, under the authority and sanction of this Association, an Illustrated Catalogue and Illustrated Newspaper relating to the Exhibition-Building. You have also become contractors for the publication of the Hand-Catalogue. For the compilation, publication, and sale of these works you will receive all the facilities that the Board of Directors can reasonably afford you. You are well aware that the object of the Association, in making an arrangement of this kind, is not pecuniary gain, but to secure a publication of a superior grade of typographical, literary, and artistic merit. To this you have assented; and if the very high standard agreed on be reached by you, the

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result will, it is hoped, be of great and lasting beneficial influence.

I am very respectfully, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

W. WHETTEN,

Secretary.

**The
Crystal
Palace
Weekly
Record**

In accordance with the contract above mentioned,
Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Co.
beg to announce that they will commence in April,
next (1853), the publication of
**THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY RECORD OF
THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY OF ALL
NATIONS.**

This Journal will be printed in the best style, and the paper and Illustrations are to be equal to those of the *London Art Journal Illustrated Catalogue*. The Literary portion of the paper will be prepared by the ablest scientific and practical men, and it is intended that all the descriptions and criticisms shall be strictly independent and impartial.

Arrangements are made, under the direction of the Association, which will secure for this Journal the earliest and most accurate information on all subjects connected with this Exhibition, and will enable the publishers to prepare the Illustrations of the most important objects some time before the opening of the Exhibition.

Contributors of articles suited for Illustration are desired to send their drawings, diagrams, or plans to the publishers as soon as practicable. The paper will be printed on a large power-press in the Crystal Palace; this being the only working press in the Exhibition.

It will be issued weekly during the continuance of the Exhibition, and will be completed in twenty-

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Contributors to "Putnam's"	six numbers. Orders and communications should be addressed to the publishers, G. P. PUTNAM & Co., 10 Park Place, N. Y. The September number of <i>Putnam's</i> for 1853 contains a rather pessimistic article on "Our New President," pointing out how little Mr. Pierce had thus far done to deserve his selection for the post. In October, a very considerable portion of the pages of the magazine are given to an analysis of the text of Shakespeare, the text of the article being Mr. Collier's edition of the corrected folio of 1623. It is a little exceptional to find in a magazine addressed to the general public an article of so special a character. In November is begun a series of papers entitled "A Moosehead Journal," papers which constituted the most important contribution made to <i>Putnam's</i> by the still young writer, James Russell Lowell. The same number gives a description of the plan which was then taking shape for the Pacific Railroad. If that railroad had been completed as early as the writer of the article expected, it would have exercised an important influence on the conduct of the Western division at least of the campaigns of 1861-65. The November issue gives a further group of pages to Mr. Collier's corrections in the Shakespeare text, which indicates that the editor had not been

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discouraged with the reception accorded to the earlier paper. In the closing number for the year, the principal space is given to the New York Exhibition, and it was possible to include in this paper a number of illustrations selected from the book.

I have thought it worth while to give this summary of the more important papers in the first year's issue of the magazine for the purpose of indicating the general direction of its policy, and also of giving an impression of the character of the subjects which the editor believed to be at that time of interest to his readers. The later volumes can be referred to much more briefly. I group together at this point certain further letters selected from the files of "Magazine Correspondence."

NEW YORK, May 25, 1853.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co.

GENTLEMEN: Your kind favor of the 22nd with its enclosure, was duly received, and I must not delay offering you my hearty thanks not only for the memento of your satisfaction, but for the very pleasant way in which you have chosen to express that satisfaction.

The Apostle long ago—in speaking of something else—accurately defined my position in respect of the Magazine at its inception—"hoping, yet fearing."

It was reserved for those of us who have had some of the responsibility, to hear from you the "Well done, good and faithful."

Correspondence
of "Putnam's"

Putnam
to Curtis

I know you will say "Ah, yes. I see—'Cream cheese' has been with you." So I will forbear begging your permission to call myself.

Your most obliged and gratified

GEO. W. CURTIS.

NEW YORK, July, 1853.

MY DEAR CURTIS: I did not immediately reply to your letter simply because I supposed you would be in town in the early part of this week. Finding at this late day, that you will not be here till Monday I hasten—first to thank you for your really valuable and sensible suggestions *in re* the Barony. I value them and they will have substantial weight. When you come I will tell you all about this affair.

As touching that "resignation." Be assured that I honestly deeply sympathize with you in your loss of health—without reference to selfish considerations—or rather, over and above all such selfishness. But when you speak as though I had any cause for not being abundantly satisfied with our present relations—you are very wide of the mark. If you had done even much less than you have done for the Magazine for our general interest, I should have been more than satisfied. I never for a moment supposed or expected that you were bound down to the working details of the Magazine. I have been too fortunate in having secured so much of your brilliant and valuable services (this is not in the way of compliment) to the extent you have given them. I never expected more and should your health prevent your doing as much as heretofore—even for months, I should still be heartily sorry to have our present arrangements disturbed—unless it were to do something better for you. On the contrary I am only anxious to have you say on your own terms and stipulations, that you will

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**Curtis to
Putnam**

do all for us that your health permits and will make no new arrangements without giving us the chance to render them inexpedient. When you return I hope to persuade you—not to sell yourself to me or any one else—which I know you won't do—but to remember that we are ready at all times, to meet your views in all possible ways.

But "the resignation" in stately phrase "is not accepted." We can't afford it. But we can afford to let you do all you want in recruiting, without any anxieties or responsibilities. Mr. Briggs shall have assistance—and we will talk over other matters when you come.

Thine,

G. P. PUTNAM.

NEWPORT, July 12, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: I thank you for your prompt reply. Your letter and the accounts reached me safely this morning.

"Think not of any severance of our loves." The best that I do I give to you because I feel that in a way, it does me no great good as an author to work elsewhere. But I cannot forget that my interest (every author's interest to stand well with his publishers) and the perfectly fair treatment I have always received from them, binds me in a certain degree.

The circumstances of the "Newport" were personal and peculiar.

You must not suppose that I am in any degree weaned from you and yours, although I have less direct supervision of the Magazine, I am an outpost, now, a sentry upon the lines challenging all who do not acknowledge the flag. But I am, to say truth, rather a lazy outpost, and don't send in as

Erastus
Wileworth

many prisoners, nor as much aid and comfort, as a braver warrior would.

How goes the new arrangement?

Yours always truly,

GEORGE WM. CURTIS.

Will you send me at convenience, the "Potiphar" account to the first July?

EAST WINDSOR HILL, Jan. 27, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . I do most sincerely hope and trust that the *Monthly* will flourish abundantly, and become a fixed fact, and a standing honor to yourself and to the literature of our country. Our native authors ought to support, and be supported by publications of the kind, whose credit should rank above competition from any foreign source. The overgrowth of *Magazines* made up like "the giant of the Monthlies," however advantageous it may prove in the dissemination of instructive and entertaining reading, at a cheap rate, among the people, is not precisely what a thoughtful and patriotic American scholar can contemplate with entire complacency. We have declared, and in a great measure have achieved, our independence of the Old World in matters of government, and in the domestic arts. But in literature and in the fine arts, we are yet in the midst of the struggle. The successes and disasters of publications like your *Monthly* serve to mark the progress of the conflict, and though the victory may not come speedily, it is nevertheless bound to follow bye and bye.

Hoping that you may stand firmly against foreign invasion and from behind your intrenchment of corn-stalk and sugar-cane, though with no better weapons than old continental fusees, and slugs and buck-shot manufactured at our own firesides from



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household pewter, give the Hessians as good as they send—and better, I remain Very truly and respectfully yours, ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH. 1853. MY DEAR MR. PUTNAM: I have just finished the article on Politics, but on reading it over, am determined not to send it in. These delicate subjects ought not to be touched, unless it is done with caution, and at the same time strength, but I have hardly succeeded in either, or rather there is much to say, which I have not said to my satisfaction, and which it would take a few days more reflection to get into shape. It seems to me, therefore, better to postpone the matter to the September number. Yours truly, PARKE GODWIN. Sept. 28, 1853. H. W. HERBERT, Esq. DEAR SIR: On my return from Massachusetts I find your note and Mr. Leslie's answer. I regret extremely that you should have had any inconvenience or annoyance. At the same time I am bound to say that your statement in regard to "engaging you to write a paper without reference to any editors" is somewhat erroneous. We value your articles. We hope to have and to use many more. We are anxious to secure the good-will and co-operation of all those eminent writers who have contributed heretofore, including yourself. At the same time we must add that certain rules being absolutely necessary in conducting such a work and such a business as ours, we cannot consent that a departure from these rules be made at the special request and for the special accommodation of yourself alone, of all our contributors, or should be brought up as a precedent,	Putnam to H. W. Herbert

Lowell

or a reason for continuing such departures from rule. Our custom is to send a check to the author of each article immediately on its publication, without waiting for any application—and this we shall be happy to do whenever you favor us with any article which our editors deem desirable. But we do not necessarily accept all that are received from any one and we cannot pay or accept drafts until the articles are actually printed. It sometimes happens that accepted articles are necessarily delayed—but the authors should be aware of this contingency. We trust that you will admit the propriety of the above.

Respectfully yours,

G. P. PUTNAM.

March 3, 1854.

DEAR FRIEND: I have just time to get this to the mail. Quincy is here and sends you his blessing. I had rather have the thing all in one, as I told you, if not too long. It will be more balanced. I am glad you like it, though it is not so good in point as I hoped. But let me see proofs, or else don't print. I have saved a good deal of this from being nonsense. Your letter was refreshing and like your old self. Write always so, if only a sentence. It was charming. I noticed an incongruity (oddly enough) in the article on amusements in last "Put," and thought you must be over-worked. I now am ready to speak more warmly for all *your* part of the article, I liked as I only like what is written by whom I love.

Good-bye, God bless you,

Don't send such old books to Charlie, give
her my love and know me as ever yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

C. F. B. [Briggs.]

You need n't "Esqre" me.

George Palmer Putnam

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PITTSFIELD, July 7, 1854.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

**Herman
Melville**

DEAR SIR: I send you prepaid by Express, to-day, some sixty and odd pages of MSS. The manuscript is part of a story called "Israel Potter," concerning which a more particular understanding need be had. . . .

This story when finished will embrace some 300 or more MS. pages. I propose to publish it in your Magazine at the rate of five dollars per printed page, the copyright to be retained by me. Upon the acceptance of this proposition (if accepted) \$100. to be remitted to me as an advance. After that advance shall have been cancelled in the course of publication of the numbers, the price of the subsequent numbers to be remitted to me upon each issue of the Magazine as long as the story lasts. Not less than the amount of ten printed pages (but as much more as may be usually convenient) to be published in one number.

On my side, I guarantee to provide you with matter for at least ten printed pages in ample time for each issue. I engage that the story shall contain nothing of any sort to shock the fastidious. There will be very little reflective writing in it; nothing weighty. It is adventure. As for its interest, I shall try to sustain that as well as I can.

Very truly yours,

HERMAN MELVILLE.

SENATE CHAMBER,

July 26, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: I hail your article as one of the omens that the good cause will yet prevail.

Your Magazine will carry the cause into families and homes to which it has been a stranger. I think

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"Putnam's" and its Contributors	you will be sustained by the public, and, if I can judge by what I note I think you will be. The cause is just and must prevail. My conviction of this is perfect. The article is clever, well written, of a good tone, and presses home the conclusions with irresistible force. Let me say that it makes a statement too strong on p. 245, where it says, "we know that a senator has called for the withdrawal, etc., that our slave-trade may be pursued with greater safety." He disavows this object; though it may be safely assumed that a natural consequence of the withdrawal would be the increased safety of the slave-trade. I thank you and your correspondent for this timely succor. The literature of the country must be put actively on the side of freedom. Ever yours, CHARLES SUMNER. [Probably in reference to an article by Parke Godwin.] United States Review, July, 1854. MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & Co. Will Mr. Putnam send to the "Last poet out"—"put out," should have been the title—a copy of the Magazine containing the Extinguisher? If the article be such as reported by some condoling and highly good-natured friends, the last poet will probably help to swell the tide of free emigration to Nebraska. The criticism—severe as he is led to believe it—he confesses well merited; the volume was ten thousand times too favorably received by the common press. On behalf of the Letter H., Truly, C. G. HALPINE. [["Miles O'Reilly"]]



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NEWPORT, July 24, 1854. H. T. TUCKERMAN, Esq. MY DEAR SIR: We have written recently to China respecting the Magazines for the Reading Room. It is not our fault that they do not reach as they have been regularly mailed, but we believe the Post Office stupidly sent some of the Numbers by sailing vessels after making us pay postage by steamers. We will endeavor to make them go straight hereafter. In regard to the management, etc., I have assumed the control, more directly than heretofore, though of course it is physically impossible that I should read all the articles or judge them if I did. Therefore more or less consultation and reference must continue as heretofore. One thing, however, I insist upon strenuously, and that is that the decision in regard to articles shall be personally unbiassed—and especially shall not be biassed against any one on account of personal quarrels or personal prejudice, and I believe that the decisions are always made with reference to the interests of the Magazine rather than to personal preference. Of course none of us is infallible, but the principle above hinted I insist upon and I believe so far it is honestly adhered to. We have an immense amount of matter sent in and choice is difficult, delays inevitable, but we rely upon you and our other friends to stand by us and be merciful and patient. Truly yours, G. P. PUTNAM. The following letter to the brilliant and erratic author of <i>The Diamond Lens</i> makes it evident that my father preferred to utilize	Editorial Responsi- bilities

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Editorial Responsi- bilities	his services as a contributor rather than as an editor. NEW YORK, NOV. 6, 1854. FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN, Esq. MY DEAR SIR: On reflection it seems to me hardly likely that your views and ours would sufficiently harmonize for so regular and permanent a connection as that proposed—and although I should on many accounts be glad to avail myself of your valuable co-operation in the department in question, yet, having those doubts, I think it best to state them frankly now, before there can be any disappointment. You will not, of course, object to my having my own "notions" about these things, even if they are whimsical—and I trust my decision in this matter need not be made the cause of any unpleasant feeling. This remark is possibly quite superfluous. I have no doubt many very desirable papers from your pen will be gladly inserted in the Magazine if you are so disposed. The whole management of the Magazine is a matter of much difficulty involving many annoyances and vexations—far outweighing its immediate profit; and it is but natural that I should wish to control it in the way which seems to me pleasantest, without being too strictly accountable to others for my motives and reasons. Very truly yours, G. P. PUTNAM. "PUTNAM'S MONTHLY" AND LONGFELLOW, 1854. (Printed in the New York <i>Evening Post</i>.) Littell's <i>Living Age</i>, No. 529, publishes Longfellow's poem of the "Two Angels," and credits it to <i>Bentley's Miscellany</i>. This poem, as most in-

telligent people know, was written for *Putnam's Monthly* and published in that Magazine in April last. Bentley then appropriated it as original and shamefully omitted to say where he took it from; and now Mr. Littell (innocently, of course, but rather carelessly) copies it with a credit to Bentley! "Encouragement to original genius" is a very laudable thing—but if choice bits of this kind are to be appropriated at once as public property, and not only so but actually credited to a foreign journal that has stolen them, while the original publisher who alone has paid the author, and paid liberally, is wholly ignored, it is pretty evident that the publisher's "encouragement" is something less than the author's!

The meanness of sundry English Magazines in this particular, viz.—appropriating as original, in their own papers, the best original articles of American periodicals has been practised too long. As to the appropriation itself, they find, of course, abundant examples and provocation on this side—but it is not a general practice, to say the least, for American periodicals to take such things without acknowledging their origin. This is a meanness of which several popular and respectable English Magazines—especially Bentley's—have been repeatedly guilty. Indeed it is an every day matter with them. American re-publishers from English Magazines should be up early in the morning, therefore, with their eyes open, if they would avoid any liability for taking copyright matter belonging to their neighbors, who had paid for it in just the same way that they have paid for their pantaloons or their bread and butter. It is hardly excusable for so experienced and excellent an editor as Mr. Littell to pass over a poem by Longfellow when it first appears in an American Magazine right under

"Appropriations"
by English
Publishers

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English "Appropriations"	his eyes, and then to copy it two months later from an English Magazine as a foreign production. The first sin—as in the case of Dr. Bethune's story in <i>Putnam's Monthly</i>—is the Londoner's who passed off other people's property as his own—and in that case the same sin was inexcusably repeated by the New York Magazine which in turn seized it and passed it off as its own—for neither appropriator gave the slightest kind of acknowledgment of the origin of the assumed property. This rather glaring instance, by the way, although commented upon very freely at the time, by the press, seems to be even yet grossly misunderstood by unthinking people—even by editors. Very recently, a Western editor spoke of <i>Putnam's Monthly</i> having in that instance got the start of <i>Harper</i> in copying an article from <i>Eliza Cook's Journal</i>! Most of the school-boys know by this time that <i>Putnam's Monthly</i> copies no articles whatever from foreign journals but is wholly original and copyright matter. Dr. Bethune's story was written for <i>Putnam's</i>. Eliza Cook took it without credit as her own,—and thence it was copied—(again without credit), into <i>Harper</i>, three months after it had been first published in <i>Putnam's</i>. Whatever may be said of the copyright or of the reprinting—be that right or wrong—it is clearly not right that a work of genius for the right of circulating which a publisher has liberally paid the author, should be forcibly seized and then advertised as belonging to somebody three thousand miles off. G. P. P. June, 1854. NEWBURYPORT, May 27, 1854. MESSRS. PUTNAM & CO. . . . I have long wished to take the liberty

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to tell you how I have gloried in the advent of such a periodical as yours, among the flying literature of the day. And from its beginning, as my friends have handed me in their numbers to read, I have exulted in its existence, as what had till then been the grand *desideratum* in our country. Its spirit is so bright and mild,—so good-tempered and republican, and so of the right-mindedness,—it seems like a joyous unsophisticated child playing with sunbeams, and caring not on what truths or absurdities they fall, so that they do but show off truly that on which they strike, making the gold sparkle, and the dross show out, as what it is.

I know not if it imbibes this spirit, and inherits its honorable name as lineally descended from its illustrious namesake, the heroic Israel of the Revolution, of whose patriotic valor, my father, as his brother officer, used to tell me: but from its starting, I have hoped in it, as a publication that would put to flight or exterminate some of the wolves of the day, whatsoever the clothing they assume—whether this be pernicious publication, false prophets, or fashionable follies borrowed with ridiculous inconsistency from monarchies by republicans who boast of their republicanism.

I have hoped also that it was going to be instrumental in establishing “a Bourbon among us.” For that there is one I have hardly a doubt.

Excuse the liberty I have used in this prolific address, which had perhaps been better comprised in, God speed the *Putnam's*.

With much respect, H. F. GOULD.

NEW YORK, June 26, 1854.

MY DEAR GODWIN: I am sorry to find that you have misapprehended so much of my hasty note. Its chief object was to suggest to you whether you

An Admirer of
“Putnam's”

Corre-
spondents
of "Put-
nam's"

would not prefer to give to some other part of the Magazine the same time you had given to the *Notes*—but I certainly had no intention to intimate any "Turkish" proceeding or any other that you would deem improper. I value your co-operation and your writings too much to urge, even if justice or courtesy did not forbid, any changes in existing arrangements between us that were not satisfactory and pleasant on both sides. However I will not discuss these points in a letter but leave them till you come to town—merely remarking, by the way, that we need all the co-operation and force you can give us, so as to make our Magazine *A 1* in all respects and have it out much earlier than heretofore.

I will send the books by railway to-day as you request and hope to get your article to-morrow and the notes by Saturday. When shall you come to town?

Truly yours, G. P. PUTNAM.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 29, 1854.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR: I was truly gratified by receipt of your valued favor of 23rd inst. It affords me no little satisfaction to learn that you have pleasantly arranged those vexatious matters to which business men like ourselves are always liable. We stand so closely connected in the commercial arena, that it is not sufficient that you and I may act with prudence and judgment—the absence of those qualities in others who are indebted to us must be secured, (and how can that be done?) or we are innocent sufferers! So it goes. But doubtless these vexations and disappointments are useful, as teaching us the uncertainty of earthly possessions, and the wisdom of well-secured investments in another

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quarter. In that hope alone, can substantial comfort be found.

Respecting the Magazine,—you know the attention which is paid to the fruitful subjects of antiquities, from a Saxon dyke to the Roman Wall, from a ruined arch to a well preserved *denarius*, *temp.* the great Julius. Now we have not much of the raw material to work, yet we are not entirely deficient. I should like to see an elaborate paper in your Magazine upon the Antiquities of the Western States territory; say near Wheeling, St. Louis, etc. —If you advertise for such a paper, doubtless you will have some good ones. Perhaps Mr. Squier would be a competitor. A paper upon American newspapers; one upon the literary character of Alexander Hamilton; one upon the great men who intended to, but did not, migrate to America—such as Cromwell, Napoleon, Burke, Burns (to Jamaica)—speculating as to the status they would have occupied here, had they been adopted, would prove very interesting. Hereafter I may say more respecting the Magazine in which you are so much interested.

Johnson says that "Cave never looked out of the window without a design of benefiting the *Gentleman's*. Notwithstanding its large circulation, he would often say—'We must have something good in the next number, for——, threatens to give up the Magazine.'"

I feel highly flattered by the complimentary terms in which you allude to my *Magnum opus* for "These little things are great to little men." I was certainly sincere in begging of you a list of your productions; you combine two most important professions in your own person—being both a producer and a distributor of intellectual wealth. An intellectual bibliopole, one who has the animus as

S. Austin
Allibone

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Correspondents of "Putnam's"	well as corpus of the craft, is no ignoble personage, I can assure you. I should like to write a paper for our Magazine upon booksellers, giving a history of the great work which, though written by authors, was suggested, cherished, and "midwived" by the Tonsons, the Lackingtons, the Strahans, the Rivingtons and the Paynes of elder days, and the Murrays, the Longmans, the Bentleys, the Caves and the Putnams of modern times. I have prepared a circular—a proposal of my Lexicon, which I hope will meet with your approval. Hoping soon to hear from one for whom I entertain no ordinary regard, I am dear Sir, very truly your friend, S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. CAMBRIDGE, NOV. 23, 1854. G. P. PUTNAM, Esq. DEAR SIR: I understand precisely what you desire, but alas! I cannot supply the want, not having such a poem as you wish, and as I should like to send you. But I send you one of a different character, in which I have tried to represent the feeling of enthusiasm with which a poet regards the works he is engaged in, and the lassitude with which he looks back upon it,—the disappointment he feels on finding that he has not attained his own ideal. If it could go in as the first article, it would stand as a kind of proem to the volume. To many readers (I had rather not say to most) it will seem obscure; and they may not understand why I should call the Muse, Pandora; but I think all poets will readily perceive the true meaning. If you think it will not answer your purpose, do not hesitate to send it back. I promise you not to feel in the slightest degree aggrieved, knowing how



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important it is for you to make up your Magazine according to your own views. Yours faithfully, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. P.S. I cannot make you a clean copy, or I shall be too late for to-day's mail. Therefore, if you print, please send me a proof. PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27, 1855. G. P. PUTNAM, Esq. DEAR SIR: About two weeks since I enclosed to you—per Adams Express—a package containing a sketch of the Automaton chess player of Von Kempelen—etc. I wrote to you at the same time. I do not suppose that you have had time to read the article, but do sometime and I should be glad to know whether or not you received the package in question. I have the honour, etc., S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D. RARITAN BAY, PERTH AMBOY, Jan. 5, 1855. MR. G. P. PUTNAM. DEAR SIR: I send you three articles instead of two as I promised you in a note some time ago. They are entitled "The first and last Presidents," "Immortality—Future Life," "The Law of God in Perfect," and they may furnish, I think, a fair sample of the manner in which I would treat subjects on which I might undertake to write. If, from any cause, you should suppose that all, or none of them should appear in the Magazine, you will, of course, not publish them. In this event, I have to request of you—I know you are not bound to do even this—to put them up in the form in which I send them to you, and have the package so placed that any person who may be in the store when my friend calls for it may be able to deliver it to him. Be so good as to let me	S. Weir Mitchell

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James G. Birney	know by letter, when you have satisfied yourself, so that I may know when he shall call for it. The reason I do not see you myself, is that several years ago I had a paralytic stroke which has a good deal affected my speech, and somewhat my power of active locomotion. Therefore it is, I seldom go to town to do business that I can do otherwise. If on the other hand the articles sent suit you, would it not be well to publish first (and pretty early,) the one which relates in part to the Temperance question? About such things I would not prescribe to one who must know more about them than I can, yet I beg to remind you, that at the present session of the New York legislature, an attempt will probably, very certainly, I suppose, be made to pass the Maine Law. In this struggle of civilization with incivilization, the piece may have some effect. I do not permit myself to have any doubt as to which of these parties you wish success. As to the article on Immortality, etc., I know the principle endeavored to be maintained differs <i>toto cælo</i> from the one generally received on the subject. It may differ, too, from your own views. If so and you think it worth while, I should not have any objection to your saying in a foot-note or in a few prefatory lines, whatever you might think necessary to prevent a misconception of your opinion. Whether you will do so or not, must be entirely discretionary with yourself. There is no country on earth, that has more vanity than our own, of its free discussions of any subject, but there is none in which there is less—unless it can in some way be connected with politics—even of the most important ones. 'Tis true it is not obligatory even to get a license to publish anything, and that the Government cannot directly interfere, but there

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may be a public opinion stronger than law against any view dissentient from what is common. Sure am I, that if its main view can be refuted, no one will welcome the refutation more than Your obedient servant, JAMES G. BIRNEY. [Candidate of the Free-soil party for the Presidency in 1840 and again in 1844.] NEW YORK, Aug. 5, 1855. DEAR BRIGGS: Brace is very particular to have his article in the September Number, as he says it has been twice crowded out after promise, etc. We have had to give Clements \$5 to buy bread and butter. So, if his articles are usable, pray use them. G. P. PUTNAM. Cannot the Magazine be made up, leaving the cut form (16 pages) open?—Time flies. BURLINGTON, VT., April 14, 1857. GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq. DEAR SIR: I have never yet had the honor to appear in "Putnam,"—<i>tant pis</i> for "Putnam." Here are some verses written expressly for that excellent Magazine. If they should chance to please the editor—as I hope they may—he will please say so by sending me their financial value. What is not remarkable, I have been "put up" to writing for "Putnam," by reading "Putnam"—the March Number—which I found notable (for any magazine) as containing no paper that is not readable, and three or four that struck me as the very cleverest of magazine articles. <i>Mocte virtute!</i> I write to you, because I know you, and you know the editor of "Put,"—and will see the MS. fairly on his hands. Yours truly, JOHN G. SAXE.	John G. Saxe



IX

PUBLICATIONS OF 1851-56

Publica-
tions of
1851-56

AMONG the more noteworthy of the publications that came into the book list of the House during the first three or four years of its existence may be noted the following:

The Book of Home Beauty, edited by Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland. This was a volume that was hardly to be classed as literature. It was made up of twelve portraits engraved on steel with some descriptive text, the subjects of which were the leading ladies of New York society, or at least such among these ladies as had been willing to lend their faces for the purpose. The special circle in 1850 was smaller naturally than might have been the case half a century later, but it is still a little difficult to understand how either publisher or editor could have had sufficient daring to select out of the group

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twelve ladies accepted as the most beautiful. One can easily imagine certain social heart-burnings as resulting from this volume. Whether on this ground, or simply because there was in fact no actual requirement for a book of such a character, the publication proved a failure and resulted in a substantial deficiency.

The *Home Book of the Picturesque*, published during the same year, was an undertaking of a different and it is fair to say of a higher character. American landscape painters were doing increasingly good work, and there was every reason why their work should be commemorated, although here also the method of reproduction, the steel plate, left much to be desired. John F. Kensett, whose letter follows, became a close friend of my father, and was associated with him in the Union League and Century Clubs, and later as a summer neighbor at Five Mile River on the Sound. He died in 1872, a few days before my father.

NEW YORK, NOV. 15, 1851.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: The parcel containing copy of the *Book of the Picturesque* with its accompanying note I have just seen. Please accept my best thanks for the gift. It is a beautiful book and I have no doubt of its success.

I cannot say that I am satisfied with the transla-

John F.
Kensett

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Charles Astor Bristed	tion of my sketch and I think it could have been made very much better with very little work had I had a proof to touch up, <i>mais n'importe</i>. Should the success of the present book warrant a repetition the ensuing year, I think the artistic excellence might be greatly increased by a careful selection of pictures and an equally careful revision of the engraved proofs before the plates are put in the printers' hands, which in this instance time would not admit of being done. Your tempting offer of an exchange of our respective wares I accept with great pleasure, and as I shall be down town early in the week, I will call in upon you. With much respect, I remain, Dear Sir, Very truly yours, JNO. F. KENSETT. Charles Astor Bristed, a grandson of John Jacob Astor, who had taken university work in Cambridge, described in a volume entitled <i>Five Years in an English University</i> the life of an American student in Cambridge. The book was the first of its kind, and continued for a long series of years thereafter to be accepted as an authority. Mary Cowden Clarke, whom my father had come to know before leaving London, published through him the American edition of the book entitled <i>The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines</i>, a book which has remained in permanent repute. Fenimore Cooper printed before 1852 certain of the volumes in his long series which have

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deservedly remained the most popular. The catalogue of 1851 includes, by the same author, a *Naval History of the United States*, a book which has furnished material for all later historians of our navy.

S. S. Cox

J. D. B. De Bow, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Louisiana, published in three large volumes a statistical work on the *Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States*. It is a little surprising to find a work of this character coming from the South. It is certainly the case that prior to 1855 the intellectual work done in the Southern States had a much larger relative importance to that of the country as a whole than has been the case since. De Bow's *Review*, published, I believe, both in New Orleans and in Washington, presented for a series of years almost the only political economy and political science which secured consideration in any of the American periodicals of the time. S. S. Cox published in 1851 a story of travels in Europe and the Orient, entitled *The Buckeye Abroad*. Mr. Cox was a young Ohioan who knew how to observe and how to describe. He came later into Congress where he remained an active figure until his death about 1889. He was a Democrat, but one of the group that gave to the Government during the years of the Civil War loyal and effective support. He associated

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Nathaniel Hawthorne	himself actively in the work for international copyright, but his principal achievement was the practical creation of the life-saving service of the coast. He served a term as Minister at Constantinople, and published later through G. P. Putnam's Sons three or four pleasant volumes of travel. In 1851, was published <i>Mosses from an Old Manse</i>, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose name was at that time practically unknown in the literary world. The author failed to secure through this first book any such favor with the critics or with the reading public as might have been expected from his later position among the great creative writers of the world. The fault was evidently not with the book, which has been properly placed among his masterpieces, but with the lack of understanding or appreciation on the part of the public. Two years after the publication my father was able to report a total sale not exceeding 750 copies. His letter to Mr. Hawthorne, giving this result, expresses naturally cordial sympathy and also no little surprise at the lack of perception on the part of the public. It is evident, however, that my father himself had no realizing sense of the distinctive value of this book or of the exceptional originality of its author. At the time that this letter was written, the manuscript of <i>The Scarlet Letter</i> had been completed and was lying in the au-



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thor's desk in his office in the Custom House at Salem. Discouraged, naturally enough, at this unsatisfactory report from his first publisher, Hawthorne left this new manuscript in his desk for a year or more. Some chapters of it had been read to his wife and to a few personal friends in Salem, and the account of the reading had come to the ears of James T. Fields, a publisher whose literary perceptions were of the keenest, and whose publishing ambitions were large. Fields journeyed to Salem, secured with some difficulty an examination of the manuscript, and succeeded in carrying it back with him to Boston. After the publication of <i>The Scarlet Letter</i>, suggestions from different publishers came in rapidly to the young author. Properly enough, however, and also wisely from a business point of view, he decided to keep his books grouped together in the hands of Ticknor & Fields. My father's disappointment in failing to maintain publishing relations with this particular author was the keener because Hawthorne had married his first cousin, Sophia Peabody, and the expectation was that, other things being equal, Hawthorne's material should be placed in my father's hands. As the matter had shaped itself, however, my father could make no objection to the transfer later to Ticknor & Fields of the first book, <i>Mosses from an Old Manse</i>.	Nathaniel Hawthorne

Nathaniel
Haw-
thorne

A letter written by Hawthorne, in 1836, to the publisher of the New York *Mirror* may be inserted here:

Jan., 1839.

DEAR SIR: It will give me great pleasure to comply with your proposition in regard to contributions for the *Mirror*, so far as it may be in my power. I think I can furnish the five articles within the year, at furthest—and perhaps much sooner. Just at the moment I am undergoing somewhat of a metamorphosis; for Mr. Bancroft has formed so high an opinion of my capacity for business as to offer me the post of Inspector in the Boston Custom House—and as I know nothing to the contrary of my suitability for it, (knowing nothing about the matter) I have determined to accept. I understand that I shall have a good deal of leisure time, the greater part of which I mean to employ in writing books for the series projected by the Board of Education, which, I think, promises to be more profitable than any other line of literary labor. Still I shall not utterly lay by the story telling trade, and shall be happy to come before the public through such a medium as the *Mirror*. It rejoices me to hear of its high repute, under your management.

How is our friend Mr. Benjamin?

Very truly yours,

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

GEO. P. MORRIS.

The volumes of Sir Francis Head, *Bubbles from the Brunnen*, *A Faggot of French Sticks*, and *A Journey Across the Pampas*, made for

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themselves a good reputé on both sides of the Atlantic. Head's account of Paris in the year preceding the *coup d'état* presents an admirable picture which has value as history. A volume entitled *Homes of American Authors* was put into print in 1852. It included, in addition to views of the houses, personal, critical, and biographical sketches by Curtis, Briggs, Godwin, Bryant, Mrs. Kirkland, and others. The editor's name is not given. This book proved to be one of the publishing successes. In 1852, a collection was made of the works of Thomas Hood, a writer who had always been a favorite of my father. The papers appear to have been compiled from the several periodicals in which they had appeared, including, of course, the serial issued under the title of *Hood's Own*.

It was the case with Hood, as some years later with De Quincey, that the first complete edition of his writings was issued on our side of the Atlantic.

John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, who in 1845 had been Secretary of the Navy, published between 1851 and 1853 two stories, *Horse-Shoe Robinson* and *Swallow Barn*, which were faithful and artistic stories of Virginia and Maryland in the earlier years of the Republic. Frederick Law Olmsted, who was a cousin of my mother's, published, in 1851, *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in*

Publica-
tions
1850-53

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Publications 1850-63	<i>England.</i> Mr. Olmsted, who became later one of the successful landscape gardeners of the country, had had some training as a scientific agriculturist. His observations in England were largely devoted to farming conditions and possibilities. The book reached a sixth edition and attracted a full measure of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The author was clear-sighted enough to point out how serious the competition of American wheat was going to prove to the earnings of the English farmer and to the income of the English rural landlord. In later years, Olmsted made two journeys through the Southern States, and published two books, under the titles of <i>A Journey through the Seaboard Slave States</i> and <i>A Journey to Texas</i>. These books were interesting as narratives, but had special value as trustworthy pictures of economic conditions in the South in the years immediately preceding the Civil War—conditions which, as the author pointed out, rendered probable, if not necessary, something in the shape of a radical change or revolution. The books have been compared to Arthur Young's <i>Studies of Rural France in 1787-89</i>. The following letter from Irving's London publisher gives indication of the increasing difficulties in protecting the authorized editions of American books.

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LONDON, August 9, 1850.

From ROBT. COOKE,
(Partner of JOHN MURRAY.)

**Murray
and Irving**

MY DEAR SIR:

I have written by the post to Mr. Washington Irving, and to make sure of his receiving the packet without delay I have addressed it to your care.

I need scarcely tell you it is on the subject of protecting his and our copyright of his works in this country, and I do hope and trust you will be enabled to assist us in our great want, namely, the correct dates of publication in America of the early works of Mr. Irving, and to put both in some way as good evidence.

Our only hope is this, and I really believe if we obtain these facts we are likely to maintain our rights and give to American authors in general a protection here, provided we can prove priority of publication.

I regret to say Mr. Bohn was enabled to obtain from Mr. Delf an affidavit (a copy of which I enclose) which perfectly astonished me and took me by surprise. This is a dig from what we supposed a friendly quarter, as we hardly supposed your agent would directly or indirectly sell a copy of Irving's works. It was done without our knowledge, and on speaking to Mr. Delf he was obliged to confess you declined to supply him; so he got them through a friend in New York for himself !!

Is it true that you have exported copies of Irving's works to Chapman or to Bohn, as both make affidavits? I wish you would give me the positive dates of publication of each of the Vols. of Irving's new editions of his Works. The dates of Mr. Melville's works came most opportunely and were much to the purpose, but that case is thrown over as well as Mr. Irving's till November, when they are to be tried in a Court of Law.

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The Exposition of 1851	We shall be most anxious to hear from Mr. Irving and yourself, as everything depends on the evidence we can produce as to publication in America. I have enclosed to Mr. Irving the dates of our publication, and we feel sure that a good month must have elapsed before the works appeared in the United States. Are Mr. Irving's former publishers Carey, Lea & Blanchard? With kind compliments, I am, my dear Sir, Faithfully yours, ROBERT COOKE. Before making further notes from the publishing records, it may be convenient to bring up to date the narrative of the happenings in the family circle. The home at Stapleton, Staten Island, was retained until the close of 1851. In the summer of this year my father made a journey to England, and (I do not recall now for just what purpose¹) decided to take with him myself, at that time seven years old. I doubt whether I secured, or whether any child of that age can secure, any such service from travel experience as repays the trouble and expense to the parent. 1851 was the year of the World's Exhibition in London, the first international undertaking of the kind. The plan of such an international exhibit of the productions of the great States of the world, and of bringing together in ¹ Minnie reminds me that as a result of a severe scalding, my health was unsatisfactory.

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fraternal intercourse exhibitors and visitors from these States, had originated with Prince Albert, and was one of the many noteworthy ideas contributed by the Queen's husband to the civilization of the century. In one of the earlier statements of the plan of the Exhibition, the Prince emphasized the view, repeated later with a beautiful combination of common sense and public spirit in his opening address, that friendly industrial competition would be one of the first means of securing the peace of the world. The Prince took strong ground, in opposition to the still general belief, that nations were natural antagonists and that their rights and interests could be preserved only by frequent wars and preparations for wars, but his arguments were also aimed at the theories in regard to protective tariffs which still control the policy of nearly all the States of the world. If it were the case, as the protectionists were disposed to maintain, that one nation could increase in prosperity only at the expense of its neighbors and competitors, and that all purchases made from territory outside the national boundaries must, of necessity, weaken the resources and tend to lessen the prosperity of the home state, then the walls put up by protective tariffs to hamper interstate transactions were essential to the maintenance of the industrial interests, if not to the very existence, of the

**Prince
Albert
and the
Exposition**

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Prince Albert and the Exposition	State itself. The larger the proportion of the goods used that could be secured from home production and the smaller the proportion imported from without, the greater the welfare of the individual citizens and the more assured the wealth and prosperity of the state. Acting on this policy, the states of Europe had put into force a long series of complicated enactments having for their purpose the hampering of foreign trade, the lessening of the amount of foreign goods brought into their respective home territories, and the building up of home industries which should produce as largely as possible all articles required for home consumption. The United States, while in 1851 far behind the extreme application of these protectionist theories which have later been developed under such wise statesmen as McKinley and Dingley, had still accepted in substance the protectionist theories of Europe (and of China). England alone was making the attempt to convert, first Englishmen, and then the citizens of the world, to the opposite view. English free-traders, headed by Cobden, Bright, Prince Albert, and others, insisted that for communities as for individuals, trade would be carried on only if found profitable for both parties. If it were the case that, in a normal business condition, individual merchants exchanging goods secure advantages both ways,

it could fairly be assumed that the same merchants carrying on interstate business would watch over their own interests with equal care in making international exchanges. The wealth of the individual merchants constitutes in the aggregate the wealth of the state. Interferences with international exchanges, increasing the difficulty and the cost of the business transactions, increase proportionately the cost to the consumer of the articles secured. If the barriers were sufficiently effective to prevent altogether the bringing in from foreign states of any specific group of articles, this result could be arrived at only by bringing upon the consumer the necessity for making larger payments for similar articles produced at home. With this class of producers, whose wares could not compete successfully, without such governmental aid, with the productions from abroad, the government practically went into partnership, with the exceptional condition for a partnership, that, when the importations were stopped entirely by the high tariff, the entire profits of the association went to the home producers, leaving nothing to the Treasury, while the additional cost brought about by such an arrangement was borne by the consumer or the taxpayer.

To Prince Albert and to other Englishmen in the group to which he belonged, a policy

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The Influence of the World's Fair	of this kind seemed as mediæval, as unreasonable, and as unjust as was the system under which, during certain periods in the Middle Ages, the robber barons of the Rhine had been permitted to control trade in their own way along the banks of the river. It was not one of the least of the motives which influenced the Prince and his associates to put into effect the scheme of the first World's Fair that, in bringing men together with their wares, and in enabling the producers and the consumers of each state to make an actual comparison of their relative advantages for production, a wider and wiser understanding would be arrived at of international business conditions. Unprofitable production would no longer be sustained by the authority of the government and at the expense of the taxpayer. Unnecessary restrictions which had been hampering trade relations would be removed. With larger trade intercourse, and with the removal of burdensome taxes, the consumers would secure better goods at lower prices, while the producers could be assured of larger returns from the more extended markets. It was also the natural expectation that there would be a direct gain in the transmission from one country into another of industrial arts which had been perfected in one country and which were comparatively unknown in the others. During this period,



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England was very much behind France, Italy, and the Low Countries in regard to the application of the arts to industries. Its manufacturing methods, while successful in machinery and in mechanics, were curiously clumsy in regard to the production of goods that ought to have been artistic, but which as they came from English workshops were aggravatingly ugly and ineffective. The development of an artistic sense for furniture, for dress, for buildings, and for general environment in England, may be said to date from the Exhibition of 1851. A further important influence in the minds of the promoters of the Exhibition was the belief that it would herald the abolition of war. One of the most assured of the prophecies outlined in the address of Prince Albert, and repeated in much of the contemporary literature of the year, was that relating to the reduction of armies and fleets and to the expectation that international difficulties were thereafter to be adjusted by arbitration. It is my impression that this first World's Fair gave either no space whatever, or a very small measure of space, to implements of warfare. Its purpose was to emphasize the industrial and the artistic activities, and, as stated, to further the commercial relations of Europe. This portion of Prince Albert's scheme has, unfortunately, been shown by the history of	The Influence of the Exposition

**The Trip
across the
Atlantic**

the latter half-century to have been founded on a very optimistic conception of the nature of mankind. The belief that men would certainly do what was to their own interest, a belief which forms the basis of much of the teachings of the economists of the school of Mill, was shown to have rested on an inadequate foundation. The forty-eight years which have passed since the building of Prince Albert's Crystal Palace have, as a fact, witnessed a larger number of wars, if not a larger amount of actual fighting, than had troubled the world for any previous similar term since the close of the Thirty Years' War in 1648.

The question, however, of the wide results of this first of the World's Exhibitions or of the wisdom of Prince Albert as opposed to that of Henry C. Carey, naturally caused very little concern to the small boy who was making this journey. My father, with a much better knowledge of English and European conditions than was possessed by other Americans of his age who had not sojourned on the other side, did have a very keen interest in these theories and prophecies, and, being himself an optimist by temperament, he was disposed at the time (as he told me later) to believe that a new era of peace and international prosperity had really been inaugurated. We sailed for Liverpool on the side-wheel steamer *Franklin*. She belonged to the first of the



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steamship lines controlled by American capital and flying the American flag. The line included, in addition to the <i>Franklin</i>, the <i>Washington</i>, the <i>Humboldt</i>, and the <i>Hermann</i>. The ownership of the line was partly German, and the trips were later made to Havre, Southampton, and Bremen. It is my impression that the first cabin of the <i>Franklin</i> had staterooms for from fifty to sixty passengers. The dining-table was somewhat similar in aspect to that of the old-time sailing packets. The captain acted as host, and there was a personal association between him and his guests and between the guests themselves such as is, of course, impossible under the conditions controlling steamship life today. The trip in our case occupied fifteen days; the journeys averaged from twelve to twenty days, varying considerably according to the wind, the steamers depending very largely on the auxiliary power of their sails. London was, of course, very full, but my father, with his old-time friendly relations, did not need to depend upon hotel accommodation. We sojourned with our friends the Rutters in the house in Mornington Road, which was next door to our own latest London abode. It is difficult to say how far I have recalled from my memory the aspect of London at the time or how far the pictures in my	The Franklin

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Sir Joseph Paxton	memory came to me through later descriptions. The Crystal Palace was one of the artistic wonders of the day and made a most noteworthy precedent in the use for great buildings of glass and iron, which had heretofore been considered available for nothing larger than a conservatory. The palace constituted, in fact, an extension of the conservatory idea, and its designer, Joseph Paxton (afterwards Sir Joseph Paxton) had been himself a builder of conservatories and of nothing else. It was Paxton's happy thought, of replacing the brick and mortar upon the use of which the plans of the other designers had been formed, that caught Prince Albert's attention. The use of the glass enabled the space in Hyde Park to be covered without destroying the trees. These trees, some of them of great age, were gathered in under the central dome and the outlying extensions, and when the work of the exhibition was completed, the trees were restored to the open air without injury. While the larger hopes that had been associated with the Exhibition met with disappointment, the immediate advantages to England and to Europe were very important. The merchants who had before been doubtful of the returns to themselves from the expense of preparing exhibits, found these returns so important that they have been prepared from

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decade to decade since to give a substantial support to similar schemes. The series of World's Exhibitions since 1851 has been noteworthy and influential in many ways.

My father's special business in London during this year was the confirming of his old-time relations with the many publishers and the emphasizing for certain British authors of the effectiveness of his own publishing machinery for reaching the increasingly important market of the United States. We returned, I think, in September. The business results of the journey were indicated in a number of the more important publishing undertakings for the succeeding year.

I add here a report of certain phases of the Exhibition, which was printed by my father in the *Evening Post*.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

July, 1851.

Perhaps it is profitless to prose any further about the mistakes and omissions connected with the American portion of the "Great Exhibition"; and as one of the visitors, I must admit myself wholly incompetent to compare, intelligently and impartially, the articles in which we might have claimed to excel, with those of other nations. Speaking as a novice in almost every branch of manufacture except my own specialty,—and not too well posted even in that—I cannot help imagining that our people have jumped somewhat too hastily to the conclusion that they can do everything a great

Notes
of the
World's
Fair

**Notes
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deal better than the rest of the world. If there are those who don't boast quite so far as this, they at least cling tenaciously to the general belief that American progress in everything is so energetic, active, and actually successful, that if it has not, in every branch, really headed off the Europeans, it has come so near it that we need not trouble ourselves as to the result. Perhaps this is all right—perhaps in some instances it is true,—but yet a careful, sober look at the actual demonstration of European progress, as shown at the Great Fair, forces one to admit, even against his will, that we have a vast deal yet to learn; that we have boasted almost as much as we have performed; that we have been, nationally speaking, too well contented with the go-ahead-any-way-will-do system; and, in short, that it is more than questionable whether Europe, and especially England, has not, in a large proportion of all important and useful arts, actually travelled faster during the last ten years than the great American Republic itself.

I am too well aware how heretical and unpatriotic such admissions are deemed by our oratorical patriots. It is the fashion to laud "our country, right or wrong," and to deny that she even can be in the wrong or in the rear of the persecuted people of other nations. It is, perhaps, worse than a thankless task to venture a hint or two on the other side of this question. But when one sees what Europe is doing, even in spite of heavy national debts, heavier taxation, and all the drawbacks of expensive governments, one may be constrained to say with Knickerbocker's smoking sages, "I have my doubts." This is understood to be a free country, so I will speak freely, if you, Messrs. Editors, think it worth while to let a modest and unimportant item like myself have his "say" in your paper.

I intruded one letter before (July 15), commenting upon the Great Exhibition and the American failure therein. That it is a failure, most palpably and unequivocally, is generally admitted, and that it is so from no fault or omission on the part of the English commissioners is, also, I presume undoubted. The simple fact of failure to produce an extensive and commanding show may be excused, or at least accounted for, in a variety of ways, as before hinted; but the worst part about it—(and I appeal to any intelligent American who has seen the exhibition to contradict me, if I misrepresent)—the worst part of it is the evident ambitiousness of the display, united with the comparative meagreness and meanness of the arrangements, and the vulgarity and bad taste of the signs and wonders placed above the whole; all this must be vexatious and mortifying to any American of ordinary judgment and taste—more so than can be imagined at this distance. But it is done, let it pass; unless, peradventure, the commissioner will even now repent of his sins against propriety.

"Give the devil his due," says the old maxim. Why should we not do the same to our crusty old kinsman, Mr. Bull?

Seriously, my dear Mr. Editors, is it wise and judicious for us, as a people, to feed our vanity so greedily on bombast? Has n't our eagle soared so high that his eyes are a little blinded by the sun, or by his lofty position itself? Is it in the best taste for our statesmen and generals to be so often on stilts, looking down with pity upon the "down-trodden," miserable people of Europe, and pharisaically congratulating ourselves that we are not as other people?

Do you infer from these daring queries that the querist has been converted to despotism, and has

A Home
in
New York

been so dazzled by European splendors that he is blind alike to our great advantages, and to the real misery of the large masses abroad? If so, your inference is erroneous. What I aim at is, simply to suggest, to insinuate, as gently as our sensitive democracy will permit, that there is much even in the most despotic country in Europe which we might advantageously copy; that in the more liberal nations, such as mother England, there is a vast deal more that we might envy; that England has far more of freedom than we are usually taught to believe; and that we are sadly, vexatiously, and almost inexcusably behind her in many essential particulars bearing upon domestic comfort, municipal regulations, and protection to individual rights. How long would "short boys" and such like rowdies be tolerated in London? Shall they be necessary appendages to a republic?

Truly yours,

G. P. P.

It was during this journey that the scheme of *Putnam's Monthly* was first thought over, although the carrying out of this scheme was delayed for another twelve months.

Towards the close of the year, my father felt sufficiently hopeful about his business future to plan for a material change in the arrangements of his home. With his increasing literary and social responsibilities in New York, he had long found it an inconvenience to be domiciled at Staten Island. In the winter time the intercourse between the island and the city was not infrequently interrupted by ice, and whenever my father

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had been detained at the office a little later than usual, or was held in town for an evening engagement, my mother had the question before her as to whether he really was to pass the night with a friend in the city or whether the not very trustworthy ferry-boat was drifting down the bay with her paddles clogged with ice.

The new home was fixed in East 16th Street, at number 92, opposite St. George's Church and almost immediately adjoining Stuyvesant Square. The house which my father felt able to purchase was one that at that time ranked as not only comfortable but handsome. My father had always had much more interest than my mother in the details of house furnishing—details in which he showed both good taste and good judgment. In this instance he prepared the house entirely without even having told my mother that a house had been selected. The house was furnished by him from attic to cellar, and even in my mother's own rooms he had taken pains to provide articles similar to those with which she was most familiar, so that in coming into the new surroundings she should not have too much of the sense of unaccustomedness. I remember, in the little reception-room which was on the left of the hall, the beauty of the wall-paper, which was figured with leaves in green, the leaves being embossed in some way on

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in
New York**

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A Home in New York	the lower surface. This paper, as in fact was the case with most of the decorations of the house, was cordially commended by father's artistic friends. It was only in after years that we understood the risks to which the family had been exposed in connection with the fluffing off of the green surfaces of those leaves. The green was one of the dyes largely compounded of arsenic, and the friend who some years later purchased the house from my father was somewhat horror-struck to find that the previous occupants had exposed themselves to so serious a risk of poisoning. I think it was in December of 1851 that my mother was brought to the city by my father with the view of helping him look for a house. He took her to the house in 16th Street, which (fortunately for the future harmony of the household) she found attractive in every respect, including the detail of the new furniture. She was then told that the house and furniture were hers, and, differing in this respect from the majority of women, who prefer to select their own home environment, she seems to have been very appreciative of the pains that had been taken to meet her tastes and to spare her from unnecessary labor. The household now comprised six children. Edith had been born in London, 1846, being therefore two years old at the time of the family immigration; Bishop was born in

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1847 a few months after the arrival at Staten Island; Amy was born on Staten Island in 1850; and Irving in 1852. My mother had a happy faculty of caring for her children and of spending with them a fair proportion of her days without being "used up" by them. In these earlier years of the family life she was spared a good deal of the strain, fatigue, and anxiety that usually help to make young mothers middle-aged women before their time, by the intelligent service and personal devotion of the English nurse, Isabella Cole, previously referred to.

By the time of the settling of the family in New York, my sister Minnie and myself were old enough (respectively nine and seven) to require some instruction beyond that which had heretofore been given in the nursery. My father had taken a pew in Calvary Church, then, as now, situated at Fourth Avenue and 21st Street. We belonged properly in the parish of St. George, at that time presided over by the older Stephen H. Tyng, whose church was immediately opposite the home. My father had, however, an old-time friendship with Dr. Francis L. Hawks, the rector of Calvary, and preferred to associate himself with the Calvary congregation. He was not himself in the formal sense of the term a churchman. He had, as before stated, been brought up by his mother in the Baptist fold,

*Family
Life*

**Church
Relations**

but had withstood the influences (strong enough in his mother's household) to bring him formally into the Baptist communion. My mother had, in her Boston environment and later with my Aunt Corinna's circle in New York, been associated with Unitarians. It was on this ground and also probably on account of my father's personal relations with Dr. Dewey, that the marriage ceremony had been performed by the Unitarian divine. During the sojourn in London my mother had, however, found herself interested in the Church of England form of belief, to which Church nearly all her English friends belonged. On Staten Island my father had, therefore, taken a pew in St. John's Church at Clifton, and it was in the Sunday-school of this church that Minnie and myself received our first formal religious instruction. St. John's was, during those years, presided over by Dr. Mercer. I do not now remember listening to the Doctor's preaching, but I have been in a position in later years to recall the style of his sermons, as a volume of these, selected by his old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Pell, was published through G. P. Putnam's Sons. Dr. Mercer later had a parish in Newport, where he lived to a good old age, dying some years after my father.

Minnie and I were both made members of the Sunday-school of Calvary Church, and

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were brought into somewhat closer relations with the rector than was the case with some of the other Sunday-school children. As I afterwards learned, Dr. Hawks was at the time owing my father some money. I have since understood that owing money was quite a common condition with this particular scholar. As the rector of one of the oldest parishes of the city, it is probable that he received a satisfactory income, but with his Southern habits (he was a native of North Carolina) he apparently found the keeping of a balance-sheet difficult and distasteful. It is my impression that his luxury expenditure was chiefly for books, and that it was through the importation for his library of more or less costly European publications that he came into my father's debt. The Doctor had found himself interested in Minnie's quickness of mind and in the directions taken by her rather inquisitive spirit. I remember, on one of his earlier visits to the 16th Street house, his taking Minnie on his knee and having with her a long conversation concerning the history and the actual meaning of the Pyramids and the Sphinx. She must have been at the time about ten years of age.

The suggestion that Dr. Hawks should devote a morning hour to giving instruction in Latin to Minnie, probably came from my father. She waited upon the Doctor in the

Dr. Hawks

**Social
Life in
1852**

rector's study, back of the church, which contained his library—a collection including doubtless some of the very books for which payment was to be made in this manner. I understand that not very much Latin was picked up in the course of the hour, but that the Doctor devoted the time to a monologue, interrupted only by Minnie's questions on a variety of subjects which comprised almost everything excepting Latin. The hour was interesting and in certain ways suggestive for a young person of an inquiring mind, and she did gather from our instructor some points about reading. I doubt, however, whether the money debt was ever fully worked out.

The house in 16th Street soon became the centre of hospitality, which, from the frequent return of the same guests, appears to have been none the less attractive because it was always modest. In the course of 1852, I think, there was instituted a series of evening receptions, which were held on Tuesdays with "no formality and no suppers." To these receptions came some of the best people in New York, using "best" in the sense in which it would be interpreted in literary circles rather than among those who constituted the "four hundred" of the period. Mr. Bryant was one of the most regular attendants, and for the twenty years succeeding this time Bryant might very well have been accepted

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as the leader of the best of New York society. Curtis was a frequent and a welcome guest, and brought with him from time to time New England friends or kinsmen. Dr. Hawks was naturally a frequent visitor, to look after his parishioner and to represent the scholarship of New York. Parke Godwin, who married the oldest daughter of Bryant, and who was understood to represent the political opinions of *Putnam's Monthly*, came from time to time, although in those earlier years it is my impression that Godwin posed as one who shunned society. Other names to be recalled are those of Frederick Law Olmsted, who was a cousin of my mother's, and who, before attaining fame as a landscape gardener, was known as a clever agriculturist, traveller, and writer; Downing, from whom Olmsted received some of his first encouragement towards making landscape gardening a profession; Bayard Taylor, in the intervals of his series of travels; Mrs. Kirkland, Henry T. Tuckerman, Miss Wormeley, Dr. Spencer, author of a clever book of travels on the East; John P. Kennedy, who occasionally found time to make the journey from Baltimore or from Washington; Professor Gray from Cambridge, Professor Silliman from New Haven, Dr. W. S. Mayo, author of *Kaloolah*; Fenimore Cooper, Richard B. Kimball, George Ripley, Miss Lynch, afterwards Mrs. Botta;

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Life in
1882**

The "Lost Prince"

Mr. Irving, though rarely. Irving very much preferred a talk with one or two people to what he called a social function. There was also a representation from Columbia College, including Dr. Anthon, Professor Hackley, etc. Susan Warner and her sister Anna occasionally came to town from West Point, and when the elder sister was in the room there was no difficulty in identifying her presence, as she was an inch or two taller than almost any one else. George H. Calvert occasionally made the journey from Newport, and Catherine Sedgwick would bring to town the latest reports from Berkshire County.

Reference has already been made to the history of Eleazar Williams, who believed himself to be the lost Prince, Louis XVII., and whose belief was at the time accepted by a number of good authorities. During the winter of the visit of Mr. Williams to New York, he and his friend Dr. Hanson, who took charge of the literary presentation of his case, were frequent guests at the Tuesday receptions, and the possibility that Louis XVII. was in the room naturally attracted a full share of attention. On one occasion, at least, the 16th Street house received Thackeray, of whose tall figure, big snub-nose, and round spectacles, I retain a vivid impression.

My father possessed eminently the social

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faculty. With no knowledge that was thorough enough to be called that of a scholar, he possessed a very wide range of information, was well read, particularly in history and biography, and had kept himself in touch with the events of modern times on both sides of the Atlantic. He had the interest of an intelligent citizen in all that concerned the welfare of his own country, while he was much better informed as to conditions in England and in Europe than was general with Americans of his generation, to whom Europe was not as near as it has since become. He also had a keen personal sympathy with the men and women with whom he came in contact, and was always ready to interest himself intelligently both in them and in their work. With his social faculty, it was a pleasure with him to bring people together who might not otherwise have met, and, with a certain sweetness of nature that made it impossible for him to attribute bad motives to anybody else, he was often able to cause people who had issues of one kind or another to forget their differences in his presence. In later times, when I was better able to understand the difficulty of inducing certain types of men to work in harmony, types which include not a few public-spirited citizens who really want to serve the community, I learned to appreciate the value of this

**Social
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faculty of my father's. He made, therefore, an excellent host, and my mother, whose range of interests was smaller, and who found it more difficult to sympathize with people of whom she was not fond, had also herself a social grace and attractiveness of manner which made her a successful hostess. For many years after 16th Street had ceased to be a home for us, I heard these receptions referred to as an example of what could be done with New York society with a little intelligent effort. During these years, Curtis, who had himself a very high standard as to what society ought to be, was describing in his *Potiphar Papers* the efforts of the "four hundred" of the time to find amusement for themselves in a very different fashion.

We remained in the 16th Street house until 1855, and then made a migration to Yonkers, which was at that time a pretty rural settlement. I suppose that the needs of the growing family of youngsters for country environment was an important influence in bringing about the change. It was also true, however, that both the father and mother had a kind of restlessness which prevented them from retaining a home for more than three or four years. Partly as the result of this restlessness, partly in connection with the changing conditions of the family and of the family

income, and partly in connection with the changes that took place in the environment of the homes selected, it was the case that in the period between 1852 and 1872 (the year of my father's death) the family found a more or less temporary resting-place in nearly every direction from the city. During the sojourn in Yonkers, two children were added to the home circle—Bayard, born in 1854, and Ruth, born in 1856. Bayard's full name was Bayard Taylor, given in honor of the old-time friend and author. The year of his birth was made noteworthy by a great epidemic of cholera, which ravaged New York and other cities of the coast.

I continue the selection from the business correspondence, or at least from the comparatively small proportion of the correspondence which had escaped destruction. Joseph Henry, who was at the time secretary and executive officer of the Smithsonian Institute, writes from Washington to propose utilizing the firm of G. P. Putnam & Co., and their London correspondent, as publishing agents for the Institute. Henry had been a professor of natural philosophy in Princeton, and had done important work in connection with electricity.

He became Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute in 1846, and remained in charge of the Institute until his death in 1878, having

Joseph
Henry

done more than any other one man to develop its importance and usefulness.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, NOV. 11, 1850.
GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:

I write to ask whether you intend to visit Washington within a short time? I wish to confer with you relative to the publications of the Smithsonian Institution.

We have now a number of memoirs ready to be put into the market; also Professor Harvey of the University of Dublin is now preparing for us a work on the North American Algæ. It will form a quarto volume of about two hundred and fifty pages, illustrated with fifty or sixty hand-colored plates. Can you inform us how many copies of this work could probably be sold in this country and in Europe, at a small advance on the cost, at a price, say, of five dollars per copy?

Also, please inform us whether we can send small packages through you to London and also direct our correspondents to send to your agent articles intended for us. I am acquainted with Thomas Delf in London, but do not know his address. It might perhaps be of importance to us in the way of our exchanges.

Professor Bond has entered on the duties of his office as an assistant, and will, I trust, prove a valuable coadjutor. He will take the principal charge of the printing and publication.

I remain very truly your friend and servant,
JOSEPH HENRY.

The letter to Harper & Bros., given further on, belongs to a series of controversial corre-

spondence in regard to certain troublesome practices of the Harpers of the first generation.

Reference has already been made to their high-handed appropriation of the books of Miss Bremer, even during the time when the Swedish author was a stranger in the country and had some special claim to hospitality, or at least to courtesy and fair dealing.

In the matter of Borrow's works, the principal sufferer from the threatened Harper "appropriations" (which were duly carried out) was my father, who, with an optimistic trust that his undertaking would not be interfered with, had paid the English publisher, Murray, a full price for the American "market."

The four Harpers who constituted the original Harper Brothers were staunch Methodists and keen men of business. They appear to have had little respect for any "rights" that could not be enforced by law. The "courtesy of the trade," a term which in the period preceding the copyright law stood for a recognition of the relations established by an American publisher with his foreign authors, was something with which these older Harpers were very impatient. Their grandsons, forty years later, represented by my good friend, J. Henry Harper, took an active part in the contest for international copyright, and have always been ready to extend the

"Appropriations"

G. P. Putnam to
Harper &
Bros.

fullest possible recognition to all "rights" or courtesy-claims of their publishing competitors. It is sad to recall (writing in 1900) that the men with this higher standard of business have not succeeded in retaining the fortune and the business foundation that had been handed down to them by their hard-headed and harder-natured predecessors.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1851.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.

DEAR SIR:

I have observed that you have again announced that you shall reprint Borrow's *Lavengro*.

Considering that my engagements with Mr. Murray to republish this work from an early copy were made as long ago as November, 1848 (the proposition originating with him), and that at least one of your house was aware of that fact, I have been unwilling to suppose that you really intended to reprint another edition.

If there is any good reason why the ordinary usages of the trade should be departed from in this instance, may I ask you to be good enough to mention it?

I am not aware that I have given you any cause for complaint. I have carefully avoided all interference with your publishing arrangements and have not even sought or proposed for a single English book for republication for two years past; while I have declined several proposals made to me for such reprints from early copies.

If there be, nevertheless, any good reason why it is right and proper, according to equity and usage, for you to reprint Borrow's work, in rivalry to my edition (which will be reprinted from an early copy

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obtained at very considerable cost), I should feel greatly obliged if you would let me know what that reason is.

I am, dear Sirs,
Very truly yours,
G. P. PUTNAM.

The following letter from Irving's publisher speaks none too strongly concerning certain piratical appropriations of Irving's works, appropriations which, in one form or other, continued through a long series of years.

IRVING'S EARLIER WORKS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

A paragraph copied in the *Times* from a letter in the *Boston Post*, makes a statement in regard to some unknown person's intention to "do a little freebooting" on some volumes of Irving's earlier works. To call this proposed proceeding "privateering," as the writer does elsewhere, is perhaps scarcely correct, if privateering means licensed and authorized warfare on an enemy's property. This "intention" does not appear to have any such warrant. No enmity or open warfare is pretended—no reprisals for damage done or public or personal injury sustained—but simple, plain, open or rather secret "freebooting"; for the "enterprising" and "adventurous freebooter" is apparently so doubtful of the character of his proposed "raid" on the private interests and property of two families (no member of which I am quite sure has ever done him an injury, whoever he is), that he hesitates to give his own name, but suggests the "ventilation" of his free and easy project through an anonymous correspondent of a journal in another city.

G. P. Putnam on
"Pirates"

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G. P. Putnam on "Pirates"	The legal, moral, commercial, or other aspects of the proposed invasion,—or whatever it may be properly designated—need not be discussed at present. It is just possible that though the "freebooter" may have power to inflict some damage on me and those dependent upon me, as well as on the large family circle of the author in question, he may find it will prove of less benefit to himself than he now supposes. I would merely beg leave at present to state that I am still the publisher of all of Irving's works; that my contract for them, to pay the full copyright on all of them, has just been renewed for five years; that there are no "new publishers" to be attacked, for my interest in the books are the same as ever; that the present editions of the works contain a large amount of new matter which the "freebooter" might find it unpleasant to steal; and that the attempt to reprint the incomplete and unrevised edition of the two or three volumes which, in these imperfect editions, have ceased to be protected, is a gross injustice to the reputé of the author, as well as an unjustifiable raid on the private interests and means of his family. This, at least, is my honest impression, albeit a selfish view of the case. Even if there were no copyright, if the books were foreign, but had been reprinted for a long series of years in every variety of form which the public demanded—the investment in time and money in the mere manufacture would seem to be entitled to some courtesy, to say the least. No publisher, however, who claims any position in the trade or the community worthy of true respect, would need any argument on this point. I would merely add that even the excuse that the "raided" article may be sold cheaper will not hold in this case. Editions of all these volumes, in the

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revised and complete form, are either ready or in active progress to be sold at the minimum rates of non-copyright books.

Yours respectfully,

G. P. PUTNAM.

JANY., 1852.

IRVING'S EARLIER WRITINGS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

Mr. Putnam's remarks on the impropriety of republishing Irving's works in their unrevised form have but one fault: they are not strong enough. Perhaps he feared to be suspected of exaggeration. Few readers appreciate the extent of the changes made in the revised edition, as they can only be fully detected by minute comparison. Take *Knickerbocker*, for instance. Having recently had occasion to collate carefully several chapters of the two versions, I found that, what with additions, omissions, transpositions, and alterations, one-fifth of the original had been entirely recast. There was not merely the "new matter" to which Mr. Putnam alludes, such as the chapters about Rensselaerwick and the exquisite episode of Ten Broeck's Land Measurement, page after page of the old matter was most carefully rewritten. The one defect of Irving's beautiful style—an occasional diffuseness—had been rigorously toned down, sentences compressed and epithets altered—often most felicitously. Thus, "that potent and blustering monarch, the sovereign people," was changed to "that wise but windy potentate,"—a bit of alliterative humor not surpassed by Sydney Smith's "diameter and decision," or the saying so current twenty years ago in England, "Peel and Providence."

To republish the unrevised editions of Irving would indeed be most unfair to his repute and to

Irving's
Works
"Pira-
cies"

Corre-
spondence

the public, while it would go far to destroy the little existing value those editions have, namely to the curious bibliophile.

JANY., 1852.

CARL BENSON.

I do not identify Mr. Mulckinvik as one of the Putnam authors, but with a remembrance of not a few similar cases later, I think it probable that he secured the desired loan.

"TRIBUNE" OFFICE, New York, June 4, 1852.
GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

About a year ago I asked you for a loan of \$200, offering as security for the payment of the debt two or three presentation copies of books I received from the authors, which you said you would do. I now hand over Longfellow, Emerson, and Mitchell to your safe keeping, praying of you to keep them safe for me, as I would not lose one for \$20; I have just got a situation as proof-reader from Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune* at \$10 a week, but from former difficulties have not been able to call the salary my own. May I ask you to loan me three dollars until I take them back?

I am, dear Sir,

Yours gratefully,

WILLIAM P. MULCKINVIK.

The following letter to Hawthorne gives an account of the curious lack of success of the first of Hawthorne's published volumes, the exquisite *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

It was only after *The Scarlet Letter* had secured for itself a world-wide recognition that these earlier sketches came into appreciation.

George Palmer Putnam

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NEW YORK, February 10, 1853.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Esq.

Cor
spon!

MY DEAR SIR:

Annexed is an account of sales of the *Mosses* up to the first of January, and for the balance due you (\$144.09) a check is enclosed on the American Exchange Bank. It happens that the two last semi-annual accounts were passed over by our book-keeper simply because the amount was small, and he thought it well to wait until a somewhat more considerable sum should be due. The present amount is small enough; I only wish it were ten times as much. I trust, however, you will be assured that we take a pride in having your name on our list and that we shall continue to keep the *Mosses* in fresh remembrance and to do all we can to make its publication more profitable.

The good fortune which fell to our worthy and enterprising friends in Boston in being the publishers of *The Scarlet Letter* and its brilliant success, was certainly something to be envied (I hope I am not too envious), and it is natural that the comparatively moderate sale of the *Mosses* should make us appear less interested and less capable of doing justice to the work. But I trust that you will not consider this circumstance as conclusively against us. Your Boston publishers have certainly won the best title to your confidence. I could not justly move a step in any interference, direct or indirect, with their claims. I am chiefly anxious to have you believe me not only honestly ambitious to secure your goodwill, but fully capable of doing justice to your interests whenever (if ever) there may be any suitable occasion for your publishing in any way in New York. I still hope, however it may be with books, that you may be willing to let us publish your next romance first in our Magazine, and I will engage to

Correspondence

secure at any rate these two points: first, that you will receive the highest rate of payment promptly in cash from the Magazine, and, second, that your American and London copyrights shall both be protected beyond any contingency. By the highest rate, I mean the highest rate ever paid in this country by a magazine. As we publish simultaneously in London, it is very easy to arrange for the British copyright. If you should prefer to give us separate short tales we should also be quite ready to print the same. The success of our Magazine is now established. Of the latest number we printed 22,250, and the demand increases from day to day.

Mr. Irving, Mr. Bryant, the author of the *Wide, Wide World*, and other authors for whom we publish, will tell you that our engagements have been large with them and have always been promptly met. This year we complete for Mr. Irving \$20,000 for four years' sales, and Miss Warner received from us for six months' sales \$4,500.

I trust that you will kindly think over these several suggestions and that if any difficulties occur to you, you will let me know and I will try to remove them.

Very respectfully,
G. P. PUTNAM.

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1853.

DEAR SIR:

I duly received yours of the 16th with the list of American works published in England, for which I am greatly indebted to you.

It is a very important document, and when properly made use of will have its effect on the public mind. I do not think we shall be able to take up the Copy-Right Convention at this session. The Senate is greatly pre-occupied with other subjects

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and there is an indisposition to take up business of this kind. Great pains have been taken by outsiders to prejudice the Senate against the treaty; and not much to counteract these efforts. It is the universal opinion, as far as I know, of the friends of the measure, that it would be unwise to take it up this Spring. Let this, however, be *entre nous*. You must get some able, temperate, and skilful friend of the measure to advocate it in a series of articles in your Magazine. It would be worth while to have something in each number during the recess of Congress.

With great regard,

Faithfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

(At that time Secretary of State).

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

Publica-
tions
1853-54

In 1853, Miss Warner published *Queechy*, which, while never attaining the success of *The Wide, Wide World*, did secure a good circulation. Both books have remained in demand during the last half of the century. In the same year was printed *Dollars and Cents* over the *nom de plume* of "Amy Lathrop." This was an attempt made by the two sisters to produce a book together. It had a fair success, and I find reached to a fifth edition in 1854, but it did not possess the literary quality of the books written by Susan alone. Better work was done by the two sisters in the set of books for children entitled *Ellen Montgomery's Book-shelf*, a series which included *Mr. Rutherford's Children*, *Karl Krinken*, etc. In 1853, were published four works

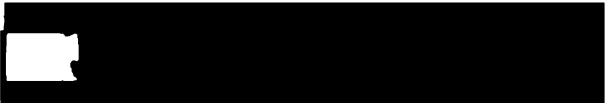
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Publications 1853-54	of reference which involved a considerable investment, and of which two secured some continued success: <i>Universal Biography</i>, compiled by Paul Godwin; <i>Literature and the Fine Arts</i>, by George Ripley and Bayard Taylor, <i>Useful Arts</i>, by Dr. Antisel, and <i>Geography</i>, by T. C. Callicott. In 1854, was published <i>Roughing it in the Bush, or Life in Canada</i>, by Mrs. Mudie, the wife of a British officer. The book was not merely attractive reading, but is valuable to-day as a picture of the frontier life of the time. <i>The World's Progress</i> had been revised with additional material from five years to five years, and continued to be accepted as possibly the best American compilation of its class. I find record of a <i>Popular Library for Travellers and the Home Circle</i>, which is catalogued as comprising at that time thirty volumes. In 1851, Professor Silliman had travelled in Europe, and in the following year brought out, in two volumes, the record of his trip. This reached by 1853 a third edition. I have looked at the book since, and judge that if it were published to-day it would not find many hundred readers. The reading public in the middle of the century was prepared to interest itself in travel narratives which at this time would be considered neither exciting nor informing. Miss Catherine Sedgwick published within this term of years a group of books, two of which

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secured for themselves an honorable position in the literature of the time—*Clarence, Redwood, A New England Tale, Facts and Fancies, and Morals of Manners*. Miss Sedgwick knew from careful observation the New England life of which Stockbridge was the centre. Her descriptions of the characters of the society with which she was intimate might be compared to those of Miss Wilkins of the succeeding generation. The sale of the *Wide, Wide World* had, as I note from the advertisement, reached the fiftieth thousand, a sale for which the community of that time (the country contained, I suppose, about twenty-five millions of people) was as noteworthy as would be a sale to-day of two hundred and fifty thousand. In 1854, was published the account of the United States Exploring Expedition, whose work had been done under the leadership of Commodore Wilkes. The expedition had been one of the most important scientific undertakings as yet initiated by the Government, and the result showed that my father was fortunate in being able to secure the contract for the publication of the narrative. A little later, was issued the popular account of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan, a journey which, as far as the United States was concerned, constituted practically a discovery of the country. It is my impression that Perry secured from the Japanese

**Publications
1853-54**



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The Fruit Festival	Government a larger measure of hospitality and more important political and commercial privileges than had thus far been conceded to any foreign invader. In 1855, a little while before the destruction by fire of the unfortunate New York Crystal Palace, my father conceived the idea of having the publishers of the country give some kind of an entertainment that should bring together the authors of the country. He induced the leading publishers to take up the plan, and the Publishers' Association was organized, or was re-organized, for the purpose, with William H. Appleton as president, and G. P. Putnam as secretary and man of all work. The entertainment took the form of a fruit festival, which was held in the Crystal Palace (one of the few buildings in New York suitable for the purpose), in September, 1855. The occasion was described as a great success, and is a noteworthy incident in the history of American literature and of American literary relations. It certainly emphasized the growing importance of the group of literary workers. I have not been so fortunate as to preserve a copy of the bound volume which described the undertaking and in which the addresses were recorded. I remember that authors were interested in coming to New York from very distant points, and that in many cases these authors met in this way for

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the first time publishers who had heretofore been known to them only through correspondence.

The following two letters are to be connected with the Fruit Festival.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20, 1855.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

MY DEAR SIR:

Will this toast answer your purpose?

"The Fine Arts: the Offspring of Free Institutions and the Ornament of a Practical People;—their Use lies in their Beauty and their Beauty lies in their Truth."

With the best wishes,

Yours ever,

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

BOSTON, Sept. 17, 1855.

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

I have just heard from Holmes, who is in Kentucky. He says he will not say "no," and cannot now say "yes"; so I, knowing the jolly little coz very well, count on his appearance. I have not seen Mr. Everett since, as it seems almost of no use, as I am persuaded he will be there. You will have a great time. Fruits, Flowers, and Women! Could anything be better arranged?

I am glad to hear your shakes are flown. Pray heaven they may not alight on my shoulders. I have a great horror of such devilish visitors. Thank you and your wife for liking my Vrow. She cottoned to yours firmly and no longer ago than last evening I heard her quoting Mrs. P. to a friend.

I do not think Whipple will be at the Dinner. Indeed I know he will not, so please dash him off.

**The Fruit
Festival**

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The Bay Path	He is too busy at home to leave. We shall not increase our list in the Catalogue. I should like to know what guns are to speak on the 27th, so that if there is too much ammunition and my cartridge is not needed, I shall not be obliged to pull my small trigger. Very truly yours, JAMES T. FIELDS. Outside of the circle of writers already at work in New York, it was undoubtedly the case that the New England group was by far the most important, and must have exceeded in numbers all the authors who could be collected from Pennsylvania, from the South or the West. In 1854, was published <i>The Bay Path</i>, the first book of an author who in succeeding years secured a very large share of popularity, Dr. J. G. Holland. Dr. Holland's later books came into the hands of Charles Scribner, who was a personal friend, and who proved for him a very successful publisher. It is my impression that this first book failed to secure at the time any satisfactory success. Dr. Holland's later popularity has been ascribed by one rather critical critic to his faculty for reaching the commonplace stratum of the reading public, which is, naturally, one of its lower divisions. This critic spoke of his being able to dress up certain very obvious suggestions or very familiar wisdom in such a man-

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ner as to make it a little less obvious, and thus to give to the reader who had pierced with no very great intellectual difficulty the veil of concealment, the feeling that he must himself have been a person of no little discernment.

**Publica-
tions of
1855**

In the same year was issued *A Journey to Iceland and Travels in Sweden and Norway*, by the Prussian traveller, Ida Pfeiffer. The volumes had been translated by Charlotte Cooper, the daughter of the novelist. Miss Pfeiffer continued her travels and her literary record of these journeys for a quarter of a century longer. It was reported of her later that she had been the only lady spared by certain Asiatics into whose hands her party had fallen. The others were not only killed, but eaten. A cynical journalist suggested that Miss Pfeiffer's life was saved at the expense of her reputation for attractiveness. In 1855, was published the *History of New York*, by Valentine, the predecessor of a long series of similar chronicles. The same year gives the title of a learned book which probably never repaid either publisher or author: *Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews*, by E. C. Wines. The author was the father of the Dr. Wines who in later years has done important work in connection with criminology. The works of Bayard Taylor continued to grow by the addition, from year

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Publications of 1855	to year, of the records of travels in Asia, Africa, and Europe. They are possibly the only series of travels for which there continued to be a public interest extending over so long a series of years. <i>Views Afoot</i> had been published in 1848. At this time, fifty-one years later, G. P. Putnam's Sons still find occasion to keep in print eleven volumes of travels and five volumes of novels. The novels, beginning with <i>John Godfrey's Fortune</i>, and including <i>Hannah Thurston</i> and <i>The Story of Kennett</i>, attracted no little attention on both sides of the Atlantic, and had the honor of being quite extensively pirated in Great Britain. At about this time was published <i>An American Merchant in Europe</i>, by George Francis Train, who records himself as of Boston. Mr. Train is at this time (1899) still living. He has done a good deal to stir up the community with various social and political theories, and after sacrificing in behalf of these theories a considerable property that had been inherited through his mercantile work, he lost his mind, while still retaining full bodily health. Some of his earlier friends invested on his behalf a sufficient fund to secure him a small income, the investment being made in such a way that the income was paid to him only from week to week. During these last years he has passed a large portion of his days in the open air in Madison

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Square, where he sits without a hat, with a complexion naturally sun-burnt, surrounded by a circle of inquisitive children, scribbling notes for Memoirs or for fresh sermons on reform which he expects are to have no little importance in the near future.

Professor Schele De Vere, a Dane by birth, who had recently taken up his abode in New York, published this year a collection of papers entitled *Leaves from the Book of Nature*. The Professor was later for a number of years associated with the University of Virginia.

The "discussion" referred to in the following letter from Edward Everett Hale, had to do with the history of the Smithsonian Fund.

WORCESTER, March 13, 1855.

DEAR MR. PUTNAM:

I have no wish to re-open the Smithsonian discussion, which is settled for the year, and not in a very bad fix, either.

But lest you should think I misled you, let me tell you that it is, I believe, a thing admitted that poor old Smithson not only played Rouge-et-Noir, but that Arago taught him the mathematical trick by which he played successfully. This has been stated in print by Mr. B. A. Gould, N.P.D., who is, I believe, Prof. Henry's chief ally in this discussion in our parts. So that the fund about which we are discussing, was at least enhanced by the "mathematics of Rouge-et-Noir." But,—for the credit of the country,—I took pains not to say that in print.

Truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Publica-
tions of
1855

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Publications of 1856	Putnam's <i>Story Library</i>, comprising six volumes, was put into the market between 1855 and 1857. The editor's name is not given. In co-operation with the London publisher, my father issued, in 1856, <i>A Personal Narrative of a Visit to El Medinah and Meccah</i>, by Lieutenant Richard Burton of the Bombay army. The book contained an introduction by Bayard Taylor. The author became well known in later years in connection with his noteworthy edition of the <i>Arabian Nights</i>, with the full and unexpurgated text. His <i>Memoirs</i> were published a few years since by his widow, Lady Burton. The journey described in this volume appears to have been attended with exceptional risks. Burton had a very thorough knowledge of Oriental languages and customs. He disguised himself as a Mohammedan dervish, and was able in this disguise to witness the religious ceremonies at the tomb of Mohammed, being probably the first Christian who had ever been present at these functions. Properly enough, the publication of Burton's narrative was accompanied by the issue of a new edition of the "Koran." In 1856, Benson J. Lossing, who had already come before the public with his <i>Field Book of the American Revolution</i>, published an edition of Trumbull's <i>M'Fingal</i>. By 1856, the business as created and de-

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veloped by my father had reached its greatest success. Bearing in mind his lack of original capital and the fact that the circle of friends and literary correspondents were such as he himself had had to bring together within a term of less than ten years, it is possible that he had really accomplished more with the resources at his command than had proved practicable for any other American publisher of his time.

Yonkers

The migration of the family to Yonkers in 1855 has already been referred to. The change was a very satisfactory one, at least for the older children, who, during the two years' sojourn, gained no little pleasure and advantage from the country surroundings.

My father possessed a full share of public spirit, and was always ready to interest himself in work for the advantage of any community in which he lived. He speedily took an active part in the social organization and leadership in the village. He became intimate with Robert P. Getty, who was during the greater portion of this time the president of the village. Mr. Getty was the father of General Robert Getty, who did good service later in the Civil War. My father's most important service in Yonkers was in connection with the instituting of a series of public lectures. These lectures had a double purpose. It was intended that they should help to bring

**The
Yonkers
Lyceum**

the people together and should give to them in attractive form useful information; while it was further desired to secure from the lecture receipts, funds with which to establish a free town library. It is my impression that some kind of an association was incorporated, which, in accordance with the routine of the time, took the name of a lyceum. My father was himself largely responsible for the selection of the men invited to lecture, while he was also (as was usually the case in any of his public work) a member of the Guaranty Committee, which took the responsibility of providing the payment for the lecturer, and which undertook to make up the deficiency in case, either through the weather or other hindrances, the receipts failed to meet the expenses. Not a few of the lecturers invited were personal friends of my father, and in a number of cases they came to Yonkers as his guests. I remember, among others, John B. Gough, the temperance reformer; Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Elihu Burrit, the "learned blacksmith"; Theodore Tilton, Dr. G. B. Cheever, Dr. Bethune, Dr. E. H. Chapin, W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher; Lowell, and, of course, Curtis. It was in this Yonkers' course that Phillips (who came to our town more than once) delivered his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts." One of Beecher's discourses had to do, if I remember

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rightly, with the state of affairs in Kansas, which, during 1855, was being fought over between the Pro-Slavery group with their Lecompton Constitution, and the Free Soilers, whose headquarters were in Lawrence. On the final vote in regard to the status of Kansas, the Free Soilers won, though by a narrow majority. This result was due to the efforts of the Free Soil Committees of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, which had found men who were willing to go to Kansas as settlers, and which provided funds to help out their expenses. These settlers, largely from New England, made themselves *bona fide* citizens of the State. The men who were opposed to them were, in part at least, simply invaders from Pike County, Missouri, who succeeded (bringing their guns with them for the purpose of argument) in getting their votes counted. Among the active leaders in the work in Massachusetts were Phillips, Frank Sanborn, Edward Everett Hale, John M. Forbes, and T. W. Higginson. The most important member of the committee in New York was possibly Henry Ward Beecher, who was ably assisted by Theodore Tilton. Curtis, although, of course, still a youngster, was an active worker in the cause. Gerrit Smith, a life-long friend of John Brown, should not be forgotten. My father was a subscriber to the fund and helped to interest

**The Free-
Soil Fight
in Kansas**

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Dr. Betbunc	richer men like his friend Getty. The securing of Kansas as a Free Soil State was the turning point in the long political conflict between the Southerners, who had so long dominated the Government, and the Anti-Slavery spirit of the North. It was the loss of Kansas which finally convinced the shrewder among the Southern leaders that they could not hope, after the close of the term of Buchanan, to retain the control of the National Government. This was, therefore, one of the determining causes of the Civil War. CLAVERACK, Oct. 9, 1856. MY DEAR MR. PUTNAM: Absence for a fortnight and more has prevented my replying to your notes, both of which are before me. It would be so truly gratifying to me to meet your wishes in any way that I regret very much being obliged to decline your invitation to lecture at Yonkers. The truth is that the flood of requests to lecture is so great that, for some years past, I have found it absolutely necessary to have some rule by which to cut off as many as possible. After various expedients, I have found that none is so effectual as that of putting a higher price on my ware than it is worth. So I have fixed my invariable fee at (at the least) \$50 and my expenses. I must be able to say that I never lecture for less, or I should have no peace in my life. Most pleasant it would be oftentimes to lecture for no fee but the pleasure of serving my friends, and especially pleasant would it be to talk at Yonkers on such happy terms,—but I cannot break my

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rule without letting in a flood that would sweep me away all winter, as there are many places where there are those who have claims on me which I should have to meet, if I made any exceptions.

You will not, I hope, think that I am growing avaricious—a view which lies at the opposite extreme of my disposition.

It is absolute necessity that compels me to fix my rate and keep it fixed, of which you would be assured if you could see my letter-book bursting with applications for lectures.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

I do not find the record of the controversy or "dissension" about the Press referred to in the following letter to Mr. Ripley, nor any further references to the matter. Mr. Ripley was at the time the literary editor of the *Tribune*.

NEW YORK, January, 1856.

GEORGE RIPLEY, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

The unpleasant personal aspect which has been given to the dissension about the "Press" has given me very deep concern and annoyance. It has been especially distressing to me that you should have any ground to suppose that I had either originated or circulated, or countenanced, any assertions or reports to your prejudice; and I feel bound in justice to myself as well as to you to say that if the accidental connection of my name with any paragraphs or rumors of that nature, gives you or any one else the impression that I had any feeling toward you not in accordance with entire and sincere respect and good-will, I can only say that it has

G. P. Putnam to George Ripley

**The
"Tribune" and
Literature**

been my misfortune rather than any deliberate fault and that I heartily regret it. I say this, perhaps, quite superfluously, for I trust you do not think otherwise—but I say it of my own impulse alone—and from a sense of justice only—not for any selfish purpose or "extorted" influence.

In the same spirit and for the same reasons, I cannot help adding that as far as my own observation has gone, and as far as I am competent to judge, the criticisms in the *Tribune* have never been justly liable to the charge of partiality. Their eminent ability is acknowledged on all sides. So far as our own publications are concerned, we have always been fully satisfied—for if any have received less laudation in the *Tribune* than I imagined they deserved, I have not doubted the general fairness and independence of the critic.

As to the question that has been raised in regard to what have been considered inconsistent relations and engagements,—it is not one that I should have started. Without any reflection upon the judgment of those who think that impartiality in such connections is impossible, I am free to say as an individual that I have never seen an instance of a book criticism in the *Tribune* which has appeared to me conclusive of the reviewer's partiality for any particular publisher. I can for one believe that the relations which have been referred to may exist in entire harmony with justice and fairness to all concerned. Such relations of course might be abused by a weak or uncertain person without character or standing—but that they have been, in connection with the *Tribune*, I have never supposed and do not believe now. It seems to me that the one question is whether the reviews are actually fair, discriminating, and impartial—neither the publisher, the author, nor the public have anything to do with

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their authorship, or the critic's other relations or engagements.

Engaged as I am in all the harassing details of active business, and with no time, ability, or inclination to meddle with such a controversy as this, I only regret that a merely accidental connection with it has given the impression, perhaps, that I have personal grievances against the Press or gentlemen connected with it. Whatever fault may be justly charged upon me, in regard to the matter, I am ready frankly to acknowledge and atone for as I can, but I did not feel that there was just provocation for the personality which the *Tribune* fastened upon us and hence the protest against it.

I could not do less than say this much to you, and heartily hope that there may be no more ill-feeling on this subject.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

It was during our sojourn in Yonkers, in October and November, 1856, that the first campaign of the Republican party took place, the fight being for the election of John C. Fremont against James Buchanan. A third ticket, put forward by the American or Know-Nothing party, presented the names of Millard Fillmore of New York and Andrew Jackson Donelson of Tennessee. I may be said to have begun with this campaign my active political interests. The boys of the village could shout, if they could not vote. They could also burn barrels whenever barrels could be appropriated for the purpose. As

The
Campaign
of 1856

The
Campaign
of 1856

far as I can remember, the boys were equally divided between Fremont and Buchanan, and the shouting and the barrel burning went on in ardent competition. My father busied himself actively in the work on the Fremont campaign committee of the town. He secured speakers, drummed up voters, printed and circulated tracts and broadsides setting forth the nature of the issue and giving the details of the plucky fight that was at that time being carried on by the Free Soilers in Kansas. My father's friend and neighbor, Mr. Smith Homans, was chairman of the American, or, Fillmore, committee, and I remember not a few burning, though always good-tempered, discussions that took place between them, as to the duty of the citizen at this juncture. The town went Republican by a small majority, but the State gave its electoral vote for Buchanan. The disappointment at the national result was very keen. My father had been, as usual, one of the optimists, and was very confident of success. It was impossible for him or for the good citizens working with him, whose hopes were bound up in the Anti-Slavery cause, to recognize at the time how very much more advantageous for the final success of that cause was the election of Buchanan, than would have been the placing in the White House of their candidate, Fremont. The

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latter was known at that time to the country at large only in connection with his leadership of an exploring expedition in the Southwest. It took the rather drastic experience of the Civil War to make clear how inadequate the good-looking and rather empty-headed general was for any important or continued responsibility. He would undoubtedly have made a muddle of the business of carrying on the National Government. He was the kind of man to have been utilized as a tool by shrewder people about him, and might easily have been used to bad purpose. The election of Buchanan gave time, before the outbreak of the war, for the Anti-Slavery sentiment to consolidate itself and to gather into its forces not only the more radical groups but a great proportion of the conservative citizens of the Northern States. The truculence and intolerance of the Southern leaders, as evinced in their control of Buchanan's Cabinet, aroused throughout the North an ever-increasing feeling of indignation and revolt. Northerners who had before distrusted the Anti-Slavery leaders as fanatics, were finally driven to the belief that the salvation of the nation depended upon the dispossession from the control of the national policy of the slave-holding leaders. The campaign of 1856 was an exciting one, and the boys had their full share of the excitement and by far the larger portion of the fun.

The
Buchanan
Adminis-
tration

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Church Relations	During our sojourn in Yonkers, the family attended St. John's Episcopal Church, of which Abraham Beach Carter was the rector. I think it was first in this parish that my mother became a communicant, although she had during the years in New York been a regular attendant at Calvary Church. My father never missed being in his place at the head of his family pew, but he was not prepared to take upon himself the responsibilities of church membership. At that time, as earlier and later, he found difficulty in accepting the theological tenets of the creed of any one of the denominations. His mother's Calvinistic friends and the very steadily exercised influence of the divines with which her house had been filled, had never succeeded in making my father a Baptist, and the church associations of the Yonkers social circle (the "best society" of Yonkers was very largely Episcopalian) were not successful in inducing my father to accept the Church creed. He was, as ever, a firm believer in the value of the Church organization, and he gave of his time and his money in fair proportion in all the work carried on in the parish. Dr. Carter was, according to my memory of my father's description of him, a good parish supervisor. He certainly was not a brilliant preacher. Some years later, G. P. Putnam & Son published for him a little volume en-

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titled *Answering Waves*, which constituted, I imagine, a not very important contribution to the world's literature.

"Mr.
Sparrow-
grass"

A neighbor and friend of a very different character was Frederick S. Cozzens, who was best known to the public (at least outside of Yonkers) as "Mr. Sparrowgrass," the author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers." Mr. Cozzens was a wine merchant of genial not to say jovial temperament and with a very ready wit. It is my impression that he had not thought of himself as an author until comparatively late in life. He must, I think, have been about fifty at the publication of his first book. His home was in South Yonkers, some two miles from our own house, but we saw him frequently and thought of him as one of the nearer neighbors. During Thackeray's stay in the country, Cozzens succeeded in securing his presence in Yonkers at a dinner party which constituted one of the literary events of the Yonkers season.

I have already made reference to the popularity secured by the "Sparrowgrass Papers," as published in *Putnam's Monthly*. One paper of the series brought my father into some little good-natured chaffing with his Yonkers friends. During our stay in Yonkers, our establishment included, at least for the greater part of the time, a horse. He was never a very stylish or rapid beast, but he was

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The Publisher's Horse	supposed always to be equal to the work of taking care of the family carry-all which made the daily trips to the station and to the market and the weekly journey to church. My father had had but little to do with horses and was a very bad judge of their merits. Like some other really modest men, however, he was in this particular respect not quite ready to admit his own inadequacy and to trust to the counsel of others. He <i>would</i> buy his own horses for himself, and the series of family beasts of which I have memory, extending through a number of homes from Yonkers onward, presented a rather varied and original list of defects and incapacities. The changes were numerous, and there was naturally on each change a substantial percentage of loss. In coming up in the evening train the day after the publication of a number of the <i>Monthly</i>, my father noticed that the neighbors who were (as was pleasant to observe) looking over the new number, found in it occasion for no little laughter. He was naturally pleased that the number should be a success, and he assumed at once that the fun had been found in the "Sparrowgrass" contribution. I may explain that as the series progressed, it had been thought no longer necessary to refer to the editor the copy of the successive "Sparrowgrass" papers. The

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manuscripts had gone directly from the author to the printer. This was the more necessary as the author was always late with his copy. In the hurry of completing the last forms of this particular number, my father had not himself had time to read even the proof of the earlier articles. It was only an hour or two later that, in going over the magazine, he found in the "Sparrowgrass Paper" a very vivid and humorous description of the publisher and the publisher's horse. The latter possessed, as here described, almost every conceivable ailment or defect. He had the heaves, he was spavined, he was blind in one eye and had the staggers in the other, he balked and remained firmly fixed when, in connection with the approach of the train, it was most important that he should get on, and at other times, when he was expected to wait patiently for the completion of the marketing order, he would dash off suddenly as if he had very urgent business at the north end of the village. Mr. Cozzens had rather cleverly merged together the different defects and difficulties that had occurred with different horses, and had then, in order to give good measure and in the chance that he might have forgotten something, added a few other blemishes which had not been found even in our rather unsatisfactory stable. It did seem rather hard that the publisher should be

The Publisher's Horse

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Life in Yonkers	expected to pay at the rate of \$10 per page for an article that was making fun of himself. My father did not appear, however, to take the matter very much to heart. I think the annoyance was greater on the part of the publisher's wife. Mr. Cozzens died in the early sixties. His business was supposed to have been successful, but after his death it was found that there were practically no resources for the family. A subscription fund was raised in the Century Club, of which he had been a valued member, to provide more particularly for the education of the children. One of the sons became a fairly successful artist, devoting himself particularly to nautical work. One of the daughters married the son of Randolph, the publisher. The business men of Yonkers, apparently not quite so much in a hurry as those of the later generation, preferred during the summer months of the year to make their daily journey to the city by boat rather than by train. As I remember, the company divided itself between the two boats according to their political proclivities. The <i>Isaac P. Smith</i> took the Republican citizens, and the <i>Metamora</i> was filled with what we Republican boys called the "Democratic Gang." The boats were about equal in speed, and for the boys at least, who had the occasional oppor-

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tunity of going to the city, their daily race was a matter of constantly renewed excitement. Nine miles north of our home in Yonkers was Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving. When Mr. Irving had first bought his land on the immediate border of the river, he found himself in the village of Tarrytown. Some years later, before Irving's death, however, the township was separated, and with or without Mr. Irving's consent the south division of it, including Sunnyside, was called Irvington. The family horse, when its infirmities and temper permitted, was frequently pressed into service for a drive to Sunnyside. I have very pleasant memories, not so much of talking to the old gentleman, as of listening to his talk with my father. I was also very hospitably cared for by the two nieces, Catherine and Sarah, ladies who at that time must have been well beyond middle age, but who were always referred to by their uncle as "the girls." They were the daughters of Ebenezer Irving, his oldest brother, who himself died at Sunnyside in 1856. Ebenezer had failed in business a good many years before, and Washington had taken upon himself the care of the old gentleman and of the daughters. These latter were, in fact, practically adopted into his own family. Unfortunately, there was no formal	Sunn

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Irving	or legal adoption. The lack of such formality made an important difference later in the property rights possessed by the two ladies in Mr. Irving's works. Under the provisions of the copyright law, it is practicable to secure a renewal for the second term of fourteen years only if, at the time of the expiration of the first term of twenty-eight years, the author or his widow or his children be living. In the absence of widow or children, it was not possible to secure a second term of copyright for the writings of Irving. G. P. Putnam's Sons (as will be stated later) did what was in their power to secure an income for these nieces, but the competition of the unauthorized editions caused this income to be very much smaller than it ought to have been. I remember on one occasion being with my father at Sunnyside at the time when the fourth volume of the <i>Life of Washington</i> was going through the press. The author was looking for certain papers concerning which he wished to have a word with his publisher. The open table-desk on which his work was being done was covered with little piles of papers, notes, partially finished manuscripts, references, memoranda, etc., held in place more or less safely by pebbles brought in from the garden walk. My father finally said: "Mr. Irving, this is not an adequate desk for a man who has important literary work in

train. You must let me send you a modern desk properly arranged with pigeon-holes, in which these different classes of papers can be sorted for quick and convenient reference, and I will only ask you to let me carry away the old table." Irving gave some kind of an utterance which my father thought fit to accept as an assent to his suggestion, and the next week a beautifully finished desk, possessing innumerable compartments, was sent up to Sunnyside, and the expressman was instructed to bring back, and actually did bring back, the old table on which had been written a number of Irving's earlier books. In going to Sunnyside a few days after the delivery of his present, my father naturally expected to receive from his friend some word of recognition or of thanks. In place of that there was something between a groan and an indignant growl. "Oh, Putnam," said the troubled author, "you have ruined my work. I have placed my papers in these confounded pigeon-holes, and I can't remember where a single paper is. I have had 'the girls' in here this morning trying to help me to find things. I do not know how I am ever going to finish *Washington* on this new-fangled piece of furniture." My father soothed his irate author down as well as he could and devoted an hour to writing out with his own neat script a series of labels indicating the different classes of

Irving

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Irving	notes and papers, which labels were tacked by the niece Catherine on their several pigeon-holes and compartments. I hope that the result was, on the whole, satisfactory. I did not happen to hear of any further comment. The old table was preserved by my father, with a plate laid into the top giving a record of its origin and a reference to the work that had been done upon it.* The plan referred to by Mr. Kennedy for collecting together his several books into a uniform set was finally carried out by G. P. Putnam & Son, in 1867-68, at the expense of the Kennedy estate. The only volumes of the ten for which there continued to be demand were <i>Horse-shoe Robinson</i> and <i>Swallow-Barn</i>. BALTIMORE, March 5, 1857. GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq. MY DEAR SIR: I have been so much occupied this winter as to have been quite driven away from my literary pursuits, but have now some hope of resuming my attention to them and of accomplishing my plan of making some addition to the works you have already published for me. Blanchard & Lea have at last, after six years, terminated their contract for five thousand copies of the second edition of my <i>Life of Wirt</i>,—the last five hundred copies having been printed after they had suspended their issue during an interval of nearly three years. * The table is now (1902) in the possession of my brother Bishop.

George Palmer Putnam

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I suggested to you some time ago the expediency of adding this work to the others you have brought out for me, and my policy that you might probably use the stereotype plates which by my contract with Messrs. Blanchard & Lea I was entitled to take, if I desired them, at a valuation.

They have offered these plates to me at \$150, upon which offer I should like to have your advice. And when you are prepared for it I should be glad if you would get it in press without delay.

. . . I hope by the time you dispose of these two works, I shall be able to place in your hands some other thing for one or two volumes more—as I am determined now so to regulate my affairs as to show no time to work in this field. Can you send me, when you write, an account of my publications to the beginning of the new year, with a statement of what I have purchased from you?

Very truly yours,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

Benson J. Lossing is best known to this generation through his historical studies of the American Revolution. His edition of Trumbull's *McFingal*, referred to below, was the first of his books issued by the Putnam House.

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 4, 1857.

G. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

Many thanks for your kind and prompt reply to my query about the uniform of Washington.

M'Fingal is all ready. The notes only need revision as they are given to the printer. I have had them lying in my portfolio several months. They

John
Kennedy

Benson J.
Lossing

occupy 120 pages of foolscap, and are 450 in number. I desire to have the work printed in the old type, like the original edition of 1782, which I have. The notes, I think, would be better in modern type. Such is the arrangement of the little book I showed you the other day. The notes have been prepared with much labor and care, and I think, text and notes, will make a volume about the size of *Hiawatha*—I mean the book, not the chief who has gone "to the Land of the Hereafter."

I should like right well to have you publish *M'Fingal*, if we can agree upon terms. I propose either to sell the notes "out and out" for a specific sum, or to receive a copyright on the book, the publisher illustrating it and publishing it, at his own cost. Of course I would arrange the illustrations myself, and make outline indications of the subjects, for the artist to draw them upon the wood. If you think we may bargain, please drop me a line, and I will take the book and the notes down with me when I go to the city again, and call upon you.

Yours very truly and with great regard,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

The question of International Copyright, in which the new member of Congress from Philadelphia was prepared to interest himself, did not secure any large measure of attention during the troublesome year 1857.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6, 1857.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:

Being a member-elect of the next Congress from this city, and intending to take an active part in procuring the passage of an International Copyright,

George Palmer Putnam

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I shall be greatly obliged to you, if you will furnish me at leisure with such suggestions as you deem influential in its favor.

Int
nath
Copy

I most particularly desire an accurate account of legislation on this subject in Europe; the kingdoms between which treaties of this kind exist, and, if possible, an abstract or copy of the International Copyright Treaty between England and France, or any other of the Continental Powers.

Though not enjoying the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, yet your well-known courtesy and liberal-minded views as a publisher embolden me to trouble you with this request.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD JOY MORRIS.

CLAYMONT, April 17, 1857.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

"Washington Crossing the Delaware" is finished and I will send it to you at once, or keep it till I finish another drawing and send them both together. Which shall I do? The four subjects you speak of for the fourth volume I remember little of, not having read the *Life of Washington* for years, and therefore cannot say anything about them at present. The third volume I will look over and select from. How many chapters do you publish in each number? It will be necessary for me to know as I may get two or more drawings for a number instead of one. The "Encampment at Valley Forge" I shall illustrate. The drawing just finished is, I think, the best I have made for you. Will you do me a favor and place it in the hands of the engraver who engraved "Washington at Winchester," or allow me to give it to a friend of mine in Philadelphia who

**Horace
Greeley**

will do it much better than any of them? I would rather throw up the whole affair than have my designs butchered the way they have been. My reputation as an artist, which is to me of the highest consequence, suffers in such hands. You had better let me give it to Mr. Cushman of Philadelphia. Please answer at once.

Yours truly,

F. O. C. DARLEY.

The note of Horace Greeley (deciphered with no little difficulty from his puzzling script) has to do with a lecture in the course before the Yonkers Library Association, an Association in which (as usual) G. P. Putnam was the "working member."

NEW YORK, May 4, 1857.

DEAR SIR:

I shall be ready to go up on Monday next, not probably until 5½ o'clock. I shall be glad to avail myself of your kind proffer.

I am glad that your people are willing to hear what I have to say about "Reforms and Reformers."

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

GEO. P. PUTNAM, Esq.





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